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KITS AND OUTFITS

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

IN this article I will try to describe outfits I have seen used in different parts of the world by travellers and explorers, and in different campaigns by army officers and war correspondents. My hope is that among the articles described the reader may learn of some new thing which, when he next goes hunting, fishing, or exploring, he can adapt to his own uses. That is my hope, but I am sceptical. I have seldom met the man who would allow anyone else to advise him in selecting his kit, or who would admit that any other kit was better than the one he had packed for himself. It is a very delicate question. The same article that one declares is the most essential to his comfort, health, and happiness is the very first thing that another will throw into the trail. A man's outfit is a matter which seems to touch his private honor. I have heard veterans sitting around a camp-fire proclaim the superiority of their kits with a jealousy, loyalty, and enthusiasm they would not exhibit for the flesh of their flesh and the bone of their bone. On a campaign, you may attack a man's courage, the flag he serves, the newspaper for which he works, his intelligence, or his camp manners, and he will ignore you; but if you criticize his patent water-bottle he will fall upon you with both fists. So, in recommending any article for an outfit, one needs to be careful. An outfit lends itself to dispute, because the selection of its component parts is not an exact science. It should be, but it is not. A doctor on his daily rounds can carry in a compact little satchel almost everything he is liable to need; a carpenter can stow away in one box all the tools of his trade. But an outfit is not selected on any recognized principles. It seems to be a question entirely of temperament. As the man said when his friends asked him how he made his famous cocktail, "I don't know. It depends on my mood." The truth is that each man in selecting his outfit generally follows the lines of least resistance. With one, the pleasure he derives from his morning bath outweighs the fact that for the rest of the day he must carry a rubber bath-tub. Another man is hearty, tough, and inured to an out-of-door life. He can sleep on a pile of coal or standing on his head, and he naturally scorns to carry a bed. But another man, should he sleep all night on the ground, the next day would be of no use to himself, his regiment, or his newspaper. So he carries a folding cot and the more fortunate one of tougher fibre laughs at him. Another man says that the only way to campaign is to travel "light," and sets forth with rain-coat and field-glass. He honestly thinks that he travels light because his intelligence tells him it is the better way; but, as a matter of fact, he does so because he is lazy. Throughout the entire campaign he borrows from his friends, and with that *camaraderie* and unselfishness that never comes to the surface so strongly as when men are thrown together in camp, they lend him whatever he needs. When the war is over, he is the man who goes about saying: "Some of those fellows car-

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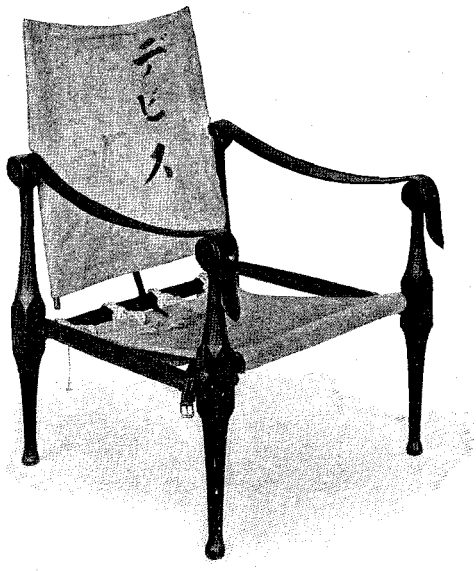
ried enough stuff to fill a moving van. Now, look what I did. I made the entire campaign on a tooth-brush."

As a matter of fact, I have a sneaking admiration for the man who dares to borrow. His really is the part of wisdom. But at times he may lose himself in places where he can neither a borrower nor a lender be, and there are men so tenderly constituted that they cannot keep another man hungry while they use his coffee-pot. So it is well to take a few things with you—if only to lend them to the men who travel "light."

On hunting and campaigning trips the



The Elliott chair after four years of use.

climate, the means of transport, and the chance along the road of obtaining food and fodder vary so greatly that it is not possible to map out an outfit which would serve equally well for each of them. What on one journey was your most precious possession on the next is a useless nuisance. On two trips I have packed a tent weighing, with the stakes, fifty pounds, which, as we slept in huts, I never once had occasion to open; while on other trips in countries that promised to be more or less settled, I had to always live under canvas, and sometimes broke camp twice a day.

In one war, in which I worked for an English paper, we travelled like major-generals. When that war started few thought it would last over six weeks, and many of the officers regarded it in the light of a picnic. In consequence, they mobilized as they never would have done had they foreseen what was to come, and the mess contractor grew rich furnishing, not only champagne, which in campaigns in fever countries has saved the life of many a good man, but with cases of even port and burgundy, which never greatly helped any one. Later these mess supplies were turned over to the field-hospitals, but at the start everyone travelled with more than he needed and more than the regulations allowed, and each correspondent was advised that if he represented a first-class paper and wished to "save his face" he had better travel in state. Those who did not, found the staff and censor less easy of access, and the means of obtaining information more difficult. But it was a nuisance. If, when a man halted at your tent, you could not stand him whiskey and sparklet soda, Egyptian cigarettes, compressed soup, canned meats, and marmalade, your paper was suspected of trying to do it "on the cheap," and not only of being mean, but, as this was a popular war, unpatriotic. When the army stripped down to work all this was discontinued, but at the

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Photograph by W. H. Brill.

George Lynch and his Willisden chair in the Japanese–Russian war.

start I believe there were carried with that column as many tins of tan-leather dressing as there were rifles. On that march my own outfit was as unwieldy as a gypsy's caravan. It consisted of an enormous cart, two oxen, three Basuto ponies, one Australian horse, three servants, and four hundred pounds of supplies and baggage. When it moved across the plain it looked as large as a Fall River boat. Later, when I joined the opposing army, and was not expected to maintain the dignity of a great London daily, I carried all my belongings strapped to my back, or to the back of my one pony, and I was quite as comfortable, clean, and content as I had been with the private car and the circus tent.

Throughout the Greek war, as there were no horses to be had for love or money, we walked, and I learned then that when one has to carry his own kit the number of things he can do without is extraordinary. While I marched with the army, offering my kingdom for a horse, I carried my outfit in saddle-bags swung over my shoulder. And I think it must have been a good outfit, for I never bought anything to add to it or threw anything away. I submit that as a fair test of a kit.

Further on, should any reader care to know how for several months one may keep going with an outfit he can pack in two saddle-bags, I will give a list of the articles which in three campaigns I carried in mine.

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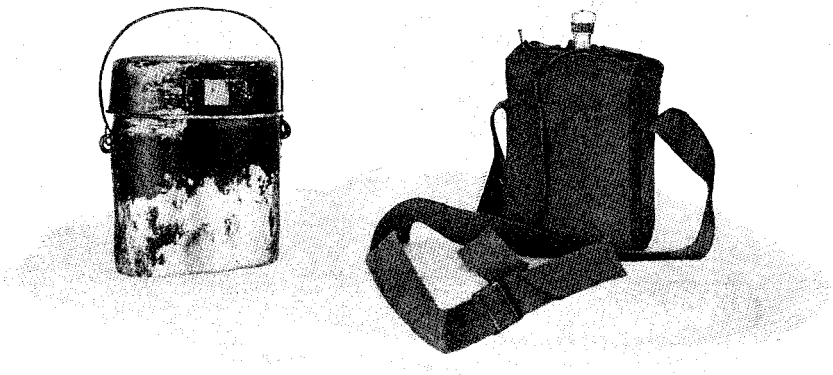
Personally, I am for travelling "light," but at the very start one is confronted with the fact that what one man calls light to another savors of luxury. I call fifty pounds light; in Japan we each were allowed the officer's allowance of sixty-six pounds. Lord Wolseley, in his "Pocketbook" cuts down the officer's kit to forty pounds, while *Ness-mut*, of the *Forest and Stream*, claims that for a hunting trip, all one wants does not weigh over twenty-six pounds. It is very largely a question of compromise. You cannot eat your cake and have it. You cannot, under a tropical sun, throw away your blanket and when the night dew falls wrap it around you. And if, after a day of hard climbing or riding, you want to drop into a folding chair, to make room for it in your carry-all you must give up many other lesser things.



The German Army cooking kit and the Preston water bottle and cooking kit.

By travelling light I do not mean any lighter than the necessity demands. If there is transport at hand, a man is foolish not to avail himself of it. He is always foolish if he does not make things as easy for himself as possible. The tenderfoot will not agree with this. With him there is no idea so fixed, and no idea so erroneous, as that to be comfortable is to be effeminate. He believes that "roughing it" is synonymous with hardship, and in season and out of season he plays the Spartan. Any man who suffers discomforts he can avoid because he fears his comrades will think he cannot suffer hardships is an idiot. You often hear it said of a man that "he can rough it with the best of them." Anyone can do that. The man I want for a "bunkie" is the one who can be comfortable while the best of them are roughing it. The old soldier knows that it is his duty to keep himself fit, so that he can perform his work, whether his work is scouting for forage or scouting for men, but you will often hear the volunteer captain say: "Now, boys, don't forget we're roughing it; and don't expect to be comfortable." As a rule, the only reason his men are uncomfortable is because he does not know how to make them otherwise; or because he thinks, on a campaign, to endure unnecessary hardship, is the mark of a soldier.

In the Cuban campaign the day the American forces landed at Siboney a major-general of volunteers took up his head-quarters in the house from which the Spanish commandant had just fled, and on the veranda of which Caspar Whitney and myself had found two hammocks and made ourselves at home. The Spaniard who had been left to guard the house courteously offered the major-general his choice of three bedrooms. They all were on the first floor and opened upon the veranda, and to the general's staff a tent could have been no easier of access. Obviously, it was the duty of the general to keep himself in good physical condition, to obtain as much sleep as possible, and to rest his great brain and his limbs cramped with ten days on shipboard. But in a tone of stern reproof he said, "No; I am campaigning now, and I have given up all luxuries." And with that he stretched a poncho on the hard boards of the veranda, where, while just a few feet from him the three beds and

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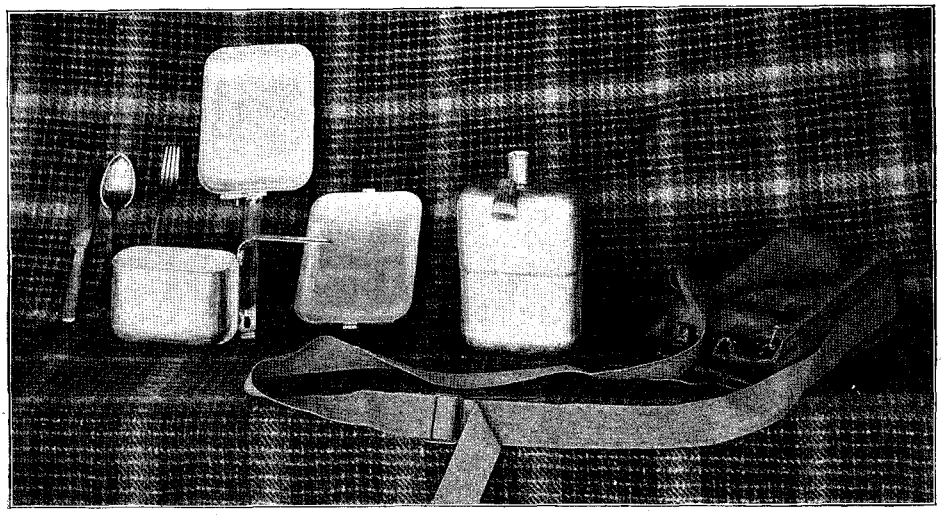
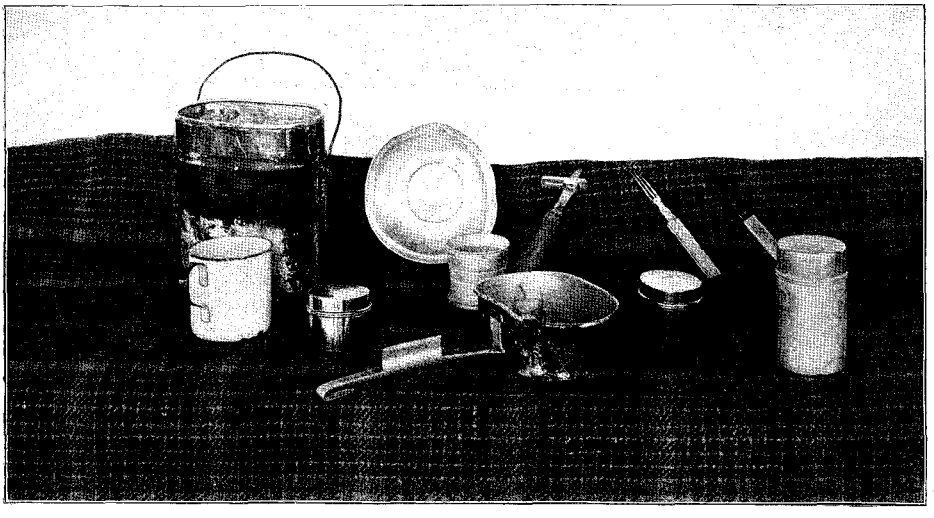


The component parts of the Preston cooking kit.

white mosquito nets gleamed invitingly, he tossed and turned. Besides being a silly spectacle, the sight of an old gentleman lying wide awake on his shoulder-blades was disturbing, and as the hours dragged on we repeatedly offered him our hammocks. But he fretfully persisted in his determination to be uncomfortable. And he was. The feelings of his unhappy staff, several of whom were officers of the regular army, who had to follow the example of their chief, were toward morning hardly loyal. Later, at the very moment the army moved up to the battle of San Juan this same major-general was relieved of his command on account of illness. Had he sensibly taken care of himself, when the moment came when he was needed, he would have been able to better serve his brigade and his country. In contrast to this pose is the conduct of the veteran hunter, or old soldier. When he gets into camp his first thought, after he has cared for his horse, is for his own comfort. He



German Army cooking kit after use in five campaigns.
All of these articles pack inside the kettle.

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does not wolf down a cold supper and then spread his blanket wherever he happens to be standing. He knows that, especially at night, it is unfair to ask his stomach to digest cold rations. He knows that the warmth of his body is needed to help him to sleep soundly, not to fight chunks of canned meat. So, no matter how sleepy he may be, he takes the time to build a fire and boil a cup of tea or coffee. Its warmth aids digestion and saves his stomach from working overtime. Nor will he act on the theory that he is "so tired he can sleep anywhere." For a few hours the man who does that may sleep the sleep of exhaustion. But before day breaks he will feel under him the roots and stones, and when he awakes he is stiff, sore, and unrefreshed. Ten minutes spent in digging holes for hips and shoulder-blades, in collecting grass and branches to spread beneath his blanket, and leaves to stuff in his boots for a pillow, will give him a whole night of comfort and start him well and fit on the next day's tramp. If you have watched an old sergeant, one of the Indian fighters, of which there are now too few left in the army, when he goes into camp, you will see him build a bunk and possibly a shelter of boughs just as though for the rest of his life he intended to dwell in that particular spot. Down in the Garcia campaign along the Rio Grande I said to one of them: "Why do you go to all that trouble? We march at daybreak." He said: "Do we? Well, maybe you know that, and maybe the captain knows that, but I don't know it. And so long as I don't know it, I am going to be just as snug as though I was halted here for a month." In camping, that was one of my first and best lessons—to make your surroundings healthy and comfortable. The temptation always is to say, "Oh, it is for only one night, and I am too tired." The next day you say the same thing, "We'll move to-morrow. What's the use?" But the fishing or shooting around the camp proves good, or it comes on to storm, and for maybe a week you do not move, and for a week you suffer discomforts. An hour of work put in at the beginning would have turned it into a week of ease.

The Elliott chair and the carry-all folded, in charge of Kondo (Japanese servant).

When there is transport of even one packhorse, one of the best helps toward making camp quickly is a combination of panniers and bed used for many years by E. F. Knight, the *Times* war correspondent, who lost an arm at Gras Pan. It consists of two

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George Lynch
(London Chronicle).

R. H. Davis *(Collier's).* W. H. Lewis *(New York Herald).* John Fox, Jr. (SCRIBNER'S). W. H. Brill (Associated Press).

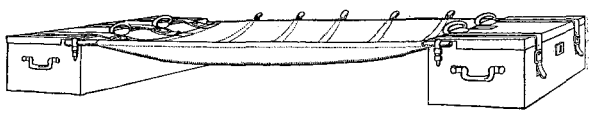
War correspondents in Manchuria.

The "Elliott" chair, described in the article, at the left.

From a photograph by Guy Scull.

leather trunks, which by day carry your belongings slung on either side of the pack animal, and by night act as uprights for your bed. The bed is made of canvas stretched on two poles which rest on the two trunks. For travelling in upper India this arrangement is used almost universally. Mr. Knight obtained his during the Chitral campaign, and since then has used it in every war. He had it with Kuroki's army during this last campaign in Manchuria.*

A more compact form of valise and bed combined is the "carry-all," or any of the many makes of sleeping-bags, which, during the day carry the kit and at night when spread upon the ground serve for a bed. The one once most used by Englishmen was Lord Wolseley's "valise and sleeping-bag." It was complicated by a number of strings, and required as much lacing as a dozen pairs of boots. It has been greatly improved upon by a new sleeping-bag with straps, and flaps that tuck in at the ends. But the obvious disadvantage of all sleeping-bags is that in rain and mud you are virtually lying on the hard ground, at the mercy of tarantula and fever.



Knight's combination bed and panniers.

*The top of the trunk is made of a single piece of leather with a rim that falls over the mouth of the trunk and protects the contents from rain. The two iron rings by which each box is slung across the padded back of the pack-horse are fastened by rivetted straps to the rear top line of each trunk. On both *ends* of each trunk near the top and back are two iron sockets. In these fit the staples that hold the poles for the bed. The staples are made of iron in the shape of the numeral 9, the poles passing through the circle of the 9. The bed should be four feet long three feet wide, of heavy canvas, strengthened by leather straps. At both ends are two buckles which connect with straps on the top of each trunk. Along one side of the canvas is a pocket running its length and open at both ends. Through this one of the poles passes and the other through a series of straps that extend on the opposite side. These straps can be shortened or tightened to allow a certain "give" to the canvas, which the ordinary stretcher-bed does not permit. The advantage of this arrangement is in the fact that it can be quickly put together and that it keeps the sleeper clear of the ground and safeguards him from colds and malaria.

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English Army intrenching spade. The Marble axe. Folding tub.

Saddle-bags after use in six campaigns.

The carry-all is, nevertheless, to my mind, the most nearly perfect way in which to pack a kit. I have tried the trunk, valise, and sleeping-bag, and vastly prefer it to them all. My carry-all differs only from the sleeping-bag in that, instead of lining it so that it may be used as a bed, I carry in its pocket a folding cot. By omitting the extra lining for the bed, I save almost the weight of the cot. The folding cot I pack is the Gold Medal Bed, made in this country, but which you can purchase almost anywhere. I once carried one from Chicago to Cape Town to find on arriving I could buy the bed there at exactly the same price I had paid for it in America. I also found them in Tokio, where imitations of them were being made by the ingenious and disingenuous Japanese. They are light in weight, strong, and comfortable, and are undoubtedly the best camp-bed made. When at your elevation of six inches above the ground you look down from one of them upon a comrade in a sleeping-bag with rivulets of rain and a tide of muddy water rising above him, your satisfaction, as you fall asleep, is worth the weight of the bed in gold.

My carry-all is of canvas with a back of water-proof. It is made up of three strips six and a half feet long. The two outer strips are each two feet three inches wide, the middle strip four feet. At one end of the middle strip is a deep pocket of heavy canvas with a flap that can be fastened by two straps. When the kit has been packed in this pocket, the two side strips are folded over it and the middle strip and the whole is rolled up and buckled by two heavy straps on the water-proof side. It is impossible for any article to fall out or for the rain to soak in. I have a smaller carry-all made on the same plan, but on a tiny scale, in which to carry small articles and a change of clothing. It goes into the pocket after the bed, chair, and the heavier articles are packed away. When the bag is rolled up they are on the outside of and form a protection to the articles of lighter weight.

The only objection to the carry-all is that it is an awkward bundle to pack. It is difficult to balance it on the back of an animal, but when you are taking a tent with you or carrying your provisions, it can be slung on one side of the pack-saddle to offset their weight on the other.

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I use the carry-all when I am travelling "heavy." By that I mean when it is possible to obtain a pack animal or cart. When travelling light and bivouacking by night without a pack-horse, bed, or tent, I use the saddle-bags, already described. These can be slung over the back of the horse you ride, or if you walk, carried over your shoulder. I carried them in this latter way in Greece, in the Transvaal, and Cuba during the rebellion, and later with our own army.

The list of articles I find most useful when travelling where it is possible to obtain transport, or, as we may call it, travelling heavy, are the following:

A tent, seven by ten feet, with fly, jointed poles, tent-pins, a heavy mallet. I recommend a tent open at both ends with a window cut in one end. The window, when that end is laced and the other open, furnishes a draught of air. The window should be covered with a flap which, in case of rain, can be tied down over it with tapes. A great convenience in a tent is a pocket sewn inside of each wall, for boots, books, and such small articles. The pocket should not be filled with anything so heavy as to cause the walls to sag. Another convenience with a tent is a leather strap stretched from pole to pole, upon which to hang clothes, and another is a strap to be buckled around the front tent-pole, and which is studded with projecting hooks for your lantern, water-bottle, and field-glasses. This latter can be bought ready-made at any military outfitter's.

Many men object to the wooden tent-pin on account of its tendency to split, and carry pins made of iron. With these an inch below the head of the pin is a projecting barb which holds the tent rope. When the pin is being driven in the barb is out of reach of the mallet. Any blacksmith can beat out such pins, and if you can afford the extra weight, they are better than those of ash. Also, if you can afford the weight, it is well to carry a strip of water-proof or oilcloth for the floor of the tent to keep out dampness. All of these things appertaining to the tent should be rolled up in it, and the tent itself carried in a light-weight receptacle, with a running noose like a sailor's kit-bag.

The carry-all has already been described. Of its contents, I consider first in importance the folding bed.

And second in importance I would place a folding chair. Many men scoff at a chair as a cumbersome luxury. But after a hard day on foot or in the saddle, when you sit on the ground with your back to a rock and your hands locked across your knees to keep yourself from sliding, or on a box with no rest for your spinal column, you begin to think a chair is not a luxury, but a necessity. During the Cuban campaign, for a time I was a member of General Sumner's mess. The general owned a folding chair, and whenever his back was turned everyone would make a rush to get into it. One time we were discussing what, in the light of our experience of that campaign, we would take with us on our next, and all agreed, Colonel Howze, Captain Andrews, and Major Harmon, that if one could only take one article it would be a chair. I carried one in Manchuria, but it was of no use to me, as the other correspondents occupied it, relieving each other like sentries on guard duty. I had to pin a sign on it, reading, "Don't sit on me," but no one ever saw the sign. Once, in order to rest in my own chair, I weakly established a precedent by giving George Lynch a cigar to allow me to sit down (on that march there was a mess contractor who supplied us even with cigars, and occasionally with food), and after that, whenever a man wanted to smoke, he would commandeer my chair, and unless bribed refuse to budge. This seems to argue the popularity of the contractor's cigars rather than that of the chair, but, nevertheless, I submit that on a campaign the article second in importance for rest, comfort, and content is a chair. The best I know is one invented by Major Elliott of the British army. I have an Elliott chair that I have used four years, not only when camping out, but in my writing-room at home. It is an arm-chair, and is as comfortable as any made. The objections to it are its weight, that it packs bulkily, and takes down into too many pieces. Even with these disadvantages it is the best chair. It can be purchased at the Army and Navy and Anglo-Indian stores in London. A chair of lighter weight and one-fourth the bulk is the Willisden chair, of green canvas and thin iron supports. It breaks in only two pieces, and is very comfortable.

Sir Harry Johnson, in his advice to explorers, makes a great point of their packing a chair. But he recommends one known

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as the "Wellington," which is a cane-bottomed affair, heavy and cumbersome. Dr. Harford, the instructor in outfit for the Royal Geographical Society, recommends a steamer-chair, because it can be used on shipboard and "can be easily carried afterward." If there be anything less easy to carry than a deck-chair I have not met it. One might as soon think of packing a folding step-ladder. But if he has the transport, the man who packs any reasonably light folding chair will not regret it.

As a rule, a cooking kit is built like every other cooking kit in that the utensils for cooking are carried in the same pot that is used for boiling the water, and the top of the pot turns itself into a frying-pan. For eight years I always have used the same kind of cooking kit, so I cannot speak of others with knowledge; but I have always looked with envious eyes at the Preston cooking kit and water-bottle. Why it has not already been adopted by every army I do not understand, for in no army have I seen a kit as compact or as light, or one that combines as many useful articles and takes up as little room. It is the invention of Captain Guy H. Preston, Thirteenth Cavalry, at present in the Philippines, and can be purchased at any military outfitter's.

The cooking kit I carry is, or was, in use in the German army. It is made of aluminum, weighs about as much as a cigarette-case, and takes up as little room as would a high hat. It is a frying-pan and coffee-pot combined. From the Germans it has been borrowed by the Japanese, and one smaller than mine, but of the same pattern, is part of the equipment of each Japanese soldier. On a day's march there are three things a man must carry: his water-bottle, his food, which, with the soldier, is generally carried in a haversack, and his cooking kit. Preston has succeeded most ingeniously in combining the water-bottle and the cooking kit, and I believe by cutting his water-bottle in half, he can make room in his coffee-pot for the food. If he will do this, he will solve the problem of carrying water, food, and the utensils for cooking the food and for boiling the water in one receptacle, which can be carried from the shoulder by a single strap. The alteration I have made for my own use in Captain Preston's water-bottle enables me to carry in the coffee-pot one day's rations of bacon, coffee, and biscuit.

In Tokio, before leaving for Manchuria, General Fukushima asked me to bring my entire outfit to the office of the General Staff. I spread it out on the floor, and with unerring accuracy he selected from it the three articles of greatest value. They were the Gold Medal cot, the Elliott chair, and Preston's water-bottle. He asked if he could borrow these, and, understanding that he wanted to copy them for his own use, and supposing that if he used them, he would, of course, make some restitution to the officers who had invented them, I foolishly loaned them to him. Later, he issued them in numbers to the General Staff. As I felt, in a manner, responsible, I wrote to the Secretary of War, saying I was sure the Japanese army did not wish to benefit by these inventions without making some acknowledgment or return to the inventors. But the Japanese War Office could not see the point I tried to make, and the General Staff wrote a letter in reply asking why I had not directed my communication to General Fukushima, as it was not the Secretary of War, but he who had taken the articles. The fact that they were being issued without any return being made, did not interest them. They passed cheerfully over the fact that the articles had been stolen, and were indignant, not because I had accused a Japanese general of pilfering, but because I had accused the wrong general. The letter was so insolent that I went to the General Staff Office and explained that the officer who wrote it, must withdraw it, and apologize for it. Both of which things he did. In case the gentlemen whose inventions were "borrowed" might, if they wished, take further steps in the matter, I sent the documents in the case, with the exception of the letter which was withdrawn, to the chief of the General Staff in the United States and in England.

In importance after the bed, cooking kit and chair, I would place these articles:

Two collapsible water-buckets of rubber or canvas.

Two collapsible brass lanterns, with extra isinglass sides.

Two boxes of sick-room candles.

One dozen boxes of safety matches.

One axe. The best I have seen is the Marble Safety Axe, made at Gladstone, Mich. You can carry it in your hip-pocket, and you can cut down a tree with it.

One medicine case containing quinine, calomel, and Sun Cholera Mixture in tablets.

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Toilet-case for razors, tooth-powder, and brushes.

Folding bath-tub of rubber in rubber case. These are manufactured to fold into a space little larger than a cigar-box.

Two towels, old and soft.

Three cakes of soap.

One Jaeger blanket.

One mosquito head-bag.

One extra pair of shoes, old and comfortable.

One extra pair of riding-breeches.

One extra pair of gaiters. The former regulation army gaiter of canvas, laced, rolls up in a small compass and weighs but little.

One flannel shirt. Gray least shows the dust.

Two pairs of drawers. For riding, the best are those of silk.

Two undershirts, balbriggan or woollen.

Three pairs of woollen socks.

Two linen handkerchiefs, large enough, if needed, to tie around the throat and protect the back of the neck.

One pair of pajamas, woollen, not linen.

One housewife.

Two briarwood pipes.

Six bags of smoking tobacco; Durham or Seal of North Carolina pack easily.

One pad of writing paper.

One fountain pen, *self-filling*.

One bottle of ink, with screw top, held tight by a spring.

One dozen linen envelopes.

Stamps, wrapped in oil-silk with mucilage side next to the silk.

One stick sealing-wax. In tropical countries mucilage on the flap of envelopes sticks to everything except the envelope.

One dozen elastic bands of the largest size. In packing they help to compress articles like clothing into the smallest possible compass and in many other ways will be found very useful.

One pack of playing-cards.

Books.

One revolver and six cartridges.

The reason for most of these articles is obvious. Some of them may need a word of recommendation. I place the water-buckets high in the list for the reason that I have found them one of my most valuable assets. With one, as soon as you halt, instead of waiting for your turn at the well or water-hole, you can carry water to your horse, and one of them once filled and set in the shelter of the tent, later saves you many steps. It also can be used as a nose-bag, and to carry fodder. I recommend the brass folding lantern, because those I have tried of tin or aluminum have invariably broken. A lantern is an absolute necessity. When before daylight you break camp, or hurry out in a wind storm to struggle with flying tent-pegs, or when at night you wish to read or play cards, a lantern with a stout frame and steady light is indispensable. The original cost of the sick-room candles is more than that of ordinary candles, but they burn longer, are brighter, and take up much less room. To protect them and the matches from dampness, or the sun, it is well to carry them in a rubber sponge-bag. Anyone who has forgotten to pack a towel will not need to be advised to take two. An old sergeant of Troop G, Third Cavalry, once told me that if he had to throw away everything he carried in his roll but one article, he would save his towel. And he was not a particularly fastidious sergeant either, but he preferred a damp towel in his roll to damp clothes on his back. Every man knows the dreary halts in camp when the rain pours outside, or the regiment is held in reserve. For times like these a pack of cards or a book is worth carrying, even if it weighs as much as the plates from which it was printed. At present it is easy to obtain all of the modern classics in volumes small enough to go into the coat-pocket. In Japan, before starting for China, we divided up among the correspondents Thomas Nelson & Son's and Doubleday, Page & Co's pocket editions of Dickens, Thackeray, and Lever, and as most of our time in Manchuria was spent locked up in compounds, they proved a great blessing.

In the list I have included a revolver, following out the old saying that "You may not need it for a long time, but when you do need it, you want it damned quick." Except to impress guides and mule-drivers, it is not an essential article. In six campaigns I have carried one, and never used it, nor needed it but once, and then while I was dodging behind the foremast it lay under tons of luggage in the hold. The number of cartridges I have limited to six, on the theory that if in six shots you haven't hit the other fellow, he will have hit you, and you will not require another six.

This, I think, completes the list of articles that on different expeditions I either have found of use, or have seen render good service to someone else. But the really wise man will pack none of the things enumerated in this article. For the larger his kit, the less benefit he will have of it. It will all be taken from him. And accordingly my final advice is to go forth empty-handed, naked, and unashamed, and borrow from your friends. I have never tried that method of collecting an outfit, but I have never seen it fail, and of all travellers the man who borrows is the wisest.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GUÉRIN

Our university: the last of my mortal cares and the last service I can render my country.
—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

I

NO stranger story of self-sacrifice and devotion to a high ideal in the face of trials which to a lesser genius might have appeared insurmountable, and of disappointments which to less courage must have proved fatal, has ever been written than that which recounts the devotion of the last twenty years of the life of Thomas Jefferson to the establishment of a great university.

Any proper account of the University of Virginia must take into consideration the singular story of its establishment and the history of its work, since it realized the ideal of its great founder, Thomas Jefferson.

After a life devoted largely to public service, in which had been crowded almost as many services of world benefit as ever fell to one man's lot, and in which he reaped as much of the reward of high office and public appreciation as almost any man has ever had, when Thomas Jefferson had reached the highest point in the continuous climb from which all the kingdoms of the world and the needs of them fell within his ken, he saw one great need of the American people — enlightenment — and addressed himself to it.

His far-reaching mind recognized that what was needed to carry through the plan which the fathers had formed for the good of the nation was a comprehensive system of education. He had a vast and varied experience which extended over this country and Europe, and he was as familiar with the great classical institutions of the Old World as he was with his *alma mater*, William and Mary College.

His principle was: "True knowledge and freedom are indissolubly linked together."

It appeared to him quite clearly that what the people stood most in need of was a system of education that should cover the whole field of human knowledge and embrace within the range of its benefactions every class.

With a breadth of scope which ranged far beyond that of most of his contemporaries, he aimed to build ever for the spacious future which he foresaw destined for his country. It was this comprehensive sweep of intellect that made him seize the opportunity to secure the vast territory of Louisiana, which Napoleon, with a view to raising a rival power to England in the Western Hemisphere, offered him. Stickler for strict adherence to the Constitution as he was, when this supreme chance came, with all its possibilities for the future, he did not hesitate to seize it. That the Constitution contained no provision for such an emergency did not stagger him. But he met the situation by asking for an amendment approving and ratifying his action. Thus it is that last year we celebrated the addition to our national domain of a territory which not only contains a dozen States, but gave this country control of the great West and enabled this nation to realize Napoleon's design and control this continent.

With this same spaciousness of design Jefferson proceeded to build his university. He would make it a university in fact as well as in title. With a vision far in advance of most of his friends, he contemplated a "system of general instruction, which would reach every description of our citizens from the richest to the poorest," on which this university should be founded. Such a system, he declared in 1818, "as it was the earliest, so it will be the latest of all the public concerns in which I shall permit myself to take an interest." His conception was to make his system broad enough for all. Only

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Campus, looking from Rotunda toward Academical Building.

two years before his university was established he wrote his lieutenant, Joseph C. Cabell, that were it necessary to give up either the primaries or the university he would abandon the latter, because it was better to have the whole people respectably enlightened than to have a few in a high state of science and the many in ignorance.

As early as 1779 he introduced into the General Assembly of the State of Virginia a bill for the more gradual diffusion of knowledge; he would bring the school-house within the reach of every man's door. His bill provided not only for the popular foundation of common schools, but for the free training of all free children, male and female, for three years in reading, writing, and arithmetic. This proposed admission of girls preceded by ten years, as Professor Adams points out, the admission of girls to the common schools of Boston, thus placing Jefferson as the pioneer in this field of female education.

Next above the common school, according to Jefferson's proposed plan, were to be the grammar or classical schools—"free schools" in the sense to which old Sir William Berkeley referred when he hoped there would be "no free schools in Virginia these three hundred years." Here Latin, Greek, English, geography, and higher mathematics were to be taught. Over all, according to his first plan, the College of William and Mary was to have a general control. Thus the classical academies, middle schools, or colleges, as Jefferson afterward called them, would centre in the higher education, as did the common schools.*

One of the motives which actuated him was, undoubtedly, that he felt that the Virginian theory of government was sounder than that promulgated at the North. A reason which influenced him was his objection to being what he called "a beggar for the crumbs which fell from the tables of the North." He offered as an argument that many young men from the South went to Princeton, it having been reported to him that one-half of the students of that institution were Virginians. At that time Princeton was a sectarian institution, as William and Mary, while no longer one, was at least under the influence of the Episcopal Church. Jefferson, however, as he declared, had "sworn hostility to every form of tyranny over the human mind," and held that a great university should belong to no church and be dominated by no sectarian creed.

Undoubtedly, one of the basic principles

*Jefferson's great scheme for introducing common departments into Virginia in connection with the higher education failed because of insufficient legislation, which left the matter to the vote of the people of each district. It was not until 1796 that a law was passed which made it at all possible. And it was not until twenty years later that a general provision was made by the State for elementary education.

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on which Jefferson proposed to establish his university was the principle of enlightened freedom—freedom of thought, freedom of action, as far as might be consonant with the welfare of the greatest number. And his love of freedom extended to that higher form—the freedom of the mind. It was his profound belief that if this principle could be established as the foundation stone of his institution, that institution would be a boon and a blessing to the entire country and to all generations. With this steadily in view, he undertook to found a university which should avail itself of the experience of the past, and withal should not only subserve the ever-widening influence of the present, but should lead in the development of the future.

Education at that time, even the higher education, was under the spell of formalism. The principal colleges were subject to some church whose teachings influenced the curriculum. It was Thomas Jefferson's idea to do away with this subordination—to destroy this cramping formalism and to emancipate the mind from every form of church domination.

The first step would appear to have been the founding of an academy in Virginia, modeled on the French Academy, through the efforts of a young Frenchman, Quesney de Beaurepaire, to whom the idea had been suggested by John Page, of Rosewell. It was this far-reaching scheme which gave at least its character to the university, when it had attained its full conception and completion in Jefferson's mind; for the plan of the academy, in part, was that of the later institution.*

But preceding this came the influence on the youthful mind of Jefferson, while at William and Mary, of his old Professor of Mathematics, "the great Dr. Small." Mr. Adams, quoting Emerson, that "an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man," traces, step by step, the painful way in which Jefferson toiled up the laborious steep.

First came his own conception, and then came its fertilizing through the French influence which at one time brought him so much criticism, but which proved so broadening in the end.

*How the conception grew in the founder's mind until it reached its full ripeness would in itself repay the academic student. The late Prof. Herbert B. Adams has given the account in his remarkable sketch of Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia.

The plan, however, of linking his new university to his old *alma mater* passed away as Jefferson's idea expanded. William and Mary was closely associated with the Established Church, and the Established Church had become very unpopular in Virginia. Indeed, it had been disestablished by churchmen, one of the leaders in the movement being Jefferson himself. A story in point is related by Bishop Meade of an old gentlemen who as a burgess, being approached by someone to know if he were not going to vote for disestablishment, replied that he was in favor of everyone going to heaven by the road most agreeable to him, but was sure that a gentleman would select the Episcopal route. By its charter a certain association with the Episcopal Church still existed. And Jefferson did not propose to have any such influence in his plan.

As early as 1794 Jefferson, working in the direction of a great university, tried to get the Virginia Legislature to make provision for the transfer to Virginia of the faculty of the College of Geneva, who had expressed their willingness to come. It was, however, too large a scheme for Virginia, and then he undertook to connect Washington with the project of bringing over the faculty of the Swiss College of Geneva, a daring project which Washington overthrew with a few sentences packed with that common sense which was his characteristic. He showed the disadvantage of transplanting an entire faculty rather than the best men from a number of institutions, and the importance of creating an American spirit for the American institution, rather than taking over a foreign spirit.† As a part of this general plan he, in 1783, organized the Albemarle Academy in his own county, and here at once his breadth manifested itself in his efforts to secure the services of some learned Scotchman as principal.

By the beginning of the new century Jefferson had gotten well along with his outline for a university and in his correspondence with Dr. Joseph Priestley he disclosed

†"If circumstances," says Professor Adams, "had favored this project [of an academy] it is probable that the University of Virginia would never have been founded." There would have been no need of it. The Academy of the United States, founded at Richmond, would have become the centre of higher education, not only for Virginia, but for the whole South and possibly for a large part of the North.

Jefferson's proposition for the modification of the current curriculum of William and Mary College in 1776 represents, says Dr. Herbert Adams, "the first current of modern ideas" which begun in 1779, at length, "to flow into American academic life."

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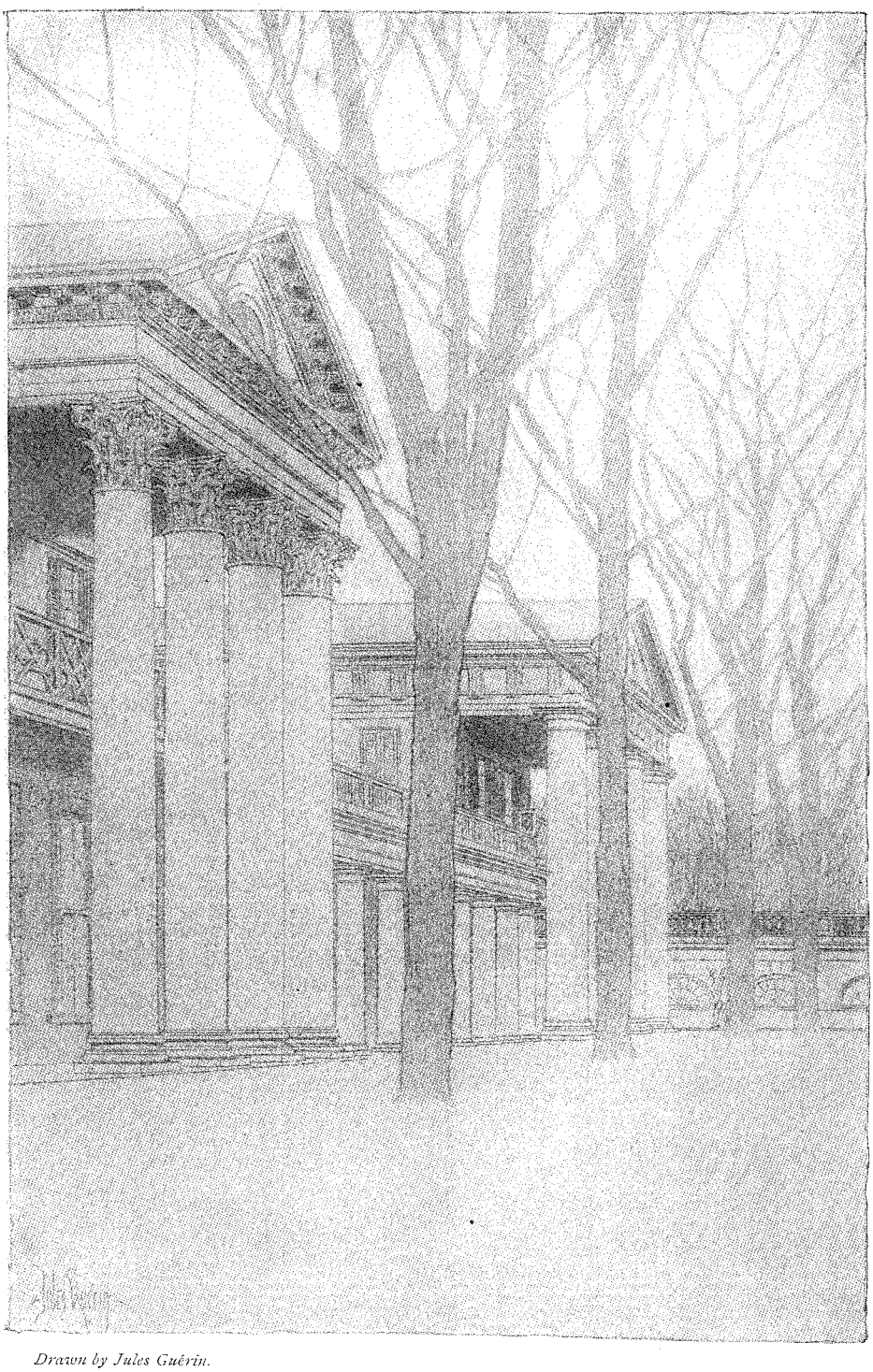

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The old dormitories.

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it and begged the assistance of that eminent and exiled scholar.*

The project for an academy in Albemarle County, though the academy was chartered by the Legislature in 1803, "remained on paper only," as Mr. Adams states, until after Mr. Jefferson's election to the Board of Trustees, March 23, 1814. Says Mr. Adams, "From that election dates the beginning of the development process of the Albemarle Academy into the University of Virginia." It is said that the trustees of this academy were in session discussing the possibility of making it a reality when Mr. Jefferson happened to ride by. He was called in and consulted. On which he declared that though they had not been able to make an academy succeed they might establish a college. And before he left the room he had subscribed $1,000 to the plan, and under his inspiring example $8,000 had been subscribed. Thus this academy was merged into Central College, "in the very name of which," as Mr. Adams declares, "lurked the idea of the centralization of the higher education." With this small step Thomas Jefferson began the first university in the country. It was this great development, founded upon only an idea which, according to Mr. Adams, proves the extraordinary ability of Thomas Jefferson.

In 1806, Mr. Joseph C. Cabell, a cultured young Virginian, returned from abroad, and he and Jefferson met. In 1807 Jefferson wrote him not to waste his energies in trying to patch up a failing and decaying institution, but to employ them in founding a new university worthy of the first State in the Union. At his instance the scholarly young Virginian entered the Virginia Assembly, and from this time, as Jefferson's able lieutenant, devoted his life to building up the University of Virginia.

On the 14th of February, 1816, the efforts of Jefferson and his lieutenant were crowned with success to the extent of getting from the Legislature an act to merge the Albemarle Academy into Central College. Under this act the governor of the commonwealth was to be the patron, or president, with power to appoint a board of six visitors to govern the institution, and this is substantially the form of government under which the university has existed to the present time. The story runs that the spot first selected by Jefferson for his institution was owned by a man who was so hostile to him politically that he refused to sell to him at any price, and the present site of the university was then selected. The first Board of Visitors to the new college were Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, Joseph C. Cabell, David Watson, and J. H. Cocke. The plan for the new college was drawn by Jefferson and the corner-stone was laid October 6, 1817, in the presence of James Monroe, then President of the United States, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, ex-Presidents. Thus three Presidents of the United States presided at its birth. The only endowment for the institution was the money which had been received from the sale of the two glebes of the two parishes of St. Ann and Fredericksville, in Albemarle County, the small subscription already mentioned, and the devotion of Thomas Jefferson and his friends to the idea of higher education.

Ten days after the charter of Central College was created Mercer's bill was passed within two hours of being introduced, calling for a digest of a system of general education which should embrace in it a university to be called the University of Virginia, and such additional colleges and schools as should diffuse education throughout the commonwealth. The feeling in favor of the higher education was beginning to crystallize.

The first meeting of the Board of Visitors of the new Central College took place on May 5, 1817. On this board were Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, and Mr. Monroe.

As the plan, however, unfolded itself by which the Central College was to be elevated into a real university, a new difficulty arose in the claims of the western district of the State to have the university established beyond the Blue Ridge in the Valley of Virginia, Staunton and Lexington each claiming the honor of becoming its seat.

By this time the spirit in which Jefferson labored had spread widely. Governor

*He further induced M. Dupont de Nemours, who visited him, to write a treatise on national education in the United States, particularly on a university of the higher learning in Virginia: a treatise which, relating to a broad system beginning with the primary schools and embracing the intermediate schools, concluded with a grand university of four grand schools which should make that city the educational as well as the political centre of the United States.

"This treatise," says Professor Adams, "probably gave both sanction and emphasis to Jefferson's idea of a great State university," and to it he, with Professor Minor, attributed a considerable share of Jefferson's idea of separate schools, to which, as the first establishment of a true university system in the country, much of the prestige of the University of Virginia is due.

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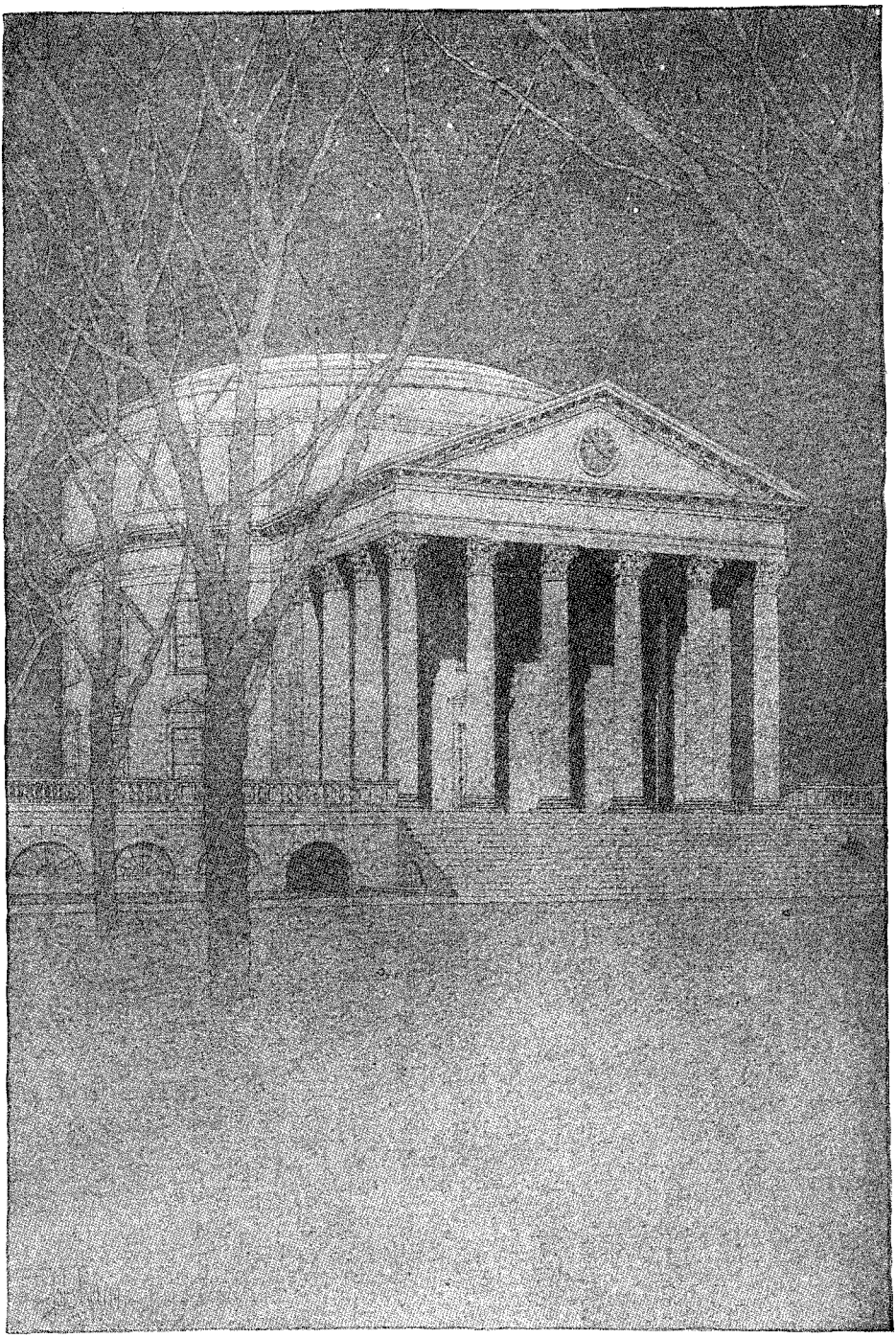

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The Rotunda, as recently restored.

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Nicholas, as president of Central College, inspired with Jefferson's broad idea, addressed to a number of men throughout the country a letter asking their views upon the subject of a great university. Among those whom he consulted were Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, at that time Secretary of State, Dr. Thomas Cooper, of Philadelphia, Dr. Augustin Smith, President of William and Mary College, and Dr. Timothy Dwight, President of Yale.

It was in Mr. Jefferson's reply, which set forth his views with that breadth which characterized all his views whenever they related to the subject of education, that he expressed his opinion as to the proper construction of a college building, outlining the "village form" rather than one immense building. This plan he afterward carried out when he built the university, and to it we owe what is possibly the most beautiful range of academic structures in the country, the first that was laid out from the beginning in one harmonious whole.

For years the struggle went on. Opposition, beaten in one session, again and again revived and ranged itself around the desire to have the institution, if established at all, placed beyond the mountains; but finally, Jefferson's persistence and Cabell's diplomacy prevailed.

On the 21st of February, 1819, the bill was finally passed by the Legislature, in which were provisions relating to a system of primary schools. Provision was made for the establishment of the University of Virginia with an annual appropriation of $15,000, and this small sum was the annual appropriation made for the university for over sixty years. It was in pursuance of this bill that the commission of eminent men appointed thereunder to decide where the university should be placed met on August 1, 1818, at Mountain Top, in Rockfish Gap, through which the main road to the West winds over the Blue Ridge. Staunton, Lexington, and Central College, at Charlottesville, were rivals for the honor. Mr. Jefferson, who was unanimously chosen president of the board, testified at once his superiority of intellect by being able to show the superior claims of the position of Central College, at Charlottesville, which he did by producing a long list of octogenarians living in that region and by presenting maps, which he had prepared in advance, proving that Central College was nearest the centre of the State.

The same arguments which are now urged in favor of urban institutions as against rural institutions were advanced on this occasion, but Mr. Jefferson, being warmly seconded by Mr. Madison, the vote was carried overwhelmingly in favor of the place which was finally selected. Thus the University of Virginia is seated on the sunny slopes of Albemarle, facing the mountain on which Thomas Jefferson had perched his home, from which, later on, he used to watch with a telescope his beautiful buildings rising day by day.

The fight, however, was only getting under way, and the contest was more bitter at the next session of the Legislature than ever before. Some idea of the tension of feeling may be gleaned from the fact that when the bill came up, Cabell, as he wrote Jefferson afterward, left the House of Delegates "to avoid the shock of feeling" which he "would have been compelled to sustain." "The scene," when Staunton withdrew her claims, he declares, "was truly affecting. A great part of the house was in tears." However this was, on the 25th of January, 1819, the bill was passed chartering, on Mr. Jefferson's lines, the University of Virginia, to be established on the site of that Central College which he had labored so long to establish, and, although it was over six years before the University of Virginia was opened, and those six years were to be filled with more strenuous labor than the six years that had passed, it was true, as Cabell wrote, that they had "gotten possession of the ground" and it would "never be taken from them."

As soon as this victory had been gained Jefferson began to plan at once how to build his university and how to render it worthy of the name. The motto which he chose by which to guide his action in the selection of his professors was "Detur digniori," and he set to work not only to secure the best professors possible in this country, but planned to send Mr. Cabell to Europe to secure a corps of professors there—a mission which was actually performed by Mr. F. W. Gilmer.*

*The first Board of Visitors was composed of Thomas Jefferson, Gen. James Breckenridge, Gen. Robert B. Taylor, John H. Cocke, and Joseph C. Cabell, and their first session was held on March 29, 1819, from which meeting dates the real beginning of the University of Virginia, It was decided that all the funds which they had secured—less than $60,000—should be devoted first to buildings, and Dr. Thomas Cooper of Philadelphia, was elected Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, Natural Philosophy and Professor of Law.

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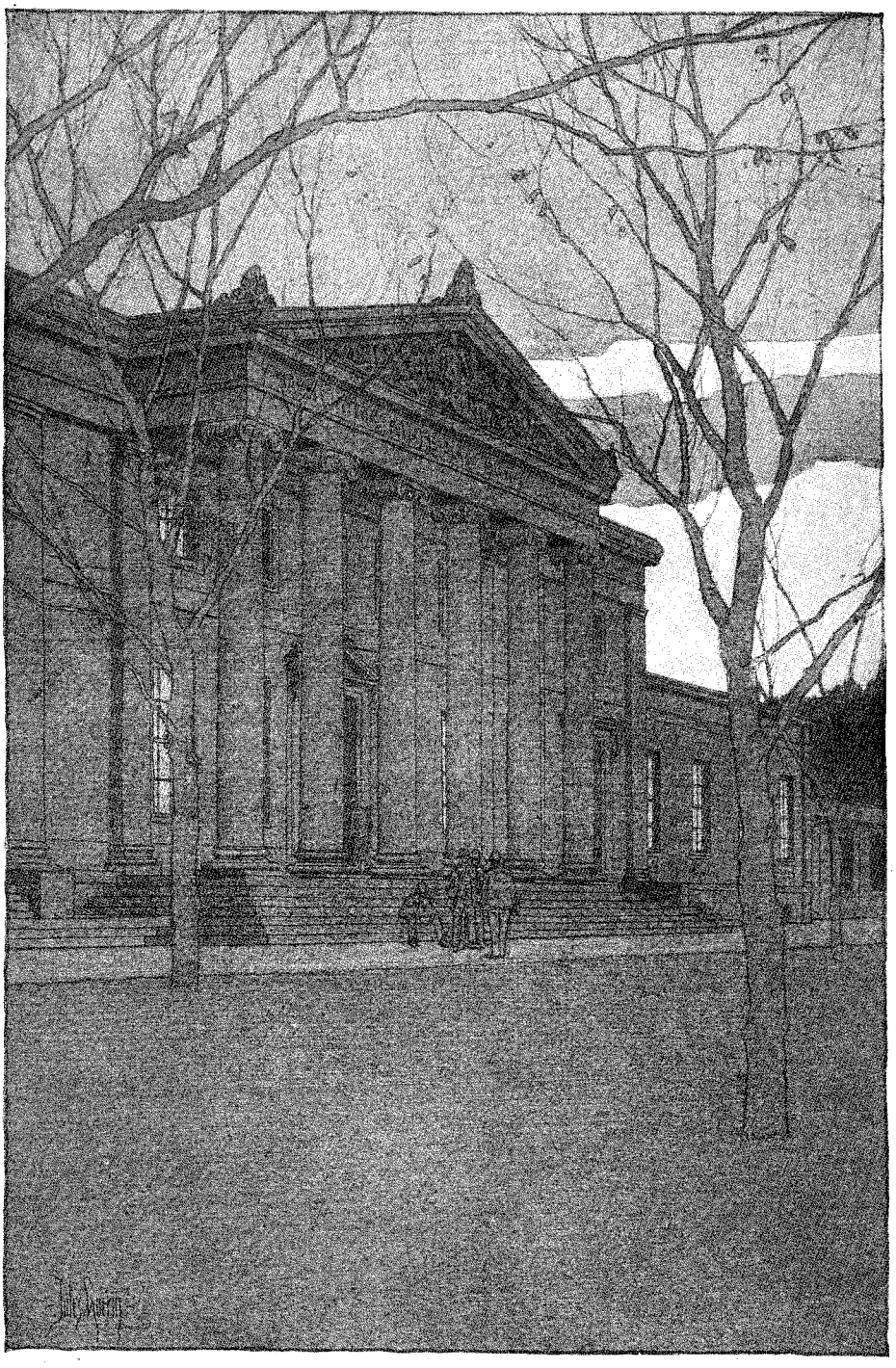

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New Academical Building.

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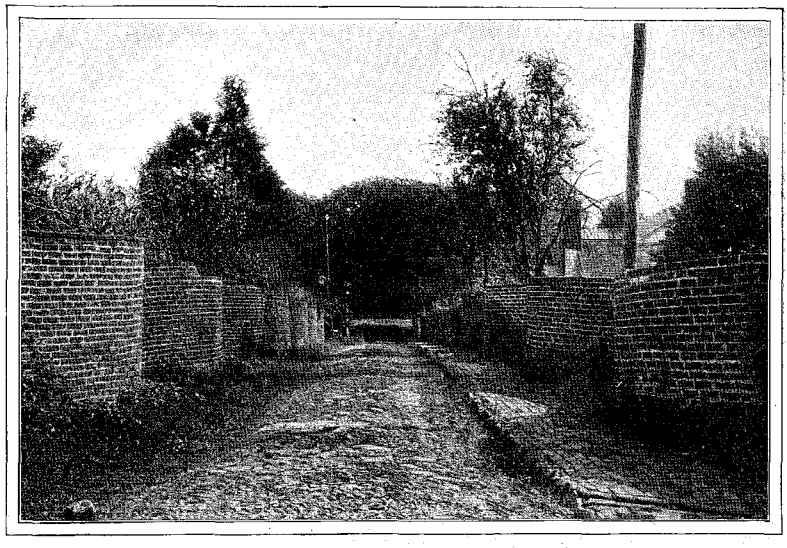

Street back of dormitories, showing serpentine walls.

Jefferson's first estimate of what would be needed for the buildings, exclusive of the library, was $162,364, and every dollar counted, for every dollar had to be fought for. But his broad plans soon outstripped his estimate and staggered even his faithful coadjutors, like Cabell, who wrote to him and implored him to keep within bounds and avoid extravagance. But Jefferson was building for posterity. The great object of his aim from the beginning was, he declared, to make the establishment the most eminent in the United States in order to draw to it the youth of every State. "If we cannot get the money now we will at another or another trial." And when he had completed his work he had largely overstepped his estimates.*

Happy it was for Virginia and the South, if not for the whole country, that Jefferson's plans were so spacious. Not only his beloved creation, but every great college throughout the land has profited by the noble example he set them, not only in the forms of architecture, but in the higher forms of his academic organization and the spirit of scholarship which he infused into its life.

Indeed, as paradoxical as it may appear, it seems an unquestionable fact that the upbuilding of every new educational institution tends to strengthen rather than weaken all other similar institutions within the range of its influence. The spirit of enlightenment is the atmosphere in which educational institutions have their being.

The very plan on which he had projected his structures exhibits the breadth of his idea. Eschewing all recent forms of architecture, he had from the first, as if to link his conception to the historic forms of the Old World, chosen for his academic buildings the pure classical models of ancient Greece and Rome. At the top of a fine quadrangle, open to the south, he placed a beautiful structure, modelled after that noblest of the relics of ancient Rome, the Pantheon. On either hand, stretching to the southward, lie long lines of buildings connected by long colonnades, broken at intervals by the façades of the professors' houses and modelled on such examples of ancient architecture as the baths of Diocletian and Caracalla, the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, and the Theatre of Marcellus; while on the slopes below and parallel to the colonnades on the lawn stretch similar ranges of pavilions and colonnades. These colonnades are the cloistered rooms of the students, while the houses are the residences of the professors. They are taken, as he states, from Palladio's great work on architecture. The whole system forms possibly the most

*Yet, even so, the cost of that beautiful pile is curiously small compared with the results that have flowed from it. The proctor's report for 1877 shows that up to 1832 the expenditure had been only $320,728.29, while up to 1875 this, with the additions, aggregated but $548,172.65. Yet so strong was the opposition even to this moderate outlay that Jefferson was charged by some writer in the press with having deliberately deluded the people as to the cost of the buildings—a charge which he warmly resented and repudiated.

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beautiful architectural achievement yet produced in this country. Back of these houses, enclosed by curious serpentine walls of the thickness of a single brick, lie gardens some of which the writer recalls as among the most charming tangles he has ever seen. If the higher philosophy has a soul which demands a fitting abode it would be here. If any pile of buildings in the world is fitted by its beauty to be the abode of the higher philosophy, it is here.

The final battle was fought when with a view to defeating Jefferson's plans the effort was made to move William and Mary College to Richmond; but it was won. Before its decision, however, Jefferson had to yield to some extent to the religious sentiment, which, crystallizing on the fact that Dr. Cooper, a Unitarian, had been selected as the first professor, made his plan doubtful. He wrote suggesting that religious denominations might establish their own theological seminaries just outside the limits of the university, and thus receive the benefits of association with the institution. This, said Cabell, contributed to win him votes and carry the day. However this may be, though, for long the church looked with cold eyes on the institution which stood for freedom of thought in every field; the religious life is as marked at that institution as at any secular institution in the land.

Jefferson, himself, provided rooms for religious exercises and arranged for the services of a chaplain. And ever since that time a chaplain of first one denomination, and then another, has been in attendance, his term being limited to two years. Among these have been such eminent men as the Rt. Rev. Thomas U. Dudley, Rev. Dr. John S. Lindsay, and the Rev. Dr. John A. Broaddus. The attendance of the students while not compulsory either at chapel or at church, is, perhaps, quite equal to that in any institution where such attendance is compulsory.

II

Such, in brief, is the history of the building of the first real university in this country. But those who see the charming architectural pile which, through Thomas Jefferson's exertions, finally rose in all its harmonious beauty, and who know the wonderful intellectual success which the university has attained, can get little idea of the immense expenditure of labor and sacrifice it cost, unless they know its full history. That achievement was the result of a labor which was little less than Herculean. For at least fifty years Jefferson had the project in his brain; and as we have seen, for at least twenty years he gave to its fulfilment every energy which he possessed. Every resource that he could summon was called forth. Often he appeared on the point of defeat, but he never despaired. His able and devoted lieutenant, Joseph C. Cabell, happily had caught the spirit which inspired him, and in season and out of season, seconded his efforts. Yet often he would have given up, but for Jefferson's divine enthusiasm. In 1821, when Cabell, broken and worn with his efforts to help Jefferson carry through his project of a great university, announced his decision to retire from the Virginia Legislature and give up the struggle, Jefferson wrote him a pathetic letter urging him to hold on and declaring his resolution to "die in the last ditch." "Health, time, labor—on what in the single life which nature has given us can these be better bestowed than on this immortal boon to our country? The exertions and mortifications are temporary; the benefits eternal. . . . If any member of our College of Visitors could justifiably withdraw from this sacred duty, it would be myself, who, '*quadragentis stipendiis jamdudum peractis*,' have neither vigor of body nor mind left to keep the field, but I will die in the last ditch." It is gratifying to know that Mr. Cabell did continue with him in these "holy labors," and the institution he had done so much to establish was in succession to Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, served by him as rector until 1856.

So great was the opposition to Jefferson's plan that, as we have seen, it required all his enthusiasm and persistence to carry it through. But Jefferson, like most reformers, looked to posterity for his reward. "I have been sensible," he wrote his chief lieutenant Cabell, "that while I was endeavoring to render our country the greatest of all services, I was discharging the odious duty of a physician pouring medicine down the throat of a patient insensible of needing it. I am so sure of the approbation of posterity and the inestimable effects we shall have produced in the elevation of our country by what we have done, that I cannot repent of

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the part I have borne in co-operation with my colleagues."

It was this long struggle, attaining finally his supreme success in the establishment of a great university, combined with this academic taste in such perfection, that it is almost as though a dream of ancient Greece had crystallized and taken form upon that Virginia hill-top which justified Thomas Jefferson in his order to carve on his tomb that he was the "Father of the University of Virginia."

But it was not only "the hull" that the old philosopher was undertaking to lay the foundation of in a broad and lasting manner. His conception was to breathe here a soul worthy of this beautiful tenement. His design was no less lofty than to make the institution "the most eminent in the country" for scholarship and intellectual work, and with this in view he had long been preparing the way to secure the most eminent professors to be found. For that purpose he employed his great prestige and sent to Europe and there engaged Profs. George Long, Blatterman, Thomas Hewitt Key, Charles Bonnycastle, Robley Dunglison, and John P. Emmet. By this time it is probable that he had been in correspondence with every body of distinguished educators in Europe.*

On March 7, 1825, the university opened with five professors and sixty-eight students of the average age of nineteen years. By the end of the year there were seven professors and one hundred and twenty-three students and the university was under way.

The institution thus started on such broad and lofty lines soon began to justify the hopes of its parent and those who had labored so faithfully with him. His high conception to bring it a faculty and establish a standard which should at once give it a place among universities was realized. And although it went through the troublous period incident to the early years of most institutions of learning, its fame spread abroad. It was recognized as a real university.

From the first it took high rank, for it was laid on broad foundations as a university, not as a college. And as a university—not large, and certainly not wealthy, for it is modest in size and poor in means—it has since that time held its course by virtue simply of its high ideals and sound standards, making its impress on the scholastic life of the nation second to none in its work and equalled only by the greatest. How it fulfilled its mission is known by all scholars and, in some sort, by the outside world; but truly known only by its sons who have been the beneficiaries of its nourishing care and have caught, often unknown to themselves, something of its illuminating spirit.

Students were drawn there from all over the country, though mainly, as Jefferson had foretold, from the South and West, and there is not a State in that section which has not felt the vivifying effects of its teachings in every profession. Bench and bar, pulpit and medical faculty, have all been uplifted by the high standard set in the University of Virginia. Here Poe drew his inspiration for those immortal works which have made him the first poet and first story-writer of America. And here many less noted, but not less worthy sons found the equipment with which they served their age and country.

From the first it began to fulfil its founder's high ideal: "To form the statesmen, legislators, and judges, on whom public prosperity and individual happiness are so much to depend; to expound the principles and structures of government, the laws which regulate the intercourse of nations, those formed municipally for our own government, and a sound spirit of legislation, which banishing all unnecessary restraint on individual action, shall leave us free to do whatever does not violate the individual rights of another; to harmonize and promote the interests of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and by well-informed views of public economy to give a free scope to the public industry; to develop the reasoning faculties of our youth, enlarge their minds, cultivate their morals, and instil into them the principles of virtue and order; to enlighten them with mathematical and physical sciences which advance the arts and administer to the health, the subsistence, and the comforts of human life; and generally

* This importation of professors from old England appears to have given some offence in New England, and the Connecticut *Journal* and the Boston *Courier* declared that no American could read the account "without indignation," when "Mr. Gilmer could have discharged his duties with half the trouble and expense by a short trip to New England." On which the Philadelphia *Gazette* observed, "or we may be permitted to add, by a still shorter trip to Philadelphia. . . . This sending a commissioner to Europe to engage professors for a new university is, we think, one of the greatest insults the American people have received." On the other hand, the New York *American* applauded Jefferson's breadth of view. For all this Jefferson, sustained by the loftiness of his ideal, calmly pursued his course, preparing for posterity and looking to posterity for his reward.

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to form them to habits of reflection and correct action, rendering them examples of virtue to others and of happiness within themselves."

The distinctive features of the University of Virginia are the independence of its schools; its elective system, by which every student may attend the school of his choice; conferring degrees in the individual schools; allowing candidates to stand examination for degrees without reference to time of residence; bestowal of degrees only after the attainment of a high degree of excellence shown in written examinations of great strictness; the method of instruction by lectures and oral examinations as well as by text-books; the method brought over by Long and Key from Cambridge University, of written examinations for all honors. But even more distinctive, if possible, than these is the absence of all sectarian influence and control; and finally, that system of discipline which more than any other one thing has distinguished the university, known as the "honor system." In the development of the institution this principle has taken a commanding place as the fruit and product of the high conception in which the institution was founded, and it has always been one of its most admirable and distinctive teachings. It is an appeal to the sense of honor, truth, and manhood in youth. Founded upon the principle of the recognition of honor among gentlemen, it throws them upon their honor, and thus fosters and establishes it in them. It is impossible to give too much importance to this feature. It so permeates the life of the institution that no student can enter its classic precincts and not feel it sensibly. It stamps itself on his mind with a force which can never be forgotten, follows him through life and remains one of the master forces of his whole career. Its effects are discernible throughout the whole South, and other institutions are following its example so fruitful of good. This good also the institution owes to Mr. Jefferson.

Now that the university was a reality, one of the chief questions which occupied him was the practical concern of governing such a body of young men as would be thrown together. The principle that "That government is best which governs least" was dear to his heart. Rejecting the time-honored plan of rigid laws enforced by proctors and masters, with a high faith in the virtue of youth, Mr. Jefferson proposed to govern the students by appealing to "their reason, their hopes, and their generous feelings." It should not be imagined that this system reached its full maturity in a season. It is an error to suppose that the honor system can be "adopted," or even founded in a session. It had its roots deep in the essential virtues of the gentle youth to whom Mr. Jefferson appealed; yet its growth was slow. At first, freedom was debauched and became license, and it was not until a great tragedy threw its light into their eyes that the student body sobered into a high conception of the nobleness of the trust confided to them. The novelty of the situation was such, when the honor system was first introduced, that the young men, habituated to a system of espionage, began to take advantage of the freedom allowed them and were soon at such odds with the professors that the whole faculty, brought together with so much pains by Mr. Jefferson, resigned in a body. In this exigency Mr. Jefferson was called in and the faculty and students were requested to meet the board. An account of the meeting was written long afterward by one of the students present on the occasion. The meeting took place in one of the old lecture halls, and Mr. Jefferson arose and addressed the students. He was, however, so affected by the apparent failure of one of his most cherished ideas that he burst into tears. Instantly the whole body of students who had been guilty of the acts which occasioned the trouble arose, and rushing forward, made a full confession of the part they had taken. The ringleaders were expelled, among them being a near relative of Mr. Jefferson, on whom he visited the extreme penalty. The others were forgiven. Even then, however, the trouble was not wholly eradicated. The students were at first unable to realize the high ideal set for them. And a number of petty rules caused, until remedied, much friction. A military company formed by the students began to interfere so much with the scholastic duties that the arms were taken from them. This gave rise to so much discontent that annually the disbandment was commemorated by a celebration which was accompanied by much boisterousness. Finally, in 1842, when the conduct of certain of the students reached the point of carousal, one of the professors

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seized two of the students who wore masks and one of them shot him. This tragic act put an end forever to the unseemly license which had sprung from Mr. Jefferson's lofty conception, and since that time the institution he founded has approached more and more, as its traditions have become established, his noble ideal.

Its original eight schools have increased until now it has twenty-three, of which its law school has three classes and its medical school six.

Its one hundred and twenty-three students have increased steadily until now it has over seven hundred on her rolls, representing thirty-six States and several foreign countries. But it is not by the number of its students that its usefulness is to be measured. Its true gauge is the work it is doing, the high standard of its scholarship, and, above all, her high aim to make men.

"Every great college," said Hamilton W. Mabie, in a thoughtful and charming paper on the University of Virginia, "has a background which must be taken into account in any endeavor to understand its history or to enter into its spirit. A college is a visible embodiment of certain invisible influences, which are as much a part of its educational equipment as its libraries, laboratories, teachers, and course of study. These constitute its larger and deeper, if less obvious life; the life which searches, inspires, and often recreates the spirit of the sensitive student." And he observes, as the writer thinks truly, that "of no institution of the higher learning is this truer than of the University of Virginia—an institution of original organization and methods, with traditions and convictions which give it a place by itself in the educational history of the country."

On the outbreak of the Civil War, of the sons of the university, about twenty-three hundred entered the army; and not less than three hundred and fifty fell in battle. Of the students who were then at the university almost the entire body enlisted. It was estimated that in 1888 over one thousand alumni had engaged in educational work and in 1896 over two hundred of her sons were professors in universities and colleges—a noble tribute, not only to her scholarship, but to that earnestness which is so distinguishing a characteristic of the university life.

Thus it happens that the university, with its limited number of students, has in the past possibly, excelled in scholastic results any other similar institution in the country. She has had a larger representation in Congress; she has had a larger representation on the bench; she has had a larger representation in the medical departments of both the army and navy. All this result has been accomplished on an income less than that of many second-rate colleges.*

Through the years, notwithstanding her want of means, this university, which sprang in her beauty from Jefferson's teeming brain, has continued to perform the work which he laid out for her and to follow the course which he marked down for her to follow, with her eye single to two great principles—the highest standard of scholarship and the highest standard of honor. Through all discouragements and in the face of all difficulties, she has been true to his chosen motto, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," which he was happy enough to stamp in the life of the institution.

Lying on the sunny slopes of the Albemarle hills, with her classical arcades stretching away, bathed in the Virginia sunshine, she has from the first taught her sons the nobility of truth and hereby pointed them to freedom. Neither professor nor student can long breathe that atmosphere and remain untrue.

Always cramped in her resources, often strained to the utmost to carry on her work; she has yet carried it on through the self-denial of her professors. But there has been this compensation, as has been well said by Hamilton W. Mabie: "Simplicity is still the note of student life in Virginia, and simplicity is always a note of the highest culture."

It is the most republican institution the writer has ever known. There in this age of money-loving, money-getting, and money-spending, money counts for nothing. Here Jew and Gentile, gentle and simple, rich and poor, stand on the same platform: that "all men are created equal." The only aristocracy is one of intellect, manliness, and loftiness of purpose. And the wealth of Crœsus could not save a man a moment if he fell below the high standard set for gentlemen. This is why there is that in the life of the University of Virginia which stamps

*Her total revenue for the year 1899-1900, including tuition fees from the students, based on an estimate of five hundred and fifty students, was only $128,892, from which had to come the interest on the bonded debt, while the incomes of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton are many times this.

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its impress on the life of her sons in a way which can never be wholly erased. It is not scholarship; it is not even always the ability to appreciate scholarship; but it is that which comes from having in youth had a glimpse of the truth and having had her breathe the breath of freedom into the nostrils that is never again wholly lost. More than the knowledge acquired, far more han the material advantage derived, one alumnus wishes to record that the greatest benefit he secured from his life at the University of Virginia was the appreciation of her ideals.

Times and conditions even in scholastic life have changed since Thomas Jefferson, on the election of William Wirt to the presidency of the university, wrote with his own hand on the page of his records a protest against instituting such an office. Owing to these changes, after much thought, those charged with the responsibility have deemed it for the best interests of the institution to establish this office, and as the first president of the institution, Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, has been selected. It is believed that under his administration the future of the institution will be made worthy of the past.

The great need at present is the means to carry on its work. A disastrous fire a few years ago destroyed its valuable library, and to rebuild it was necessary to mortgage heavily its property. "To widen its sphere of usefulness and to meet properly the educational demands of the age, a considerable sum is required." It has long outgrown the narrow limits in which it is confined by its meagre income. Its revenue from all sources, after payment of its interest on its bonded debt, amounting to less than $100,000 is hopelessly insufficient for its needs. Though nominally a State institution and under the direction of visitors appointed by the Governor of Virginia, as we have seen it has always fulfilled Jefferson's high conception and drawn to it students from the whole country. In fact, it comes as near being a national university as any institution in the land.

In view of these facts it has always appeared strange to those who know the university that in the dispensation of wealth for educational purposes by those whose generosity or sense of duty has led to their endowment of such institutions, so little has been given to this one. Now and then some broad-minded man like Fayerweather, with a spirit elevated far above his kind and a soul which takes in the whole country, includes it among the objects of his beneficence; or some man like Arthur W. Austin, of Massachusetts, recognizes it as a great instrument for good and a fountain fertilizing a region which other streams do not reach.

But for the most part, it has lain outside of the field in which public generosity has been exercised. The same local prejudices which so long operated to prevent its establishment have prevailed, and what it has accomplished it has done with hopelessly meagre resources. Its best work has been done by men who have made great sacrifices to do it.

An effort is now being made to raise a fund for the endowment of the institution which stands so much in need of such an endowment. It appeared proper at a time when the country was celebrating the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase, which under Mr. Jefferson's wise statesmanship brought to the country so vast a domain, to take some step in the direction of raising a personal memorial to him. And nothing appeared more consonant with his own lofty aims than a suitable endowment for this child of his old age, the University of Virginia. With this in view, some of the alumni last year began a movement, which was warmly endorsed by all to whom it was submitted, to raise such an endowment. An organization was effected to bring the matter to the attention of the American people, who owe so much to Mr. Jefferson's far-reaching genius. The aid was secured of an advisory council of men of all sections and creeds, interested in the higher education, whose names are a guarantee that the movement is essentially a national one and should commend itself to the people of the whole country. [See page 410.] They have issued an address in which they say:

"In this centennial year of the 'Louisiana Purchase' no more fitting and gracious tribute could be paid to the vast services rendered to this country by Thomas Jefferson than for the American people to unite in raising a memorial fund for the permanent endowment of his honored foundation, the University of Virginia."

The President of the United States, himself an admirable exponent of university training, has written a warm letter pointing

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out that the university "occupies a unique position among our educational institutions," and expressing the belief that the American people can "be appealed to with confidence to carry out Jefferson's work in the way in which he would have himself regarded as most gratifying by endowing, as it should be endowed, the noble institution of learning which he founded."

Whether this movement will result in raising such a memorial at this time remains to be seen. But as Thomas Jefferson said, "If we do not get the money now we shall at another or another trial." Meanwhile, however cramped her resources, she is performing a great work—upholding the standard of high scholarship and right living.

Looking back with pride to her noble past and looking forward with confidence to her future, her friends may well adopt as their own the brave words of Jefferson, uttered during one of the most trying periods in the struggle to establish her, "It is from posterity we are to expect remuneration for the sacrifices we are making for their service, and I fear not the appeal."

NOTE.—The following gentlemen compose the Advisory Council for the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Endowment Fund for the University of Virginia:

Chief-Justice Fuller, Hon. Grover Cleveland, Cardinal Gibbons, Justice E. D. White, Justice D. J. Brewer, Gov. A. J. Montague, Senator John W. Daniel, Senator Thos. S. Martin, Admiral George Dewey, Hon. Robt. S. McCormick, Hon. John Sharp Williams, Hon. Elihu Root, Hon. William H. Taft, Hon. Richard Olney, Hon. John G. Carlisle, Hon. John W. Foster, Hon. Cornelius N. Bliss, Mr. T. Jeff. Coolidge, Hon. George Gray, Hon. David R. Francis, Hon. Andrew D. White, Hon. Robt. T. Lincoln, Hon. Wayne McVeagh, Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, Dr. D. C. Gilman, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Mr. James C. Carter, Mr. Geo. Foster Peabody, Mr. Morris K. Jesup, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Hon. Henry Watterson, Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, Mr. Robt. C. Ogden, Mr. St. Clair McKelway, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, Dr. Thos. Addis Emmet, Hon. J. M. Dickinson, Mr. Thos. B. Aldrich, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Hon. John Garber, Hon. Edgar H. Farrar, Mr. Francis Bartlett, Hon. Chas. J. Faulkner, Mr. Thos. F. Ryan, Mr. Francis L. Stetson, Hon. Hoke Smith, Hon. James Keith, Mr. Melville E. Stone, Mr. Clark Howell, Mr. Bryan Lathrop, Hon. L. L. Lewis, Mr. John Cadwalader, Mr. Richard Weightman, Mr. Samuel Spencer, Mr. W. W. Fuller, Mr. Albert Shaw, Mr. Owen F. Aldis, Mr. Charles Steele, Col. Wm. E. Peters, Rev. Dr. J. Wm. Jones, Hon. Geo. R. Wendling, Mr. Holmes Conrad, Mr. John L. Williams, Hon. Alex P. Humphrey, Hon. Jas. A. Seddon, Capt. W. Gordon McCabe, Mr. Henry T. Kent, Mr. Chas. R. Crane, Mr. Joseph Bryan (Treasurer).

THE HILL OF STARS

By Arthur Davison Ficke

HERE stood of old the Aztec multitude
In the warm darkness of the summer night,
Watching the silent courses of the stars
That this hour rounded out the cycle's end.
And as the whitening dawn thrilled through the East
A mighty shout went up to the dim sky;
And all the multitude hurled down the hill,
Down the long hill to shatter into dust
The carven statues of their ancient gods.
Then looked they up into the paling sky
And with one voice cried out unto the stars.

And now I stand here on the sacred hill
And see the broken idols at my feet.
And turning from them to the slow white dawn
I know not unto whom to lift my voice
Save unto you, O Stars, that fade from sight
Even as I call upon your deathless names.

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A SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Illustrations by Florence Scovel Shinn

OF course you know as well as I do that there are a great many things in life that never will be known—whether they are true or not, I mean. Great historical persons, for instance: who murdered them? Even the man who wrote the history may not know. And whether people really were bad or not. Sometimes, when things have looked the worst and everything seemed to prove one way, it hasn't been so at all, and the things all proved something else, really. And especially in the case of ladies, Pinky West's uncle says. He is her favorite uncle, and she wrote to him all about the exciting event that I am going to describe, telling what we all thought, and he wrote back, advising her to be careful not to make up her mind too soon, because they had had a great lesson in their family and none of them ought to forget it. And so they had; she has often told us about it.

When she was a little girl, one of her aunts, a young lady then, used to ride every day in the park, and the coachman rode with her. He was a very nice coachman and everybody liked him. And of course Pinky's aunt saw him very often and used to talk to him, and admired him very much, as she said afterward. One day in the winter, Pinky wanted her aunt to take her out driving to buy some Christmas presents, and she went all around hunting for her and finally found her on the basement stairs, talking very secretly to William—that was his name. And her aunt scolded her for listening and Pinky was cross and told her mother, to get even. And then her grandmother called Pinky up to her room and made her swear a solemn oath that her aunt hadn't said what she did, and her two uncles and her father were there, too, and Pinky was terribly scared. But she stuck to what she said first, which was that she heard her aunt say: "But how could we get away, William? I can't ride there."

And William said: "No, miss, but I'd drive you, and some time during the Christmas shopping we could slip away, like. If little Miss (that was Pinky) should go with her grandma, now, they'd never have the heart to keep me waiting in Twenty-third Street the time they'll be, and you and me could slip away."

"But suppose they are very angry, when they find out about it?" Pinky's aunt said, and William answered: "Oh, well, miss, it'll be done then, and too late to worry, and seeing it was for love you did it, after all, they couldn't be hard on you, I should think."

Then Pinky's aunt looked very solemn and said: "Well, I'll risk it, William, and I hope I shan't regret it," and he replied, "I'm sure I hope not, miss," and then Pinky was discovered on the stairs and her aunt was very angry and called her a nasty little spy.

Well, her uncles and her grandmother were dreadfully worried and frightened and they made Pinky promise she wouldn't tell her aunt what she had heard, and though they thought she didn't understand what the matter was, she did, well enough, from what they said and the way her grandmother cried and talked about disgrace in her old age. She knew her aunt was in love with William and was going to run away with him. And she would have been glad enough to help her, too, except for being called a nasty little spy. For of course it would have been very exciting and interesting, and she thought she would probably have been the maid of honor and lived with them ever afterward, if her own family cast her off, which she hoped they would.

But her aunt refused to apologize, though she gave her the chance, and so Pinky wouldn't help her.

They never let that aunt out of their sight. There was somebody with her all the time, and of course she thought it was

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queer. Then one day they got talking about William and whether he was inclined to be deceitful or not, and they looked at her and she blushed, and they all looked the other way. Pinky says it was dreadful. But her aunt was very obstinate, and one day, a week before Christmas, when she and Pinky and Pinky's mother were shopping together, she slipped into a crowd of people and when they rushed to the door she and William were gone!

Well, it was about the most important thing that Pinky ever was in, I suppose. They telegraphed and telephoned, and both her uncles and her father and a kind of special policeman came, not like the ordinary ones in a blue uniform, and they jumped into carriages and drove like the wind to where William lived, near the stable where the horses were kept. And there, in front of the door, were the horses and the coupé. And they rushed in, and ran up three flights of stairs, and thumped on the door, and a Catholic priest in a long black robe opened it! And Pinky's uncle —her favorite one—called him a scoundrel, and her grandmother began to cry, and William came out of another room and Pinky's aunt behind him! She had her dress held up in front like a big bag, and when her mother ran up to her and took hold of her arm, she let go, and five funny little fuzzy kittens fell out on the floor.

"What are those, Elizabeth, in Heaven's name? Have we ever treated you unkindly?" Pinky's grandmother screamed out to her—Pinky says she *squawked*, more like a hen in the country than a grandmother—and her uncle said very severely to William: "Don't think for a moment, you ruffian, that this infamous business cannot be annulled, and if it is too late I will shoot you like a dog!"

It was an awful scene, Pinky said; her uncle's eyes flashed fire, just as in books. And Pinky's aunt began to cry, and so did the kittens.

"They are Angora," she said, and she tried to pick them up, but they kept spilling out, "for your Christmas, and I'm sure that four o'clock isn't too late, mamma, for it's not dark yet, and I won't have William shot like a dog!"

Pinky will never forget her words, nor how they all acted. Her grandmother began to laugh and cry all at once, and her uncle let go of William, and the other uncle that was holding the priest let him go, too, and walked up to William and partly held out his hand and said: "Is it possible that this is all a mistake, William?"

But William put his hands behind his back and said, very crossly: "Sure I don't know, sir, but I'll ask you to take a week's notice, and suit yourself as soon as possible."

And then a fat woman in a wrapper came running out and asked them all what the matter was and scolded them for leaving the kittens on the floor. So Pinky helped her pick them up, for nobody else would, and she was too fat to stoop over very well.

The woman said it was a sad day when a sweet young lady couldn't come to a respectable woman's house to pick out an Angora kitten for her dear mother without having holy priests insulted in their homes, and a lot more that Pinky can't remember, and finally her uncle went up to William and said very quickly: "William, I apologize to you for my language, and I hope you will reconsider your decision to leave us, though you did wrong in bringing Miss Elizabeth here unknown to some of us."

And William said: "That's enough, sir, and I was wrong, for sure. But I meant no harm."

So they went home and Pinky's grandmother had to have the doctor.

William was married already—to the fat woman—and the priest was his brother, just calling on them. His wife kept Angora kittens to sell, and Pinky's aunt wanted to pick out the prettiest for her mother, but they couldn't be brought to her to choose from for fear of taking cold. So she had to go to them. And she never intended for a moment to run away with William, who was over thirty years old, and had light hair besides, which she has never liked in a man, even if he was young.

So you see that her uncle was right about not making up her mind too soon. But by the time he wrote, all our minds had been made up and it was all over.

Not that I should pick out this event, myself, to bury away for future generations, for I don't think it is half so interesting as some other things I intend to tell. And besides this, we have never been able to agree

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very well about it, anyhow, and we all think different things about one part of it—the most important part, too. So it is hard to make it plain. But Mary Watterson heard Miss Kripsen say to Weeksey that it was the most dangerous thing that had occurred in the school since her connection with it, and that another such misfortune would wreck Elmbank, and old Weeksey rolled her eyes and sniffed, that funny little way she does, and said, "Yes, indeed, I suppose so, Miss Kripsen, but I hope not!"

Of course, nobody cares for the Creepy-Cat, because she is mean and sneaking and disagreeable, but at the same time she is not an idiot, and if she really thinks Mademoiselle nearly wrecked Elmbank—and you will see before I am through that Miss Naldreth herself was pretty well frightened—it really ought to be preserved for future generations, as they say. And I am the one to do it.

Mademoiselle was not a person you'd be likely to pick out for a heroine. In the first place, even though she turned out afterward to be a lot older than she looked, she looked old enough to begin with, we always thought: as middle-aged as any teacher usually does. She was dark brown, with lots of little moles, and her clothes always fitted very tight. Her waist was quite small and hard looking, and her hair was black and shiny, with a little round curl stuck down on each side of her forehead. She had headaches a good deal of the time, and she never went out of the house in the winter. And then she was cross—they always are. Pinky West has been in three boarding-schools, and she says she never knew one that was pleasant and didn't have a temper and headaches. I don't see why they have them in schools, myself, for nobody ever learns anything from them. You can fool them with your hands behind your back and your eyes shut. The girls used to tell Mademoiselle all sorts of slang and things you'd never be allowed to say, and she would swallow it all down and say "*Très bien*," and gabble along, and if you just said, "*Oui, Mademoiselle*," she'd think everything was all right. We'd never learn a thing if it wasn't for Miss Norton, and I'll bet you nobody ever fooled *her* by just saying "*Oui!*"

"Translate, if you please," she says, and if you don't know what it means, you find out very soon. She has all the younger girls, and Mademoiselle only came in for conversation once a week. Even then we only made one remark apiece, and then Mademoiselle talked along about a lot of silly baby things—*le bon Dieu* and *les fleurs* and *les oiseaux*—and we said some poetry all together like little children in Sunday-school. It was too silly for anything. She used to say we'd done very well, when she asked us to tell her what we had read, if we just recited sentences out of the story we had been reading in class, and the only girl that really talked to her was Elsa Weiland, and she lived two years in Paris when she was little, and they always talk French at the table at home. So it was no credit to Mademoiselle that she could chatter away with her, but would you believe it, Mademoiselle thought so? When company came in she would ask Elsa to describe her last holiday, or the time the laundry caught fire, or something like that, and then, when Elsa got through, she would explain to the company: "Though I take always pains for all, thees young lady most rewards my trouble!" And Elsa never opened a book for her!

It used to make Connie Van Cott so mad she could hardly speak; it was so unjust, she said. Though Connie is very good in some ways, and really very religious indeed, she hates to hear anybody praised, and of course it *was* ridiculous about Elsa, and she admitted it herself. So Connie said that somebody ought to explain to Mademoiselle how unfair she was, and how if she wasn't careful she would deceive all the visitors, because none of us could talk French like Elsa, and the mothers might think we could. Ben and I advised her to let it alone, but she was very obstinate, and as Elsa refused very positively to do it, though Connie thought she ought, Connie finally persuaded Mary Watterson to go with her to Mademoiselle's room and explain.

So they went, and a dreadful time they had. Mademoiselle either didn't understand or else she didn't want to—which Mary thinks—and she went into a terrible temper. She scolded them and called them names, all the worse because they didn't know what the names meant, and talked a lot about American children and how bad and ungrateful they were, and how they were

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She scolded them and called them names.—Page 413.

brought up in such an unsuitable way and would turn the hairs of their parents white if the parents had any sense of shame. Now, as Connie says, her parents have as much sense of shame as anybody, and her uncle is likely to be a bishop, everybody says, so she told Mademoiselle that that was not the strict truth (she took care to put in, "I beg your pardon") and then Mademoiselle took her by the shoulders and shook her, quite hard, Mary says, and screamed out, "Am I then to be called liar by a child of twelve years? It is too much!"

Then she laughed in a queer way and cried and stamped her foot, and told them to go before she forgot herself or she would lose her self-control. So they went.

But Mademoiselle kept talking to herself and scolding and walking about the room so that the girls heard her, and the teachers, too. Miss Norton went in, we heard from Gray Fairchild, who is in that hall, to try to pacify her, because she could talk to her; but much good it did, for Mademoiselle turned round and gave it to her, too, for Gray called Elsa in to her room right across the way, and Elsa told us what Mademoiselle was saying. It wasn't exactly listening, because she screamed so you almost couldn't help hearing her. She said that Miss Norton was stealing away the love and loyalty of her students (just because Connie said that Miss Norton didn't favor Elsa so, and was quite strict with her exercises, and didn't mark her perfect on all her reports) and a lot more nonsense about American girls and how immodest they were and about their parents' white hairs. And finally Miss Norton said it was useless to talk till Mademoiselle was in a calmer state of mind, and went away.

Of course Miss Naldreth heard about all this very soon, and of course she called Connie and Mary to her room. And this is where the great event really began; for you must be wondering what it is all about, and where the exciting part is coming in. Connie wanted me to begin this story with a long account of Mademoiselle's life, and even Ben, who writes such grand ones, thought that just to put it down in order as it really happened would be a little dull. But I can't do that kind myself. All I can do is remember very carefully what people say and what really happened first; and you will very soon see that if Connie had not got Mademoiselle so mad, Miss Naldreth never would have heard of it, and then she would not have talked to Connie so solemnly and stirred up her conscience so, and then Connie wouldn't have felt that she had to go to apologize in the middle of

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the night, and then they would never have found out what they did. So really I don't think it would make it any plainer to begin the way Ben did, to give me an idea of how it ought to be made a novel of. I will just copy down the beginning:

The Fatal Meeting, or The Foreign Exile

A Novel in Three Parts

PART ONE

It was Paris, that bright and interesting city where so much is always happening, in the year 18—. (That is the way they put dates, for one thing, and then Ben didn't know Mademoiselle's age, anyway.) *Of all the grisettes in the Latin Quarter none was a greater favorite or more beautiful than Henriette Pelletier.* (In the dictionary it says that *grisette* means a gay work-girl, and though Mademoiselle might have been a work-girl, she couldn't possibly have been gay. And I don't see how she could ever have been a great favorite, either. But Ben had been reading a very interesting story about the Latin Quarter, and of course it had to be done that way.) *But no scatter-brained student could boast the conquest of that girlish heart.*

That last sentence, I am sure, was taken out of the book, and anyway, you see we should never get to the part of the story that happened here, at that rate. And as I tell Ben, that is the part that people who are interested in the school will want to know in future years.

So I will just tell about Miss Naldreth and Connie. Of course, Mary Watterson didn't count, and Miss Naldreth knew it, though she sent for her, too. Mary never did anything that somebody hadn't put her up to, and whenever Connie argues with her about whether a thing is right or not, Mary always backs down and does the way Con says. And I will say for Connie that she never puts anyone up to anything she won't do herself: this time she was the one that talked to Mademoiselle, for Mary was too scared. But she always has to have somebody with her, even a silly thing like Mary, before she'll do anything.

Well, Miss Naldreth asked them what was the meaning of this disturbance, and Connie began to explain to her very carefully. I don't know why it is, but Connie always makes you want to slap her when she gets explaining why she thought she ought to do anything. It's all right, of course, and it's always true, for Connie is especially particular about the truth, but it makes you feel as if nobody else but her ever told the truth, somehow. Mary began to cry as soon as they got in the room, which is what you might expect, and Miss Naldreth hates crying. Mary told us what she said; Connie didn't tell the first part of it, only the moral part at the end. You can see why.

"Constantia," Miss Naldreth said finally, "I suppose you meant well, but unless you begin very soon to understand that you are inclined to be a self-righteous and meddling little girl, you are in grave danger of becoming a self-righteous and meddling woman. I don't want to be hard with you, but I should like to make you see that a great deal of your goodness is artificial, and yet I am sure you are sincere."

"I always tell the truth, Miss Naldreth," says Connie in that pious way of hers.

"You tell as much as you know, Constantia, which is usually a limited quantity," Miss Naldreth answered, quite severely, Mary says. Then she went on to say that Mademoiselle was a stranger and a foreigner and things were hard for her, probably, and was it kind to make her nervous and her head ache? And how would Connie like to teach English in a French school? And didn't she think it was a great deal to take upon herself, to instruct a teacher how she should mark her classes?

"But you tell us always to go directly to the teacher if there is any trouble, Miss Naldreth," Connie reminded her, "and I didn't think it was right——"

"Yes, yes," said Miss Naldreth, "but this happened to be a bad time to apply the rule."

Then she went on, and the funny thing about it is that Mary thought she was rather cross at Mademoiselle, herself, and only talked that way because she thought she had to; but Connie felt very different about it, and pretty soon her conscience began to trouble her, and then she says she began to feel that we had all been very unjust to Mademoiselle, and that we ought to love her and make her glad she had come to this country! That is Connie,

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every time. She certainly has the strangest conscience I ever saw. And really she makes more trouble with it than all the rest of our crowd put together, who haven't got any to speak of. I mean by that, we don't wake up in the night and begin to feel different ways, as she does. And she makes you feel as if it was very important, too, every time, though again and again it has got us into trouble. As it did this time.

Coming out from Miss Naldreth's room, she suddenly began to cry, just as Mary (or any other sensible girl) was stopping and cheering up, and told Mary that if Mademoiselle died, it would be their fault. Mary said she didn't think so and that she wasn't likely to die, anyhow—she'd had times like this before. Once, when Miss Norton said she should be very sorry to see the methods of the French convent brought into a representative American school (Gray heard her telling Polly-cracker) and once when she thought somebody had read a letter of hers. Both times she cried and talked to herself and stamped around the room and her eyes were all swollen afterward. And, anyhow, why had Connie made the row? But it was too late then; Connie's conscience had begun, and it never stopped troubling her all that day. Something she heard made it worse, too. Gray heard Miss Norton tell Polly-cracker that it was a pity this had occurred just now, because Mademoiselle hadn't been herself for a week or more. She said she had heard her late at night talking to herself—her room is just above Mademoiselle's—and she thought she was more nervous than usual.

Then Connie began to roll her eyes and look sad, and she wouldn't eat any dinner to speak of, and late at night she woke Mary up through the register and said she couldn't sleep till she had begged Mademoiselle's pardon, and Mary must come, too. At first Mary said she wouldn't, because it was so cold in the halls and she was afraid, and then, anyway, she didn't see why they should apologize for what Connie had said about favoring Elsa, because it was true, when you come to that. Just let it go, she said. But Connie said it was wicked to let the thought of keeping warm in the halls stand in the way of doing your duty, and Mademoiselle was a stranger and a foreigner, and we ought to remember how General Lafayette helped us in the Revolutionary War. And Mary said that was so, which it was, of course, though I don't think it would have made me get up at half past eleven at night and go through that cold hall. But it did Mary.

They put on their wrappers and Connie took a candle and they went out very soft and crept down the stairs to Mademoiselle's door. And then Connie began to get scared and whispered to Mary that maybe it would be worse for Mademoiselle's headache to disturb her now, but to let her sleep, if she could, and forget her troubles; but Mary was cross and whispered back very angrily that she wasn't going to catch her death of cold for nothing and that since Connie had begun she needn't back out. If her conscience had made so much fuss, she could just go right along with it, Mary said, for how did she know that if they went back it wouldn't begin troubling her again and Connie would call her up through the register just as she'd got warm in bed? Connie didn't think it would, but Mary was firm, and told her she must go ahead, now she had begun. It's no use arguing with Mary Watterson if she ever *does* make up her mind, which she does in the queerest places, and Con knew it. You might as well talk to a wall. Connie said she would have to wait a moment to see how her conscience directed her, and Mary said all right, she would give her two minutes, and then, if Connie's conscience wasn't all frozen up in that cold hall it ought to know what to do, and if it didn't, she would never do one thing with Connie again, and besides, she'd tell all the girls what a coward she was. So Connie rolled up her eyes and waited to see, and Mary stared at her and chattered her teeth.

And just then they heard Mademoiselle, through the door, whispering to herself, and it frightened them nearly to death. It was a sort of a low hissing that made as much noise as talking, though different, and they would both have run if they hadn't been too scared. So they stood there, chattering their teeth, and listened to that awful hissing noise. And suddenly Connie grabbed Mary's arm and whispered, "There's somebody else there!"

And sure enough, the hissing stopped and *another voice*, low, but not whispering, answered!

Who could it be? Of course, they

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Mary started to look through the keyhole, before she thought.

couldn't knock then, and Mary started to look through the keyhole, before she thought, so she could tell the girls she had seen Mademoiselle breaking the rules; but Connie stopped her and whispered to her that it was a terrible thing to look through a keyhole and no nice person ever dreamed of it—which is true, as we all know. And Mary agreed, but they had to know who it was, so they lay down on their stomachs and peeked under the door. They couldn't see anything, though, but the bottom of Mademoiselle's wrapper and the chair-legs. But they heard the other voice plainer, and it was a man's voice.

Well, what man could it be? They argued about it for quite a little while—I don't know any girl but Connie Van Cott who would argue lying on her stomach on a cold floor in the middle of the night, except Mary Watterson. Connie thought it was a persecuted Huguenot who was exiled from France and would have been killed for his religion if anybody knew he was here; but of course that couldn't be so, because, in the first place, the Huguenots are historical, and not like Episcopalians, living to-day, and, in the second place, nobody is exiled now, except to Siberia. Mary thought it must be Mademoiselle's lover, and that being a foreigner, he had come to serenade her, but of course Miss Naldreth would never allow that, and so he was leaning on the window-sill and just talking, like the big picture in the reception-room. You wouldn't have thought Mary was clever enough for that. Of course, Connie wouldn't give up at first, and wanted to know how he could get up on the window-sill, and Mary said that Mademoiselle could let down a rope-ladder or tie the sheets together, as you often read of. Then Connie said that it was too cold; but of course it was no colder for a lover than it would have been for a Huguenot, and anyway, as Mary said, a person couldn't help falling in love in the winter sometimes, though when you think of it, most of the pictures seem to be in the summer, and the books, too.

Whichever it was, they had to find out, and it was Connie who thought of the way. They went around the corner into the bath-room, and from that window you can look right at Mademoiselle's. And when they had put the candle in the tub, so it wouldn't show (Connie thought of that, too), they carefully pulled up the shade and looked, and there was the man, sitting on the sill, just as Mary said! He didn't need any rope-ladder, though, for there is a big wistaria vine on a strong trellis just under Mademoiselle's window,

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and of course that was the very thing for him.

I can tell you, Mary didn't scold any more for being dragged out in the cold, for you don't see as interesting things as that very often, and she knew it. Just as they were looking, the man began to slip off the sill and climb down, and when he got to where his head came up to the sill, Mademoiselle leaned out and put her arms around his neck and kissed him. It was perfectly grand, Mary said. Her hair was in a long black braid and she looked quite handsome, they said, though I really can't see how that could be. Gray would rather have seen it than any matinee she ever went to in her life, and she has seen about every actor there is.

As soon as he got to the ground he waved his hand and walked off toward the hedge very quickly, and then waved once more and disappeared. Mademoiselle looked very sharply all about, and they could see she was scared—for fear of Miss Naldreth, of course—and then she pulled the window down very slowly, so as not to make a noise, and in a moment her light went out and the window was dark like the others.

Then the girls slipped back to Mary's room, and they were so excited they thought they never would get to sleep, but they did, finally. Connie didn't want to tell us all, at first, for she knew Ben would begin to manage it directly, and probably write a story about it that would be more interesting than what they saw, even; but I am glad to say that Mary was more fair and told our crowd the first chance she got. Of course Ben was delighted with it, and saw the good points directly, and began on the novel that I told you about—*The Fatal Meeting, or The Foreign Exile.* As she said, it seemed a pity that such an exciting thing should have happened to Mademoiselle and not somebody else, Mademoiselle being so disagreeable, and rather old, you would think; but still she certainly must have been very much in love, Ben pointed out, to have sat so long with her window open, when she never opened it for any other reason whatever. She was always saying the terrible draughts would give her pneumonia, and there she was with only a wrapper over her night-gown! But, as Ben's novel said, in Part Two, love is the most powerful lever of the human heart.

Still, it wasn't powerful enough to keep Mademoiselle from sniffling in the morning, and that was what made the trouble. Pinky West happened to say that a cold made the French class even more unbearable than a headache—it was when the girls were dancing Thursday evening—and Gray was dancing with her, and she couldn't help looking wise and saying some hinting kind of thing, and before she knew it Pinky had it all out of her. This was very mean of Gray, and the fact that she is two years older than the rest of us that told her does not give her the right, as she said, to use her judgment in telling things to the old girls. I am Pinky's particular friend among the younger girls, and I should have been the one to tell her, if anybody did. The girls all agreed with me there, and it was not jealousy that made me advise them not to tell Gray any more of our plans nor let her consult with us when things got so mixed up and we were trying to help Mademoiselle. And it was perfectly ridiculous of Gray to pretend that she knew so much more than the rest of us about it, and to call Connie a foolish child and tell her not to interfere, because all she knew she got from us, anyway, and she felt so important when Pinky said that Miss Naldreth ought to be told, or her father would take her away from the school, that she just said, yes indeed, and never asked us whether she might. Of course, Connie understood as well as Gray that it was wrong to disobey Miss Naldreth, and if nobody can call without a note from your parents, and not stay after ten anyway, much less can they sit on the window-sill at twelve o'clock, which we know is midnight as well as Pinky.

But after all, Mademoiselle was a teacher, and that is a little different, I should think. Mr. Angell stayed after ten when he called on Miss Peck. And Pinky herself sees her friends till eleven when she is at home. Of course, school rules are different. But Gray said that this was not the same thing at all, and that it was worse for Mademoiselle just because she *was* a teacher. She meant the example. But none of the girls would be apt to have a lover like that, and as Connie said, there is no other trellis on the house, anyhow.

But whatever may be the real reason why such a fuss was made, it is still true that it was our discovery, and we should have been

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Before she knew it Pinky had it all out of her.—Page 418.

allowed to manage it. Pinky West I shall always admire more than anyone else in the world, but she should not have told Miss Norton. She pretended that it was her duty to, just the way Gray did, but I believe it was just the same with both of them—they wanted to be important with an older person, and snub the younger ones. Because after she told Miss Norton Pinky wouldn't tell Gray any more about it, but said she had promised not to discuss the matter, especially with the younger girls! I tell you, Gray was angry! And did you ever hear anything so silly, because it was the younger girls that knew about it first! But that's about as much justice as you can usually expect, Ben says.

Well, that night, as they say in books, the crash came. And we were in it. Ben thought that the least we could do for Mademoiselle was to warn her that not only were her parents or the lover's parents, or whoever it was that oppressed them and forced them to be so secret, against them, but that they were likely to be discovered by others, who might send word and wreck their lives. We knew that Gray would never be satisfied till she had seen them, she is so prying and curious. And Miss Norton, being a teacher, would side with the parents, of course. So Ben wrote a letter that said to have no fear, though we knew all, but to be on her guard and trust all to us, because it was always darkest just before dawn. It was a lovely letter, though I really don't see that it amounted to much, because when I asked her what we were going to do if Mademoiselle *did* trust all to us, Ben said we couldn't do anything exactly, but stand by her, which we would do, of course, but still the parents probably wouldn't stop for that.

We tried to get the letter into Mademoiselle's room, but there was always somebody in the hall, somehow, and often it was one of the teachers. So we just had to give it up till night, and even then Ben wouldn't let us take a candle, because we could hear steps in the hall so late that we fell asleep once, waiting, and didn't wake up till the church clock struck eleven. Then we stumbled along in the pitchy dark as soft as we could, with the letter, to put under the door, and I felt so nervous and queer I nearly screamed. It seemed to me I heard something *breathing* all over the hall, and rustlings, and once I know something brushed against my bare leg, when I was holding up my night-gown, not to trip. All of a sudden Ben gave a loud gasp and stopped, and somebody grabbed my shoulder and a low voice said: "Stop! Who are you?"

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I squealed, and I heard a match strike, and a lot of people squealed, and the gas in the hall shot up—and what do you think? That hall was full of people! Fourteen we counted up afterward, girls and teachers, close up against the wall on both sides, and staring at us in the middle, with Miss Norton grabbing us and old Weeksey lighting the gas. And down on her knees by Mademoiselle's door, in a funny brown wrapper and her hair in two skimpy little braids, was the Creepy-Cat, listening at the key-hole!

They all looked at each other so queerly that I knew they didn't know one another were there, and they all kept still as mice, and counted how many of them there were, and tried to think of something to say.

And suddenly a door opened and Miss Naldreth herself appeared before us! She looked taller than ever, in a long black wrapper like a tea-gown, and her hair was just the same as it always is. Some of the girls do say she sleeps in it, and I believe it now.

"What is the meaning of this, Miss Norton, Miss Weeks, young ladies?" she said, and her voice sounded terrible, it was so still in the hall. "Miss Kripsen, what am I to understand from your attitude? Benigna, what is that in your hand?"

"A note, Miss Naldreth," says Ben. "Give it to me," commanded Miss Naldreth. She opened it and read it. That is something she never did in the history of Elmbank. "What is the meaning of this extraordinary folderol?" she said. "Are you all mad?"

And then Connie, like a little fool, began to cry. She was so frightened she didn't know what she was doing, and she just whimpered out: "Oh, Miss Naldreth, you ought not to separate them and wreck their lives!"

"Separate whom, Constantia?" said Miss Naldreth, in that calm, awful way, "Control yourself."

Just then the door opened, and Mademoiselle stuck out her head.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est? Qu'est-ce que c'est? Mon Dieu!" she called out, but Connie went on answering Miss Naldreth.

"We were trying to warn Mademoiselle about her lover," she said, "and help them to——"

Then Mademoiselle gave a dreadful scream and fainted away. That is, she turned as white as snow and fell against the wall a moment, and Miss Naldreth said, "Girls, go to your rooms instantly!"

But for once in our lives we didn't mind Miss Naldreth. We stayed.

In just a minute Mademoiselle stood up and pointed her finger at Connie and made a long speech. It was so fast we couldn't have understood it if we'd studied French for ten years, but Miss Norton did, and all of a sudden she began to look queer and tried to answer Mademoiselle, and ask her something, too. And Mademoiselle snapped out some answer to her and went on giving it to Connie. And Miss Naldreth took her hand down from her neck and wiped her forehead off with her handkerchief, as if it was summer. Then she said something in French to Mademoiselle and Mademoiselle shook her head and stamped her foot and jumped into her room and locked the door, talking to herself.

Miss Naldreth leaned up against the door, and she looked whiter than Mademoiselle, and awfully queer.

"I will see you in the morning, all of you. Oblige me by separating quietly," she said (her exact words) and we sort of melted away.

Well, what do you think? It was not Mademoiselle's lover at all; it was her son, and she was Madame, really! Before she came to this country somebody told her that she could not get a position to teach here unless she was Mademoiselle, for they never had anybody else in boarding-schools, and she believed them, and of course nobody knew.

Miss Naldreth made a speech to the school in the morning and explained it, and oh, how icy she was, and how silly the teachers looked!

Of course, it was foolish of Mademoiselle, but then she didn't speak much English, and she didn't know any better. Still, it was deceitful. But it was all based on a misapprehension, and therefore we should not sit in judgment on a stranger. (Miss Naldreth's words.)

Her son got lonesome without her and he was just finishing school, so he begged some money from his friends and ran away and crossed the ocean and came to Elmbank. He wrote to her from New York, and she was so happy she had to let him come, and he thought it would be fun to steal in at

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night and see her, which, of course, it would have been. She was trying to think what was best to do, and she was going to tell Miss Naldreth about it in a day or two, but she hated to admit that she had not told the truth at first, you see.

This is the way Miss Naldreth ended her speech:

"I hoped to keep Madame Pelletier with us," she said, smiling away politely, "but she feels that she must leave us after the Christmas vacation and take her son back to France, where she intends to open a school for English and American girls. Before she goes, however, I shall give her and M. Henri a little parting reception, to which you will all be invited."

Which she did. Almond cakes and lemonade and sandwiches. And the dancing-school boys from the Academy were asked and we danced! Everybody met M. Henri Pelletier. He was eighteen and very funny, we thought, though Elsa and Gray liked him. He made bows all the time and he couldn't talk much English.

I heard Miss Norton say it was a social triumph and she admired Miss Naldreth more every day she knew her. She said it to Miss Weeks, and Weeksey blinked and said: "Why, how strange! I had supposed she would dismiss Mademoi—Madame immediately, and hush the matter up. It came near being very dangerous, you know, Miss Norton. The girls would have surely been taken out."

"Whereas now they have all written home about M. Henri and the party," said Miss Norton, "and Madame is flattered to death."

That was true about the writing home, but Connie never forgave Mademoiselle. Pinky and Gray said it was all right, but Connie says it would have been much better if M. Henri *had* been a lover, for that would not have been half so deceitful, and she would have respected them more. And in a way, of course, that is true. He should not have run away from school, and Mademoiselle should have told the truth,—but Ben and I are sure that Miss Naldreth was better pleased as it was.

He was eighteen and very funny, we thought.

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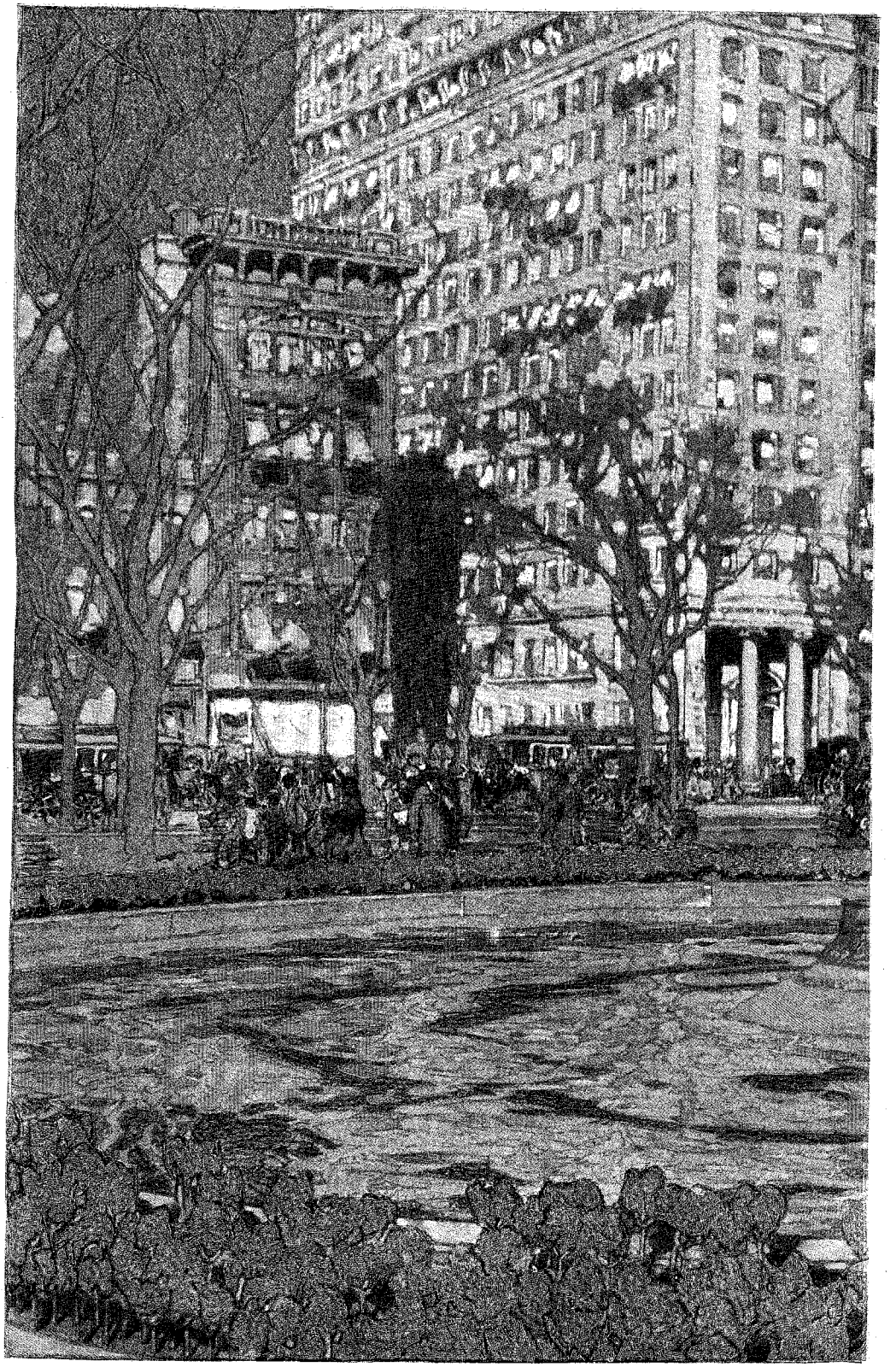

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

"When tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air

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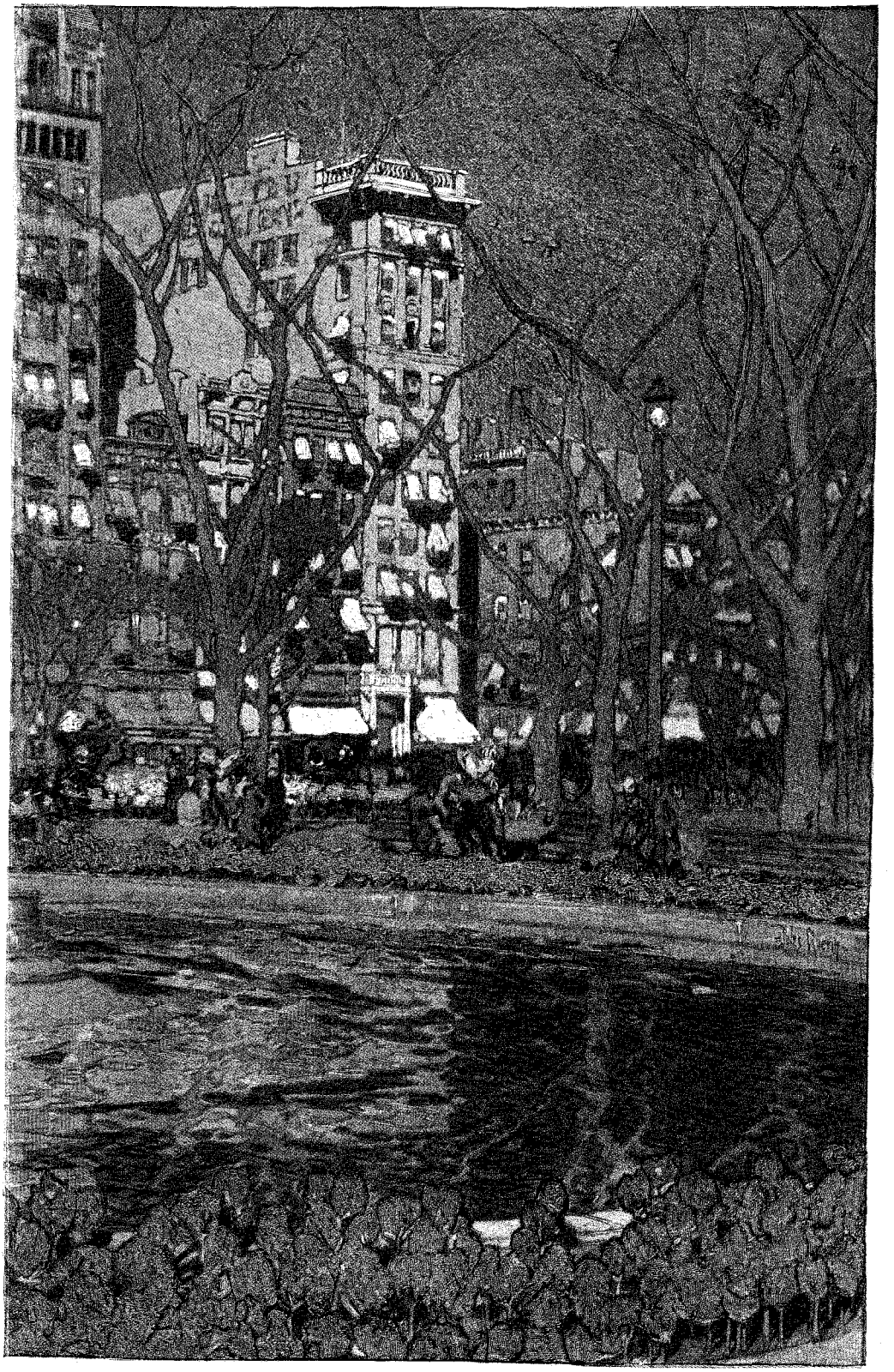

Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair."

Henry van Dyke.

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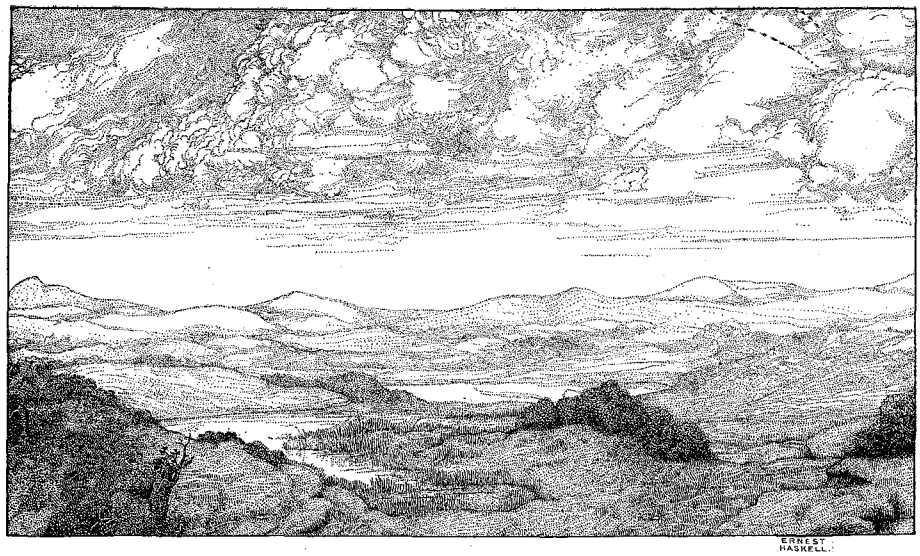


WILD GEESE IN APRIL

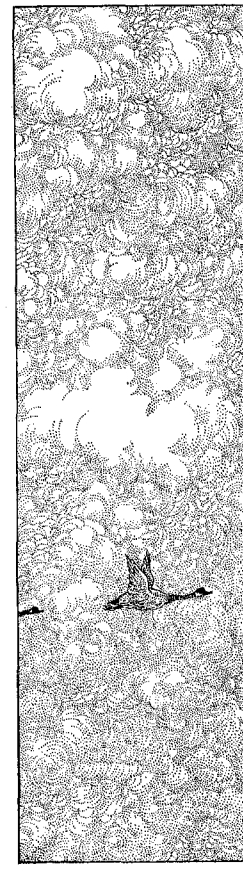
By Frederick Brooks Lindsey

DECORATIONS BY ERNEST HASKELL

HONK ye, honk ye, as ye go
North to green Ontario,
Voyagers of afternoon,
Buoyant-wingèd sky-platoon.

In what odorous gulfland, say,
In what caravanserai
Of dim leafage, loitering
Where the endless bayous ring,
Have ye tarried for the spring?
Up what ever-shining shoals,
Where the Cumberland unrolls;
Or across what sedgy lake,
Trailing darkness in your wake,
Have ye seen the dawn-lights shake?
Over what far prairie's marge,
Where horizons still enlarge,
And great winds go shouting by,
Have ye fared with unshut eye?
Following April's blossomy feet,
Ah! ye find the following sweet.

Honk ye, honk ye, as ye go
North to green Ontario,
Voyagers of afternoon,
Buoyant-wingèd sky-platoon.



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ITALIAN RECOLLECTIONS

MORE LETTERS OF A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE

By Mary King Waddington

THIRD PAPER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND FROM PORTRAITS REDRAWN BY C. S. CHAPMAN

To H. L. K.

ROME, Friday, February 12, 1904.

IT seems so strange to be back here, dear, after twenty-four years, and to find Rome so changed, so unchanged. The new quarter, an absolutely new modern city, might be Wiesbaden, or Neuilly, or any cheerful resort of retired business men who build hideous villas with all sorts of excrescences—busts, vases, and plaques of bright-colored majolica—and the old city with the dirty little winding streets going toward St. Peter's exactly the same; almost the same little ragged, black-eyed children playing in the gutters.

We had a most comfortable journey down. Hardly anyone in the sleeping-car but ourselves, so we all had plenty of room. It was a bright, beautiful morning when we got to Modane—the mountains covered with snow, and the fresh keen wind blowing straight from the glaciers was enchanting after a night in the sleeping-car. They are frightfully overheated. I had some difficulty in persuading the attendant to open my window for the night; however, as I was alone in my compartment, he finally agreed, merely saying he would come and shut it when we passed through the great tunnel. We dined at the buffet at Genoa, and it didn't seem natural not to ask for the Alassio train. The station was crowded, the Roman train too—they put on extra carriages. We got to Rome about 9.30. I had been ready since 6.30, eagerly watching to get a glimpse of St. Peter's. I had visions of Civita Vecchia and running along by the sea in the early morning.

I was quite awake, but I didn't see St. Peter's until we were quite near Rome. We ran through long, level stretches of Campagna, with every now and then a great square building that had been probably a mediæval castle, but was now a farm—sheep and cattle wandering out of the old gateway, and those splendid big white oxen that one sees all over the Campagna—some shepherd's huts with their pointed thatched roofs dotted about, but nothing very picturesque or striking. We passed close to San Paolo Fuori le Mura, with the Testaccio quite near. We paid ourselves compliments when we arrived at the station for having made our long journey so easily and pleasantly. No one was tired and no one was bored. Between us all (we were four women) we had plenty of provisions and Bessie* and Mme. de Bailleul were most successful with their afternoon tea, with delicious American cake, that Bessie had brought over in the steamer.

After all, Josephine† finds she has room for me and my maid, which of course is infinitely pleasanter for me than being at the hotel. Her house is charming—not one of the old palaces, but plenty of room and thoroughly Italian. The large red salon I delight in; it couldn't exist anywhere else but in Rome, with its red silk walls, heavy gilt furniture, pictures, and curious bits of old carving and majolica. It opens into a delightful music-room with fine frescoes on the walls (a beautiful bit of color), and beyond that there is a small salon where we usually sit. She has a picture there of her husband, Don Emanuele Ruspoli (late syndic of Rome), which has rather taken possession of me. It is such a handsome, spirited face, energetic and rather imperious—he looks a born ruler of men, and I believe he was. They say Rome was never so well governed as in his time. He was one of the first of the young Roman nobles who emancipated themselves from the

*Marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord, *née* Carter.

†Princess di Poggio Suara, *née* Curtis.

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papal rule. As quite a youth he ran away from college and entered the Italian army as a simple soldier, winning his grade as captain on the battle-field. He was a loyal and devoted servant of the house of Savoie, and took a prominent part in all the events which ended in proclaiming Vittorio Emanuel King of Italy, with Rome his capital.

This quarter, Piazza Barberini, is quite new to me. It used to seem rather far off in the old days when we came to see the Storys in the Barberini Palace, but now it is quite central. The great new street—Via Veneto—runs straight away from the Piazza, past the Church of the Cappucini—you will remember the vaults with all the dead monks standing about—the Palace of the Queen Mother, and various large hotels, to Porta Pinciana. Just the other side of the road is the new gate opening into the Villa Borghese. I rather lost myself there the first day I prowled about alone. It was raining, but I wanted some air, and turned into the Via Veneto, which is broad and clean. I walked quite to the end, and then came to the Porta Pinciana, crossed the road, and found myself in a beautiful villa. I didn't come upon any special landmark until I got near the museum, which, of course, looked quite familiar. However, I was bewildered and hailed a passing groom to inquire where I was, and even when he told me could scarcely believe it. I had never gone into the Villa Borghese except by the Piazza del Popolo. They have made extraordinary changes since the Government have bought it—opened out new roads and paths, planted quantities of trees and flowers, and cleaned up and trimmed in every direction. It will be a splendid promenade in the heart of the city, but no longer the old Villa Borghese we used to know, with ragged unkempt corners, and little paths in out-of-the-way places so choked up with weeds and long grass that one could hardly get through.

Elena, Queen of Italy.

I haven't quite got my bearings yet, and for the first three or four mornings I took myself down to the Piazza di Spagna, and started from there. There, too, there are changes—new houses and shops (I was glad to see old Spithoever in the same place) and a decided look of business and modern life. There were not nearly so many people doing nothing, lounging about, leaning on the *barca*, or playing mora on the Spanish steps. All the *botte** were still standing in the middle of the street, the coachmen smiling, cracking their whips, and making frantic little dashes across the piazza whenever they saw an unwary stranger who might want a cab.

The Spanish steps looked beautiful, glowing with color—pink, yellow, and that soft gray tint that the Roman stones take in the sunlight. All the lower steps are covered

*Little open carriages.

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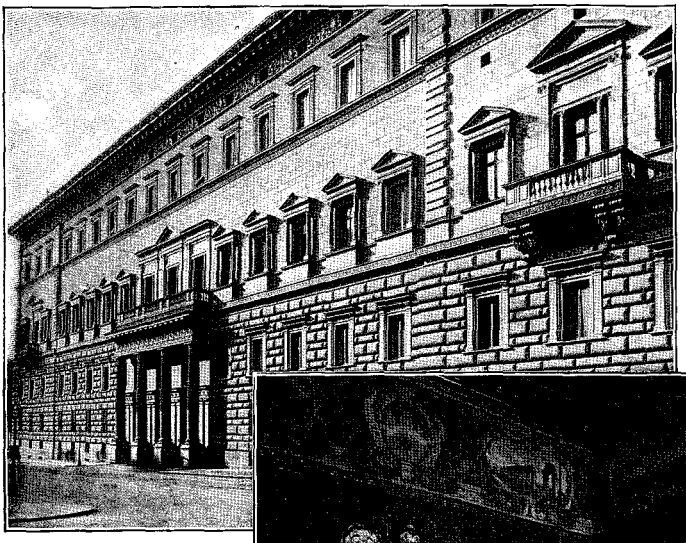

Exterior and entrance of the Brancaccio Palace.
The residence of Ambassador Meyer.

Dining-room, Brancaccio Palace.

with flower stalls (they are not allowed any longer scattered all over the piazza), and most picturesque they looked — daffodils, mimosa, and great bunches of peach-blossoms which were very effective. There were very few models in costume sitting about; a few children playing some sort of game with stones, which they interrupted to run after the *forestieri* and ask for a *piccolo soldo* (a penny), and one or two old men with long white beards—might have done for models of the apostles or Joseph in the flight into Egypt—wrapped in their wonderful long green cloaks, sitting in the sun. There is one novelty—an *ascenseur*. I haven't been in it yet, but I shall try it some day. One must get accustomed to many changes in the Rome of to-day.

I recognized some of the houses at the top of the steps—the corner one between Vias Sistina and Gregoriana, where the Rodmans used to live one year, and where we have dined so often, sitting on the round balcony and seeing the moon rise over the Pincio.

I walked home the other day by the Via Sistina to the Piazza Barberini, and that part seemed to me absolutely unchanged. The same little open mosaic shops, with the workmen dressed in white working at the door —almost in the street. In one shop they were just finishing a table, putting in countless little bits of colored marble (some of them so small). It was exactly like the one we brought from Rome years ago, which stands now in Francis's *fumoir*. There was of course the inevitable jeweller's shop, with crosses and brooches of dull yellow Roman gold and mosaic, and silk shops with Roman silk scarfs, and a sort of coarse lace which I have seen everywhere. In the middle of the street a miserable wrinkled old woman, her face mahogany color, attired in a red skirt with a green handkerchief on her head, was skirmishing with a band of dirty little children who had apparently upset her basket of roast chestnuts, and were making off with as many as they could find, pursued by her shrill cries and *maledizioni*.

Monday, February 15th.

I am alone this morning—the others have gone to the meet at Cecchignola fuori Porta

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San Sebastiano. I should have liked to go for the sake of old times, but I was rather tired, and have the court ball to-night.

Last night I had a pleasant dinner at Count Vitali's. He has bought the Bandini palace, and made it, of course, most comfortable and modern. The rooms are beautiful—the splendid proportions and great space one only sees now in Rome in the old palaces. The dinner was for M. Nisard (French Ambassador to the Vatican), but it wasn't altogether black. There was one of the Queens' ladies and one or two secretaries from the Quirinal embassies. The line between the two parties is not nearly so sharply drawn as when I was here so many years ago. A few people came in the evening. Among the first to appear was Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, whom I was delighted to see again. It is long since I have seen a cardinal in all the bravery of his red robes and large jewelled cross, and for the first time I felt as if I was back in old Rome. We had a nice talk and plunged into Moscow and all the coronation festivities. I told him I was very anxious to see the Pope, which he said could easily be arranged. Nisard, too, was charming—said I should have an *audience spéciale* as *ancienne ambassadrice*. I waited to see the cardinal go with all the usual ceremonies for a prince of the Church. Two tall footmen with flambeaux and tall candles escorted him to his carriage. The cardinal came alone, which surprised me. I thought they always had an attendant—a sort of ecclesiastical aide-de-camp.

Victor Emanuel III, King of Italy.

Saturday Marquise de Bailleul and I were received by the Queen. Our audience was at four. I went for her a little before. We drove straight to the Quirinal, the great entrance on the piazza. Two swell porters were at the door, but no guards nor soldiers visible anywhere. We went up the grand staircase, where there was a red carpet and plenty of flowers, but no servants on the steps. The doors of a large anteroom at the top of the stairs were open, and there were four footmen in powder, *culottes*, and royal red liveries, and three or four men in black. We left our wraps. I wore my gray velvet and Marquise de Bailleul was in black with a handsome sable cape (which she was much disgusted at leaving). We went at once into a large room, where the *dame de palais de service* was waiting for us. She had a list in her hand, came forward at once and named herself, Duchesse d'Arscoli and said she supposed I was Mme. Waddington. I introduced Marquise de Bailleul. The gentleman also came up and said a few words. There were one or two other ladies in the room, evidently waiting their turn. In a few minutes the door into the next room opened and two ladies came out. The duchesse went in, remained a second, then

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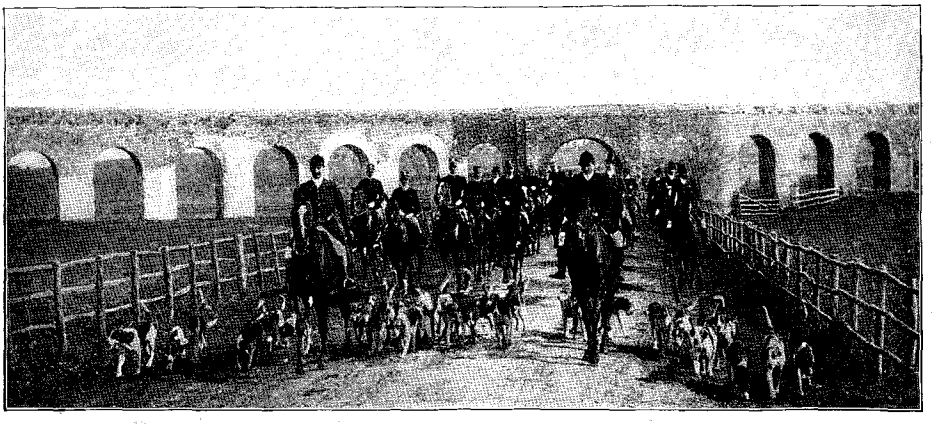

On the way to the meet at Cæcilia Metella.

coming back, waved us in. She didn't come in herself, didn't announce us, and shut the door behind us. We found ourselves in a large, rather bare room, with no trace of habitation—I fancy it is only used for official receptions. The Queen was standing at a table about the middle of the room. She is tall, dark, with fine eyes and a pretty smile. We made our two curtseys—hadn't time for the third, as she advanced a step, shook hands, and made us sit down. The visit didn't last very long. I fancy she was rather tired, as evidently she had been receiving a good many people, and was probably bored at having to make phrases to utter strangers she might never see again. We had the usual royal questions as to our children. As I only had *one* child my conversation on that subject soon came to an end, but Marquise de Bailleul has three small ones, so she got on swimmingly. The Queen talked very prettily and simply about her own children, and the difficulty of keeping them natural and unspoiled; said people gave them such beautiful presents—all sorts of wonderful mechanical toys which they couldn't appreciate. One thing she said was rather funny—that the present they liked best was a rag doll the American Ambassadress had brought them from America.

As soon as we came out other people went in. I fancy all the strangers asked to the ball had to be presented first to the Queen. I think the London rule was rather simpler. There the strangers were always presented at supper, when the Princess of Wales made her *cercle*.

We went to a ball in the evening at Baron Pasetti's (Austrian Ambassador to the Quirinal). They have a fine apartment in the Palazzo Chigi. I remembered the rooms quite well, just as they were in the old days when Wimpffen was Ambassador. The ball was most brilliant—all Rome there. The Pasettis are going away, and will be much regretted. I think he is rather delicate and has had enough of public life. I hadn't seen him since Florence, when we were all young and life was then a succession of summer days—long afternoons in the villas, with roses hanging over the walls, and evenings on the balcony, with nightingales singing in the garden and the scent of flowers in the air, "die goldene Zeit der jungen Liebe" (the golden days of young love).

Sunday Bessie and I went to the American church. Dr. Nevin is still away in America. The church is large, but was quite full—there are evidently many Americans in Rome. The great mosaics over the altar were given by Mrs. Field.

Wednesday, February 17th.

Monday night we went to the court ball. It was very amusing, but extraordinarily simple, not to say democratic. Bessie and I went together early, so as to get good seats. If I hadn't known we were going to the palace I should have thought we had made a mistake in the house. The square of the Quirinal was so quiet, almost deserted—no troops nor music, nor crowd of people looking on and peering into the carriages to see the dresses and the jewels—no soldiers nor officials of any kind on the grand staircase. Some tall *cuirassiers* and footmen in the

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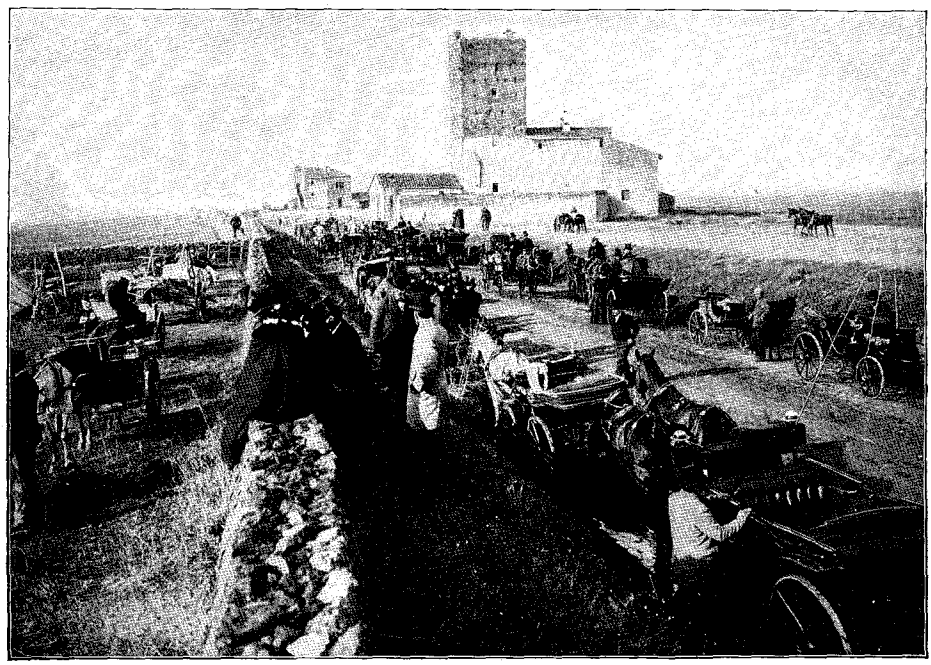

Waiting for the hounds

anteroom—no chamberlains or pages—nothing like the glittering crowd of gold lace and uniforms one usually sees in the anteroom of a palace. We walked through two or three handsome rooms to the ballroom, where there were already a great many people. The room is large, high, but rather too narrow, with seats all round. There was no raised platform for the court—merely a carpet and two large gilt armchairs for the King and Queen and a smaller one for the Comte de Turin. It was amusing to see all the people coming in, the different uniforms and jewels of the women giving at once an air of court. The entrance of the royal *cortége* was quite simple. They played the "Marcia Reale," which I don't at all care for. It is a frivolous, jumpy little tune, not at all the grave, dignified measure one would expect on such an occasion. There were no chamberlains walking backward with their great wands of office in their hands. The master of ceremonies, Count Gianotti, looking very well in his uniform and broad green ribbon, came first, and almost immediately behind him the King and Queen, arm in arm, the Count of Turin, and a small procession of court functionaries. The Queen looked very well in yellow, with a splendid tiara. She took her seat at once; the King and Comte de Turin remained standing. What was charming was the group of young court ladies who followed the Queen—tall, handsome women, very well dressed. There was no *quadrille d'honneur*, none of the royalties danced. The dancing began as soon as the court was seated—any little couple, a young lieutenant, an American, anyone, dancing under the nose of the sovereigns, The Queen remained sitting quite alone, hardly speaking to anyone, through three or four dances; then there was a move, and she made her *cercle*, going straight around the room, and speaking to almost everyone. The King made no *cercle*, remained standing near the *corps diplomatique*, who were all massed on one side of the thrones (or armchairs). He talked to the ambassadors and *êtrangers de distinction* (men)—they say he rarely speaks to a woman. We all moved about a little after the Queen had passed, and I found plenty of old friends and colleagues to talk to. Neither the Russian Ambassador, Prince Ourousoff, nor any of his staff were present, on account of the war.

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Thursday, February 25th.

We dined last night at the Wurts', who have a charming apartment in one of the finest old palaces (Anticci Mattei) in Rome. The staircase, beautiful, most elaborately carved, really reminded me of Mont St. Michel. Their rooms are filled with all sorts of interesting things, the collection of years. The dinner was very pleasant—half Italian, half diplomatic.

Cardinal Antonelli.

From the photograph, given to Madame Waddington, in Rome, by the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, of the portrait painted for the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

I have just come in from my audience with the Pope. I found the convocation when I got home last night. Bessie was rather disgusted at not having received hers, as we had planned to go together; but she said she would come with me. She would dress herself in regulation attire—long black dress and black veil—and take the chance. We had a mild humiliation as we got to the inner Court. The sentries would not let us pass. We had the small coupé, with one horse, and it seems one-horse vehicles are not allowed to enter these sacred precincts. We protested, saying we had a special audience, and that we couldn't get out on the muddy pavement, but it was no use; they wouldn't hear of our modest equipage going in, so we had to cross the court—quite a large one, and decidedly muddy—on foot, holding up our long dresses as well as we could.

It seemed so natural to go up the great stone staircase, with a few Swiss guards in their striped red and yellow uniform standing about. We spoke to one man in Italian, asking him the way, and he replied in

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German. I fancy very few of them speak Italian. We passed through a good many rooms filled with all sorts of people: priests, officers, *gardes nobles*, women in black, one or two monsignori, in their violet robes, and two officers. I showed my paper, one of the monsignori, Bicletis (maestro di Casa di Sua Santità), came forward and said the

Pope Pius X.

evidently waiting for an audience, *valets de chambre* dressed in red damask, *camerieri segreti* in black velvet doublets, ruffs and gold chains and cross—a most picturesque and polyglot assemblage; one heard every language under the sun.

We were passed on from one room to another, and finally came to a halt in a large square room, where there were more priests, Pope was expecting me; so then I presented Bessie, explained that the name had been sent in at the same time with mine, and that if she could be admitted (without the convocation) it would be a great pleasure to both of us to be received together. He said there would be no difficulty in that.

While we were talking to him the door into the audience chamber was opened, and

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a large party came out—the Comte and Comtesse d'Eu and their sons, with a numerous suite. We had barely time to exchange a few remarks, as Monsignor Bicletis was waiting for us to advance. We found the Pope standing in the centre of rather a small room. The walls were hung with red damask, the carpet also was red, and at one end were three gold chairs. We made low curtseys—didn't kneel nor kiss his hands, being Protestants. He advanced a few steps, shook hands, and made us sit down, one on each side of him. He was dressed, of course entirely in white. He spoke only Italian—said he understood French, but didn't speak it easily. He has a beautiful face—so earnest, with a fine upward look in his eyes; not at all the intellectual, ascetic appearance of Leo XIII, nor the half-malicious, kindly smile of Pius IX, but a face one would remember. I asked him if he was less tired than when he was first named Pope. He said, oh, yes, but that the first days were very trying—the great heat, the change of habits and climate, and the change of food (so funny, one would think there needn't be any great change between Rome and Venice—less fish, perhaps). He talked a little—only a little—about France, and the difficult times we were passing through; knew that I was a Protestant and an "old Roman"; asked how many years since I had been back; said: "You won't find the old Rome you used to know; there are many, many changes."

He was much interested in all Bessie told him about America and the Catholic religion in the States—was rather amused when she suggested that another American cardinal might perhaps be a good thing. He asked us if we knew Venice, and his face quite lighted up when we spoke of all the familiar scenes where he had spent so many happy years. He was much beloved in Venice. He gave me the impression of a man who was still feeling his way, but who, when he had found it, would go straight on to what he considered his duty. But I must say that is not the general impression; most people think he will be absolutely guided by his *entourage*, who will never leave him any initiative.

As we were leaving I said I had something to ask. "Dica, dica, La prego" (Please speak), so I explained that I was a Protestant, my son also, but that he had married a Catholic, and I would like his blessing for my daughter. He made me a sign to kneel, touched my head with his hand, saying the words in Latin, and adding, "E per Lei et tutta la sua famiglia" (for you and all your family). He turned his back slightly when we went out, so we were not obliged to back out altogether.

We talked a few moments in the anteroom with Monsignor Bicletis, but he was very busy, other people going in to the Pope, so we didn't stay and went down to Cardinal Merry del Val's apartment. He receives in the beautiful Borgia rooms, with Pinturicchio's marvellous frescoes (there was such a lovely Madonna over one of the doors, a young pure face against that curious light-green background one sees so often in the early Italian masters). The apartment was comparatively modern—*calorifère*, electric light, bells, etc. While we were waiting the Comte and Comtesse d'Eu and their party passed through.

The cardinal received us standing, but made us sit down at once. He is a tall, handsome *homme du monde*, rather English looking, very young. He told us he was not yet forty years old. He speaks English as well as I do (his mother was English), and, they tell me, every other language equally well. He seemed to have read everything and to be *au courant* of all that was said and thought all over the world. He talked a little more politics than the Pope—deplored what was going on in France, was interested in all Bessie told him about America and Catholicism over there. They must be struck with the American priests and bishops whom they see in Europe, not only their conception, but their practice of their religion is so different. I had such an example of that one day when we asked a friend of ours, a most intelligent, highly educated *modern* priest to meet Monsignor Ireland. He was charmed with him—he listened most intently to all he said, particularly when he was speaking of the wild life out West, near California, and the difficulty of getting any hold over the miners. (He started a music hall, among other things, to have some place where the men could go in the evenings, and get out of the saloons and low drinking-shops). Our friend perfectly appreciated the practical energy of the monsignor, but said such a line would be impossible in France. No priest, no

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matter how high his rank, would be allowed such initiative, and the people would not understand.

He didn't keep us very long, had evidently other audiences, and not time to talk to everybody. I am very glad to have seen him. He is quite unlike any cardinal I have ever met—perhaps because he is so much younger than most of them, perhaps because he seemed more *homme du monde* than ecclesiastic; but I dare say that type is changing, too, with everything else in Rome. We had a most interesting afternoon. After all, Rome and the Vatican are unique of their kind.

Friday, February 26th.

I had my audience from Queen Margherita alone this afternoon. Bessie and Josephine have already been. Her palace is in the Veneto (our quarter) and very near. It is a large, fine building, but I should have liked it better standing back in a garden, not directly on the street. However, the Romans don't think so. There are always people standing about waiting to see her carriage or auto pass out—they wait hours for a smile from their beloved "Regina Margherita." I went up in an *ascenseur*—three or four footmen (in black) and a groom of the chambers at the top. I was ushered down a fine long gallery with handsome furniture and pictures to a large room almost at the end, where I found the Marquise Villa Marina (who is always with the Queen), the Duchesse Sforza Cesarini (lady in waiting), and one gentleman. There were three or four people in the room, waiting also to be received. Almost immediately the door into the next room opened, and the Duchesse Sforza waved me in (didn't come in herself). I had at once the impression of a charming drawing-room, with flowers, pictures, books, *bibelots*—not in the least like the ordinary bare official reception room where Queen Elena received us. The Queen, dressed in black, was sitting on a sofa about the middle of the room, and really not much changed since I had seen her twenty-four years ago at the Quirinal, when the present King was a little boy, dressed in a blue sailor suit. She is a little stouter, but her blonde hair and coloring just the same, and *si grand air*. She was most charming, talked in French and English, about anything, everything—asked about my sister-in-law, Mme. de Bunsen, and her daughter Beatrice, whom she had known as a little girl in Florence. She is very fond of automobiling, so we had at once one great point of sympathy. She had read "The Lightning Conductor" and was much amused with it. We talked a little about the great changes in Rome. I told her about our visit to the Pope, and the impression of simplicity and extreme goodness he had made upon us. I can't remember all we talked about. I had the same impression that I had twenty-four years ago—a visit to a charming, sympathetic woman, very large-minded, to whom one could talk of anything.

March 17th.

Bessie and I have just come in from the last meet of the season at Cæcilia Metella. It is such a favorite *rendezvous* that there is always a great crowd, almost as many people walking about on the Campagna as riding. It was a very pretty sight. There were quantities of handsome horses, but I don't know that it was quite comfortable walking when the hunt moved off. Some of the young men—principally officers—were taking preliminary gallops in every direction, and jumping backward and forward over a large ditch. One of them knocked down an Englishwoman—at least I don't think he really knocked her, but he alighted so near her that she was frightened, and slipped getting out of his way. We stopped to speak to her, but she said she wasn't at all hurt, and had friends with her. The master of the hounds—Marchese Roccagiosine—didn't look very pleased, and I should think a large, motley field, with a good many women and careless riders, would be most trying to a real sportsman, such as he is. Giovanni Borghese told me there were two hundred people riding, and I can quite believe it.

We had a delightful day yesterday, but rather a fatiguing one—I am still tired. We made an excursion (a family party—Bessie, Josephine, her two children, Mr. Virgo and two of his friends—a Catholic priest and a student preparing for orders—all Englishmen). We went by train to Frascati, and from there to Tusculum, carrying our breakfast with us. We passed the little Campagna station (Ciampino) where we have stopped so often. When we lived at Frascati nobody got in or out, but the station-master looked young and brisk, not

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yellow and burned up with fever, as in our times. The arrival at Frascati was a sight. We were instantly surrounded by a crowd of donkey-boys and carriages — nice little victorias with red flowers in the horses' heads and feathers in the coachmen's hats —the drivers all talking at the top of their voices; but between Mr. Virgo and Pietro, Josephine's Italian footman, who had charge of the valise with the luncheon, we soon came to terms, and declined all carriages, taking three or four donkeys.

It isn't a long walk to Tusculum, and Josephine and I both preferred walking— besides I don't think I should have had the courage to mount in the piazza with all the crowd looking on and making comments; however, Bessie did, and she sat her donkey very lightly and gracefully, making a great effect with her red hat and red parasol. Perhaps the most interesting show was Pietro. He was so well dressed in a light gray country suit that I hardly recognized him. He stoutly refused to be separated from his valise, put it in front of him on the donkey, sat well back himself and beamed at the whole party. He is a typical Italian servant—perfectly intelligent, perfectly devoted (can neither read nor write), madly interested in everybody, but never familiar nor wanting in respect. I ask him for everything I want. He does it, or has it done at once, better and cheaper than I could, and I am quite satisfied when I hear his delightful phrase "Ci pensoio"—I am sure it will be done.

We went up through the Aldobrandini garden. It looked rather deserted; no one ever lives there now, but it is let occasionally to strangers. Men were working in the garden; there were plenty of violets and a few roses—it is still early in the season for them. In the basin of one of the fountains a pink water-lily—only one—quite beautiful. The fountains were lovely— sparkling, splashing, living—everything else seemed so dead.

As we wound up the steep paths we had enchanting views of the Campagna, looking like a great blue sea, at our feet, and Rome seemed a long, low line of sunlight, with the dome of St. Peter's hanging above it in the clouds. The road was very steep, and decidedly sunny, so I mounted my donkey, Father Evans walking alongside. Monte Cavo, Rocca di Papa, the Madonna del Tufo, all seemed very near, it was so clear and the air was delicious as we got higher. I recognized all the well-known places, the beginning of the Roman pavement, the Columbarium, Cicero's house, etc.

We were quite ready for breakfast when we got to Tusculum, and looked about for a shady spot under the trees. There are two great stones, almost tables, in the middle of the *amfiteatro*, where people usually spread out their food, but the sun was shining straight down on them; we didn't think we could stand that. We found a nice bit of grass under the trees and established ourselves there. It was quite a summer's day, and the rest and quiet after toiling up the steep paths was delightful.

After breakfast Josephine and I walked quite up to the top of the hill, the trees making a perfect dome of verdure over our heads There was no sound except our own voices, and the distant thud of horses feet cantering in a meadow alongside, an absolute stillness everywhere. Such a view! Snow on the Sabine Mountains, sun on the Alban Hills, the Campagna on either side blue and broken like waves, and quite distinct, a long white line, the sea.

While we were walking about we noticed two *carabinieri*, very well mounted, who seemed to be always hovering near us, so we asked them what they were doing up there. They promptly replied, taking care of the *società*. We could hardly believe we heard rightly; but it was quite true, they were there for us. They told us that when it was known that a number of people were coming up to Tusculum (there were two other parties besides us) they had orders to come up, keep us always in sight, and stay as long as we did. We gave them some wine and sandwiches, and they became quite communicative—told us there were brigands and *cattiva gente* (wicked people) about; that at Rocca di Papa, one of the little mountain villages quite near, there were 500 inhabitants, 450 of whom had been in prison for various crimes, and that people were constantly robbed in these parts. I wouldn't have believed it if anyone had told us, but they always kept us in sight.

We decided to go home through the Villa Ruffinella. Donkeys are not allowed inside, and we thought probably not horses either, but the *carabinieri* came in and showed us the way down. The grounds are splendid

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—we walked first down through a beautiful green *allée*, then up, a good climb. The villa is enormous—uninhabited and uncared for—a charming garden and great terrace with stone benches before the house looking toward Rome. The garden, of course, wild and ragged, but with splendid possibilities. Just outside the gate we came upon a little church. Three or four girls and women with bright-colored skirts and fichus, and quantities of coarse jet-black hair were sitting on the steps working at what looked like coarse crochet work and talking hard. The *carabinieri* were always near, opened two or three gates for us, and only left us when we were quite close to the town, well past the gates of the Aldobrandini Villa.

As we had some little time before the train started, I went off with Bessie to have a look at Palazzo Marconi. It is now occupied by the *municipio* and quite changed. We found a youth downstairs who couldn't imagine what we wanted and why we wanted to go up; however, I explained that I had lived there many years ago, so finally he agreed to go up with us. The steps looked more worn and dirty—quite broken in some places—and the frescoes on the walls, which were bright blue and green in our time, are almost effaced. It was all so familiar and yet so changed. I went into father's room and opened the window on the terrace, where we have stood so often those hot August nights, watching the mist rise over the Campagna and the moon over the sea. There was very little furniture anywhere—a few chairs and couches in the small salon that we had made comfortable enough with our own furniture from Rome. The great round room with the marble statues has been turned into a *salle de conseil*, with a big writing-table in the middle and chairs ranged in a semicircle around the room. There was nothing at all in our old bedroom—piles of cartons in one corner. The marble bath-tub was black and grimy. We couldn't see the dining-room, people were in it, but we went out to the hanging garden —all weeds, and clothes hanging out to dry. The fountain was going at the back of the court, but covered with moss, and bits of stone were dropping off. It all looked very miserable—I don't think I shall ever care to go back. There seemed just the same groups of idle men standing about as in our time—dozens of them doing nothing, hanging over the wall looking at the people come up from the railway station. They tell me they never work; even when they own little lots of land or *vignas* they don't work themselves—the peasants from the Abruzzi come down at stated seasons, dig and plant and do all the work. One can't understand it, for they look a tall, fine race, all these peasants of the Castelli Romani, strong, well-fed, broad-shouldered. I suppose there must be a strong touch of indolence in all the Latin races.

It was after six when we got back to Rome. We had just time to rush home, get clean gloves and long skirts, and start for the Massimo Palace to see the great fête. Once a year the palace is opened to the general public, and the whole of Rome goes upstairs and into the chapel. It is on St. Philippe's day, when a miracle was performed in the Massimo family, a dead boy resuscitated in 1651. There was a crowd assembled as we drove up, tramways stopped, and the getting across the pavement rather difficult. The walls of the palace and portico were hung with red and gold draperies, the porter and footmen in gala liveries, the old beggars squatted about inside the portico, the *gardes municipaux* keeping order, and a motley crowd struggling up the grand staircase—priests, women, children, *femmes du monde*, peasants, policemen, *forestieri*, (foreigners) two cooks in their white *vestons*, nuns, Cappucini—all striving and jostling to get along. We stopped at Bibella's apartment, who gave us tea. She had been receiving all day, but almost everyone had gone. We talked to her a few moments, and then d'Arsoli took us upstairs to the chapel (by no means an easy performance, as there were two currents going up and coming down). The chapel was brilliantly lighted, and crowded; a *benedizione* was going on, with very good music from the Pope's chapel—those curious, high, unnatural voices. All the relics were exposed, and Prince Massimo, in dress clothes and white cravat, was standing at the door. It was a most curious sight. D'Arsoli told us that people had begun to come at seven in the morning. When we went home there was still a crowd on the staircase, stretching out into the street, and a long line of tram-cars stopped.

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Wednesday, April 6th.

We had an interesting evening at the palace on Monday. I couldn't get there for the beginning, as I had a big dinner, and a very pleasant one, at the Iddings's. When I arrived I heard the music going on, but the Marquise de Villa Marina came to meet me in the corridor, and we walked up and down talking until the piece was over. I found a small party—the Queen, her mother, the Duchess of Genoa, and about fifteen or twenty people. The Queen was in black, with fine pearls. She received me charmingly and was most kind and gracious to Mustel, saying she was so pleased to see a French artist, and taking great interest in his instrument. He played several times: Handel's grand aria, Bach, and the Marche des Pèlerins from "Tannhäuser," which sounded magnificent—quite an effect of orchestra.

About 11.30 there was a pause. The Duchess of Genoa came over and talked to me a little, saying she had known my husband and followed his career with great interest, his English origin and education making him quite different from the usual run of French statesmen. She also spoke of my sister-in-law, Mme. de Bunsen, whom she had known formerly in Florence. She exchanged a few words with the other ladies, and then withdrew, the Queen and her ladies accompanying her to her apartments. We remained talking with the other *invités* until Queen Margherita came back. She asked Mustel to play once more—and then we had orangeade, ices, and cakes. There was a small buffet at one end of the drawing-room. It was quite half past twelve when the Queen dismissed us. We had a real musical evening, pleasant and easy.

It was beautiful this morning, so I went for a turn in the Villa Borghese, which is a paradise these lovely spring days; only the getting to it is disagreeable. It is a hot, glaring walk up the Via Veneto, not an atom of shade anywhere until one gets well inside the grounds. I was walking about on the grass quite leisurely, and very *distraite*, not noticing anyone, when I heard my name. I turned and saw two ladies making signs to me from the other side of the road, so I squeezed through a very narrow opening in the fence, and found myself with the grand duchess and her lady-in-waiting, who were taking their morning walk. We strolled on together. She asked me if I always came to the villa in the morning. I said "No," I often went shopping in the morning, and told her about my photographer of the Via Sistina and the difficulty of getting a photograph of Antonelli. She instantly said: "Oh, but I can help you there, if you really would like a photograph of Antonelli. I have a fine portrait of him that was painted for my *beau-père*. It is in the palace at Weimar, and I will give orders at once for the photographer to go and copy it." I was much pleased, as I *do* want the photograph and was rather in despair at not having found one. It seemed incredible to me, until I had asked a little, that there should be nothing of Antonelli. After all, it isn't so very long since he played a great part here, so it was a most fortunate *rencontre* for me this morning. We parted at the gate—I walked home and she got into her carriage.

April 22, 1904.

Yesterday afternoon Bessie and I went to the reception at the Villa Medici, which was pleasant. We liked the music of the 1er. Prix de Rome, and it was interesting to see the pictures and sculpture. I think the faces of the young men interested me, perhaps, more than their work—they looked so young and intelligent and hopeful, so eager for the battle of life; and yet so many find it such a struggle. There is so much concurrence in everything, and an artist's life is precarious. The very qualities which make their genius unfit them so for all the cares and worries of a career which must always have ups and downs.

We went late for a drive in the Corso and Via Nazionale to see all the preparations for Loubet's arrival. They are certainly taking no end of trouble—flags, draperies, and festoons of flowers, in all the principal streets. The garden they are making in Piazza Colonna is quite wonderful—quite tall trees, little green lawns, and the statue of a Roman emperor. Quantities of people looking on at the workmen and walking about in the piazza. The Via Nazionale, too, is gorgeous with draperies, shields and large medallions with French and Italian colors entwined.

This afternoon I went off alone and did some last sight-seeing. We shall go in a few days, and I haven't seen half I wanted

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to. I went straight over to the Trastevere; first to Santa Maria, with its queer old mosaic façade, looking more Byzantine than Italian; then on to Santa Cecilia, where a nice old Sacristan took me all over, showed me the chapel supposed to be directly over Santa Cecilia's bath-room (the church is said to be built on the very spot where her house stood), and of course the tomb of the saint. Then, as I had nothing particular to do, I drove out toward Monte Mario, which is a lovely drive in the afternoon, the view of Rome looking back is so beautiful. It is a long steep hill, with many turns, so one gets the view on all sides. The Cork Valley was green and lovely, and the road was unusually quiet. I think everybody is on the Corso looking at the festal preparations. I went back to the house to get Bessie, and we went to tea with the Waldo Storys, in his studio. He has some beautiful things —two fountains in particular are quite charming.

We all dined out, Bessie and Josephine with Cardinal Mathieu, I at the American Embassy with the Meyers. We had a pleasant dinner—four or five small tables. They have Mrs. Field's apartment in the Brancaccio Palace—entertain a great deal, and are much liked in Rome.

We came home early, and I am finishing this letter to-night. It is very warm, the windows open, and the street sounds very gay. To say that we have heard the Marseillaise these last days but faintly expresses how we have been pursued by the well-known air. Everybody sings or whistles it, all the street musicians, hand-organs, guitars, accordeons, and brass bands play it all day and all night; and we hear the music of a neighboring barrack working at it every morning. At this present moment a band of youths are howling it under the window. I think they are getting ready to amuse themselves when the President arrives.

It was most amusing in the streets this morning, flags flying, draperies being put up everywhere, troops marching across the Piazza di Spagna, *musique en tête*, to exercise a little on the review ground before the great day—quantities of people everywhere. They say all the hotels will be crowded to-morrow, and with French people, which rather surprises me, but they tell me there are deputations from Avignon, Marseilles, and various other southern towns. They are beginning to arrange the Spanish steps quite charmingly—a perfect carpet of flowers (if only it doesn't rain).

Saturday, April 23d.

It poured this morning, and all night I heard the rain beating against the window every time I woke. The clouds are breaking a little now, at three o'clock, so perhaps it has rained itself out, and the President may have the "Queen's weather" to-morrow. Our Loubet invitations are beginning to come—a *soirée* at the Capitol; great *ricevimento*, all the statues illuminated with pink lights; a gala at the opera; another great reception at the French Embassy (Quirinal); and the review.

Josephine and I have been dining with the grand duchess at her hotel. We were a small party, and it was pleasant enough. She talks easily about everything, and loves Rome. The evening was not long. We all sat in a semicircle around her sofa after dinner. Everyone smoked (but me), and she retired about ten.

We have been talking over plans since we got back. Bessie will start to-morrow night. She is not keen naturally about the Loubet fêtes, and Palma* wants her to stay over two or three days with her in the country somewhere near Ancona. She will meet me in Turin, and we will come on together from there. It is still raining—I hope it will stop.

Tuesday, April 26th.

I had no time to write Sunday, as we were going all day. Bessie and I went to church in the morning, and then I left some P. P. C. cards on Cardinals Vannutelli, Mathieu, etc., also a note to the grand duchess to thank her for the photographs of Antonelli which she sent me last night—two very good ones, with a nice little note, saying she thought I would perhaps keep the big one for myself "as a souvenir of old times and new friends."

The Corso looked quite brilliant as we drove through—the bright sun seemed to have completely dried the flags and festoons and the streets were full of people, all gaping and smiling, and in high good-humor. The Spanish steps were charming, the great middle flight entirely covered with flowers, looking like an enormous bright carpet.

We had some visits after breakfast, and

*Princesse de Poggio Suasa, *née* Talleyrand-Pergord.

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started about three to the Countess Bruschi, who has an apartment with windows looking directly over to the "Esedra di Termine," where the syndic, Prince Prosper Colonna, was to receive the President. There was such a crowd, and there were so many people going to the same place, that we thought that would be hopeless, so we returned and made our way with difficulty, as the streets were crowded, to the Via Nazionale, where a friend of Josephine's had asked us to come. She established us on a balcony, and there we saw splendidly. The street is rather narrow, and the balcony not high. The crowd was most amusing, perfectly good-natured, even at times when a band of roughs would try to break the lines, pushing through the rows of screaming, struggling women and children, and apparently coming to a hand-to-hand fight with the policemen; but as soon as the soldiers charged into them—which they did repeatedly during the afternoon—they dispersed; nobody was hurt (I never can imagine why not, when the horses all backed down on them), nobody protested violently, and the crowd cheered impartially both sides. These little skirmishes went on the whole afternoon until we heard the "Marcia Reale," and saw the escort appearing. A troop of cuirassiers opened the march. The royal carriages with the red Savoie liveries were very handsome—all the uniforms making a great effect—the King and President together, both looking very happy. The King in uniform, the President in plain black with a high hat, returning all the salutations most smilingly. He was enthusiastically received, certainly—there were roars of applause, which became frantic when some of the military bands played the Marseillaise. As soon as the *cortége* had passed the crowd broke up, quantities of people following the carriage to the Quirinal, where the great square was crowded. There, too, they were so enthusiastic that the President had to appear on the balcony between the King and Queen.

We started out again after dinner, and wanted to see the torchlight procession, but didn't, as our movements were a little complicated. We took Bessie to the station, and waited to see her start. When we came out the procession had passed, but the streets were still brilliantly lighted and very gay, quantities of people about.

Thursday, April 28th.

Well, dear, the fêtes are over, the President has departed, and the Piazza Barberini has at once resumed its ordinary aspect; no more *carabinieri*, nor police, nor *fiacres* full of people, waiting all day in the square in the hope of seeing King or President pass. I wonder what the old triton sitting on his shell with his dolphins around him thinks of this last show. He has sat there for centuries, throwing his jet of water high in the air, and seeing many wonderful sights.

The reception at the Farnese Palace was most brilliant last night. We got there too late to see the King and Queen and President receiving; there was such a crowd in the streets, which were all illuminated, that we couldn't get across the Corso, and were obliged to make a long *détour*. The Farnese Palace looked beautiful as we came up, the rows of lights throwing out the splendid façade, the big doors open, quantities of handsome carriages, people in uniform and ladies in full dress and jewels who had got out of their carriages, crowding into the grand old court. The royal carriages were all drawn up inside the court, and the group of footmen in their bright-red liveries made a fine effect of color at the foot of the stairs. It was an interesting assemblage, all Rome (white) there, and all most curious to see the President. I didn't see either King or Queen. They were already making their progress through the rooms, which were so crowded that it was impossible to pass. The famous Caracci Gallery looked magnificent lighted. The Ambassador and Mme. Barrère received their numerous guests most courteously, and didn't look tired, but I fancy it was a relief to them when the fêtes and their responsibility were over.

We have had to put off our journey until Saturday. They wouldn't undertake to keep us reserved compartments, not even sleeping, until Saturday, there would be such a crowd. I don't exactly know why, for the President left this morning, going south, and we, of course, are coming north, but everyone told me not to go, so we have telegraphed to the Ruspolis to say we would go out and breakfast with them at Nemi.

There were quantities of *affiches* posted everywhere this morning which I shouldn't think would please either the King of Italy

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or the French President: "Viva Loubet—Viva Combes—Viva la France anticléricale."

Josephine and I went for a drive. It had rained all the morning, and was gray and damp, but we didn't mind. We both of us love the Campagna in all its varying aspects. We walked about for some time, but had difficulty in choosing our ground, on account of the shepherds' dogs, which are very fierce sometimes, and the troops of buffaloes. Josephine had a disagreeable experience one day with the buffaloes. She was walking on the Campagna with her small children and her Italian footman, when suddenly a troop of these wild creatures charged down upon her at a headlong pace. There was no refuge of any kind near; the footman, frightened to death, promptly ran away. She was terrified, but didn't lose her head. She stood quite still, the children clinging to her skirts, and the herd divided, passing by on either side; but she might have been trampled to death. Naturally she has given them a wide berth since.

Friday, April 29th.

I will finish to-night dear, as we have come upstairs early after a long day in the country. The trunks are all ready, some of them downstairs, and we start early to-morrow morning. They say the confusion yesterday at the station, when the President departed, was awful, people—ladies—rushing about distractedly trying to find places, no footmen allowed inside, not enough porters to carry the heavy dressing-bags and *rouleaux*. Some people couldn't get any places, could only start last night.

We had a pleasant day at Nemi. We went out by train. There were a good many people, evidently starting for the regular round of "Castelli Romani," principally English and Americans, and mostly women, very few men, but large parties, six and seven, of women and girls. It is a pretty road across the Campagna and up the steep hill to Albano, and as our speed was not terrifying we had ample time to see everything. The Ruspoli carriage was waiting for us, and we had a beautiful drive to Nemi. It is really a lovely little place—the deep blue lake at the foot of the hills, and all the country about us green. Our hosts were waiting for us in one of the numerous salons, and we had time to go over the castle a little before breakfast, which we had in a charming old-fashioned room, with wonderful frescoes on the walls. They have already done wonders in the old feudal castle, and I should think it would be a charming summer residence, as no heat could penetrate these thick walls. The view from the balcony was divine, over green slopes and little woods to the lake.

We missed our train at Albano, so drove on to Castel Gandolfo and waited there for the next one. We had *goûter* in a lovely little *pergola* overlooking the lake of Albano, with the great papal villa opposite. It is not very interesting as to architecture, a large square pile. No Pope has lived there since Pio Nono. I believe some French nuns are settled there now.

It was very warm walking about the little old town, which looked as if it had been asleep for years—no one in the streets, no beggars even, no movement of any kind. Just as we were starting for the station three or four carriages filled with tourists rattled through. It is curious to see how life seems to go on in just the same grooves in all these little towns. Rome has so changed—changes so all the time—is getting cosmopolitan, a great capital; but all these little mountain villages seem quite the same as in the old days of Savellis, Colonnas, and Orsinis, when most of the great feudal chiefs were at daggers drawn and all the country fought over, and changing hands after each fierce encounter. The few people one meets look peaceful enough, but on the smallest provocation eyes flash, tones and gestures get loud and threatening, but apparently they calm down at once and are on the whole, I fancy, a lazy, peaceable population.

It is warm to-night, the windows are open and the Marseillaise still has the honors of the night—one hears it everywhere.

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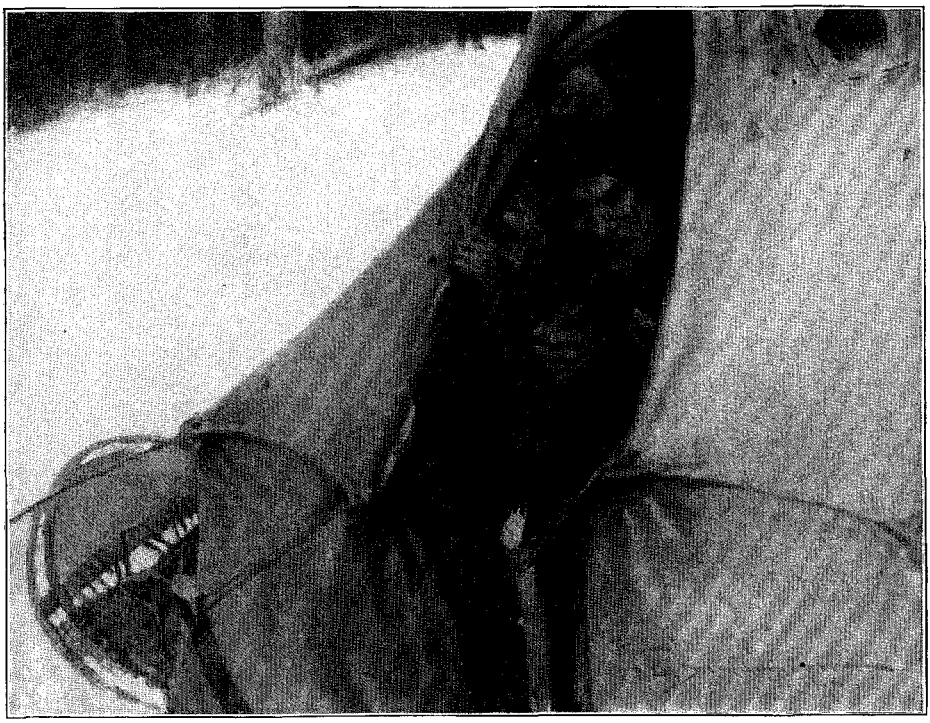

THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS

By Frank E. Schoonover

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I

AT THE THRESHOLD

UPON an evening early in January, the bitterest time of the mid-winter season, I found myself in the snow-buried Canadian wilderness, upon the borderland of civilization. The twilight was fading as we approached the Indian Reserve at Pointe Bleue. The sleigh-bells rang out thin and clear in the deadly cold, sounding as though from a great distance away. The Canadian sleigh or cariole was red against the white, its low body resting on broad runners that terminated in great iron-shod curves that cut sharply through the deep snow. We had been riding all afternoon against the cruel north wind, blowing a temperature of forty-five degrees below zero across a barren level and a lake thirty miles wide. Wrapped warmly in a coon-skin coat and cap with my body turned sideways to the icy cutting of the wind I had been watching the fast fading of the Northern day. The few thin trees were black against the yellow gray of the sky, and now the pink of the snow was fast dissolving into the deeper purple of the coming night. Now and then, while the daylight was still bright, I had caught from the tops of the little hillocks an occasional glimpse of the far-distant village; its gaily painted houses—red, yellow, and green—were gaudy against the snow; the clustering flag-poles, each topped with some symbol—an Indian, a beaver, a fish, or the like—were bright against the sky. Now all had turned gray in the coming twilight save for

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one touch of golden yellow on high where the big cross of the church caught the sinking sun and turned to flame. Then that flame also faded out, even as I watched, and suddenly everything seemed very desolate.

Then there were signs of life. The snow, which had blown a level expanse across the road, was broken once by a snow-shoe track. On the frozen lake an Indian boy was filling a pail with water at the water-hole. In front of a log cabin, protected on the north side by great strips of birch bark, some dogs were howling for admittance from the bitter twilight cold. Pressed against the one clear glass of a heavily frosted window, I saw a dark face watching us as we passed. Then my mood changed again and I felt a sudden thrill of pleasure as I realized that here at least I was indeed upon the threshold of that strange frozen wilderness I had come so far to see.

Winding about the edge of the wind-swept lake, we passed the rapidly darkening houses of the village and so came to the store of the Hudson Bay Company and the home of the factor. Then I rapped at the kitchen door (for the others were blocked with huge snow-drifts), and a French Canadian opened it and took me through an outer shed into the kitchen beyond. My journey was done! How comfortable and warm it felt to be again in a human habitation after that long, long stretch of snowy wilderness and the long, long hours of lonely arctic travel.

I was three days in this outpost of civilization, where the wild life of the north and the tamer life I had left behind me met and joined hands. It was very strange and new to me, and very pregnant of that existence I was to see lying beyond.

During this time I lodged in the house of an independent or free trader. He was rough as the north woods makes a man rough, and I remember he drove his bargain for board and lodging with me at the house door before I was permitted to enter.

My first taste of this borderland life is very distinct in my budget of memories. The family, I remember, were all in the kitchen when I entered. They rose and stood and stared at me. The supper was on the table, and my appetite was sharp after the long day's travel in the cariole. So I sat down with right good-will upon the long wooden bench with the free trader and his four sons, and ate the cold fat pork and the hot meat-pie with ravenous satisfaction.

Afterward, while the women were eating, I pulled a heavy chair close to the three-decker wood-stove (which stands in nearly every such Canadian house in the cut partition between the bedroom and the kitchen) and watched the smoke from the many pipes drift about the room, obscuring a large wooden cross and colored print of the Bleeding Heart above the door. From the room it was drawn, a thin blue film, through an opening in the wooden ceiling and into the sleeping room above.

So it was all very strange and wonderful to my foreign eyes—this far-away frontier life of civilization into which I had come.

With the factor's help I secured good guides—hunters who would have shortly gone to their trapping-grounds, but who, on the assurance of good pay, were willing to undertake the long journey with me. The older of the two men was a full-blooded Montagnais Indian, by name Xavier Gill; a man of great endurance, broad-shouldered lean-flanked, and thin-legged. His face was very dark, like a bronze; his hair hung straight and glossy black over the high cheek-bones, and the small bead-like eyes gleamed like two bits of fire. A silent man was he, but one able to cope with any emergency, as I found later.

The other guide, and the younger, was a Scotchman—the son of the factor at Abitibi. From his continual living with the Indians and from his Indian wife he had gathered a knowledge of the language of the Tadabull and Montagnais. With him for an interpreter, and with some Canadian *patois*, I contrived to understand and to make myself understood by the Indians whom I afterward met.

From Gill I procured two dogs—one his own, one from his Indian father-in-law. Each of the men had his own sleigh, and a third was made for the two dogs.

These sleighs are low, narrow, and about five feet long. The sides, shod with iron runners, are held together by seven or eight wooden rungs. Stout pieces of twine fastened to these hold the loads of one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds.

In the matter of provisions and camp necessaries, I followed the Indians' advice absolutely. Our supplies included tea, flour,

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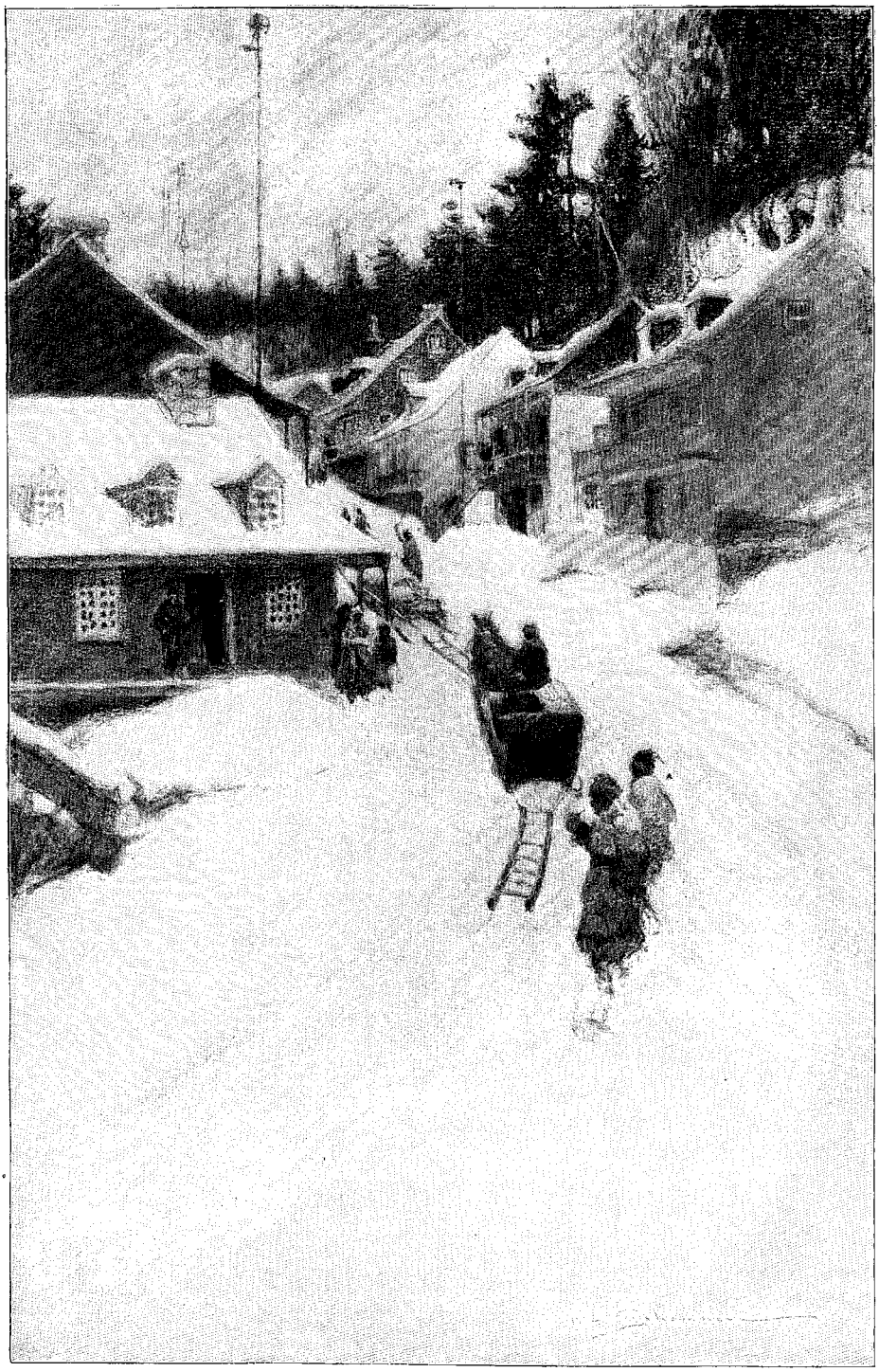

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

The Edge of the Wilderness.

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salt pork, lard, and beans; some pepper, salt, a little baking-powder, sugar (white and maple)—just to "start us," as the trappers say. Two or three tin pails, four tin dishes and cups, a spoon or two, and the frying-pan completed the outfit. The men each had a white blanket—the "four-point" size of the Hudson Bay Company. My own were made of a coarse woollen cloth or duffel, the post's supply of blankets being "traded out." I bought eight yards, four of which I had made into a kind of sleeping-bag, and the remainder, without cutting, served as a double blanket.

It was quite dark and a lamp had to be lighted before all our supplies had been gone over a second time and packed in dunnage bags, ready for the morning's start.

"Everything is all right, Xavier?" I asked.

"Yes, m'sieur."

"Enough provisions?"

"Yes."

And so we were ready for the wilderness.

In the morning, the supplies were packed in two carioles, and with the three small sleighs trailing and the two dogs running free, we left behind us our last civilized resting-place and turned our faces toward the Northern wilds. It was nine o'clock in the morning and early daylight.

At noon the following day the supplies were dumped on the snow, sleighs loosed, and the carter, with a *bon voyage*, turned his great, long wood-sleigh about and left us.

One of the two Indian boys who helped us up the hill.

II

THE WILDERNESS FOLK

THE evening of the second day from the post we emerged from the bush through which the trail had led, and stopped upon the edge of a lake to rest the dogs, for the pulling had been hard and the loads were heavy. As I stood there, I saw, far across, at the end of the lake, a thin blue smoke arising and I heard the sounds of barking dogs. It was my first Indian village that lay there brooding in the profound snow of the wilderness.

As we approached across the lake, follow-

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ing a recently made trail, two Indian girls suddenly appeared from the fringe of dark green spruce bush and approached us. Perhaps they thought we were returning friends, for as we drew near, they stopped, watched us intently a moment, and then suddenly turned and hurried away up the snowy hill and were lost to view in great clouds of snow churned up by the snow-shoes that clapped and flapped like the wings of huge clumsy birds.

Then there was the first real sign of their home life—the water-hole cut in the ice, and beside it a homely well-worn axe, its blade heavy with accumulated layers of thin ice. A tall spruce bough marked the opening, to save the cutting of a new hole after each drifting storm.

Up the steep ascent, we pulled the loads, past the bordering fringe of white birch, past the tracks of many snow-shoes, through the thin curtain of the green balsam and spruce, and in an instant we were in the midst of an Indian village.

Darkness was beginning to fall, and against the gloomy spruce bush behind the five tent huts cut sharply—spots of yellow and brown against the dark background of foliage. Many toboggans, long and narrow with delicately curved bows, were leaning against the surrounding trees. Snow-shoes, small and great, were to be seen everywhere hung upon the branches or stuck in the snow near the tents. Some blankets were hanging upon a frame ghostly white in the gathering dark.

The other Indian boy, son of Tommo Awa-sheesh.

From the tents the Indians stared at us, like wild creatures from their lairs. Their eyes glistened brightly as they stolidly watched us—strange wayfarers in their lonely frozen haunt—pass like spirits in the gloaming through their village. All about us was a bedlam of snarling and barking dogs, but no one came forth but two little boys, who accompanied us up the snowy rise, upon the other side of which we were to make our camp for the night.

Just as I reached the top of the hill I stopped and looked back. The entire village, young and old, had now gathered in a black crowd against the twilight gray of the snow, staring after the strange visitors who

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had thus come unbidden and unheralded into their wonderful outlandish world of stillness and whiteness.

We dwelt five days in this strange world, which had been so remote in my studio, and of which I was now a living part. In those five days I came to know all the people, from the chief to the little baby wrapped in its swaddling clothes of moss and bark. I haunted their greasy tents so that I brought home the very odor of their life in my traps when I returned to civilization.

The village was only a temporary one. Here some Cree, Montagnais, and some Indians from the St. Maurice had been living as one family for three or four weeks. It was the time of the New Year's season, when many of the trappers pack the skins of the fall hunt upon toboggans, journey to the post, make a trade, and return with provisions for the spring hunt. This happened to be a common meeting-place, and here for a few weeks the men lingered to smoke and talk and the squaws to make snow-shoes and the children to set snares for the rabbits. From here the various trails would separate, leading them far apart, black specks in that desolate, unknown Northland.

Down the hill I went next morning with my camera, sketching-pad, and colored chalks toward the village. Back of the tents four or five of the children were coasting down the hill on one of the long, narrow toboggans—evidently an old one given to them, for the color had long since changed from the brilliant yellow to a silvery gray and the bow was patched with a strip of birch bark and lashed about many times with strings of caribou. Seeing me with my strange instrument, they stopped their sport and followed me into the camp. I had some mint candies in my pocket, and I gave them each a few; after that we were the best of friends.

Two Indian women, their black hair gathered under red handkerchiefs, were chopping wood, but upon my approach they immediately went into their tents. Outside the tent, the one nearest the lake, an Indian was packing provisions on a dog-sleigh for a short journey. He was small and very dark—a man about forty. As I and my guides came up he straightened himself and nodded to us. Xavier approached him and asked about a toboggan.

"Yes," he said, "there was a squaw camping just a little journey over the hill—so"—he pointed with the stem of his pipe—"and she had just made a toboggan."

"And would she sell it?"

"Yes, she might sell it; it was a chance."

So Xavier left and I spoke to the Indian again through my other guide.

"Ask him, Skene," I asked, "if I can go into his tent and make a drawing."

Skene had to explain very carefully just what I wanted, for the Indian could not understand why one should come so far for such a strange purpose. It was only the traders and an occasional Government surveyor who would venture thus in the bitter cold.

"Well, Skene," I asked, "is it all right for me to go in the tent?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

"And you explained about the drawing?"

"Yes; the Indian says he's going off now for a two days' journey, but he will wait a little while if you want to draw a portrait of him."

As I entered the tent I had to step down quite two feet, for the snow had been packed, and the floor, spread deep with balsam boughs, was far below the usual level. They all stared at me as I stood inside the canvas walls. The family was large—the squaw, a grown son and daughter, many children, and dogs without number. In the crowded tent home they made a place, the squaw even providing me with a blanket. I sat down upon it and the floor of balsam boughs. That floor of boughs had at one time been clean and fresh from the trees, but was now dry and covered with the refuse of many days of living and eating and smoking.

The snow just inside the tent-wall had not been packed and upon this little shelf were the blankets, clothing, the provisions—all the personal belongings of the family. Upon little forked sticks hung the cups, the powder-horns, and the beads and crosses of the Church. Just within the door-opening, resting on four green birch posts, was the little sheet-iron stove. The canvas was protected from the red heat of the many-jointed stove-pipe by the rim of an old tin plate. About the stove were the dogs and the cooking utensils.

Such was the interior of an Indian's winter house as I first saw it, and those I came to know afterward were all of a like sort.

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Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

"A Friendly Game."

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I passed my tobacco-pouch to Tommo Awa-sheesh, who gravely filled his black pipe and handed the tobacco to his squaw. She in turn filled her pipe, and passed the pouch to daughter and son, and so it went from one to another until the entire family, except the baby, had filled their pipes and were smoking.

Then with Tommo's consent, I set about making a sketch. It was very wonderful to them that a man with colored chalks could make a likeness on a sheet of paper. From the outside the Indians peeped into the tent, crowding about and watching me as I worked. Two little boys wriggled in from the black mass that filled the doorway, came over to where I was and sat down, one beside me, the other directly between Tommo and myself. When I finished the drawing, I presented the squaw with the likeness of her chief; she took it, looked at it, shrieked and laughed, and shrieked and shrieked again. Then they all came in and looked at the drawing, some turning it this way, and some that. They almost rubbed their faces against it, passing it back and forth, and finally handed it to Tommo, framed black with many greasy thumb marks. Tommo made no comment of any sort. He rolled the paper very carefully, tied it with a piece of red cloth, and put it with some treasures in an old flour-bag.

In this tent I also made sketches of the two little boys. One of them when I had finished took the yellow piece of chalk that I had given him as a reward, and with his back to the family, produced on a strip of birch bark a caribou with no horns, a very lean neck, and legs that would travel in either direction.

Thus I gained my first footing with my new friends.

The short January day was darkening as I laid aside my colors and looked upon that wild life, unchanged through generations of ancestors. I watched the Indian mother preparing a little bag of blankets and of moss for the baby. The baby was very fat and very dark, with black glossy hair and tiny black slits for eyes; it reminded me of a Japanese doll. Upon a little square of blankets, she spread a layer of soft green moss from the black spruce. Upon this she laid the little, squirming atomy. She drew the fur cap well down upon its head, and upon each foot she pulled a rabbit-skin sock with the fur inside. The blanket, the cloth, and the moss were all folded about the little one and laced together very tightly with strings of caribou hide. She laid the little pappoose into a hammock made by throwing a small red and green blanket across two ropes, tied at either end to poles. Then she swung it back and forth, singing a high minor song of only a few notes' range. Doubtless this was the way a thousand years ago that the Indian baby was packed and swung and crooned to of a winter's night.

The following morning I endeavored to make a color drawing of this very thing, but somehow, the squaw resented it. She became uneasy and left the tent. I found afterward she had hunted up Xavier Gill, my Indian, and asked if I intended any harm. Nor did Xavier's assurances satisfy her, and so I had to give over my purpose. I did not insist, for there were other tents I wished to visit, and the half-wild friendship of the Indians, so easily alarmed, was well worth keeping. But with other families, I had no difficulty; they seemed quite willing for me to come and go as I pleased.

I became really intimate with the chief, a Cree Indian. His name was Pierre Kurtness, and he was a conjuror. He was possessed of all the legends, lore, and traditions of the woods handed down to him through a thousand generations of ancestors and only just hidden with a thin veneer of so-called Christianity. In his tent I was always welcome, and when I proposed to draw his likeness he seemed quite well pleased. I had only been working a few minutes when he stopped his "sitting" and hunted up a little scarlet bag embroidered with many-colored beads. From it he took a bundle of rags. This he unrolled with great care, as if some treasure were hidden in the dirty wrappings, and I wondered what it could be. Then from the last fragments he produced a broken piece of comb and began soberly combing his hair. I was at work a long while on this sketch and the old fellow got very uneasy toward the last; his legs became quite stiff from the continual kneeling, but he held the pose and would never admit he was tired. He was very proud of the drawing and held it up so those in the door-way could see it. Afterward I added, while he was watching, some dots with white chalk to the picture of the

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A bit of domestic life.

The superstition of the Indians prevented me from finishing this drawing; their feeling against it was so strong that I had to stop and leave the tent.

handkerchief about his neck. This seemed especially wonderful and brought forth a long guttural "Ah!" I thanked him, gave him a plug of tobacco, and left the tent.

It was late in the afternoon and the light was fading. I entered a tent somewhat removed from the others—the only one I had not yet visited. At the end an Indian was seated. He made no comment of any sort save the customary "Good evening." He was quite alone, seated with his back to the canvas. I soon saw he was very sick. Like animals, his kind had left him to suffer alone; like an animal he brooded upon his sufferings in solitude as he waited for the disease to spend itself. I watched him; but he was quite indifferent to my gaze, and neither of us spoke. Gradually the darkness settled deeper and deeper. He became a hunched brown shape against the tent; his head sank deep between his shoulders and, from under the lids, his eyes burned with the fever of the disease. So I left him.

The sense of this dreadful thing affected me very profoundly and I felt a great relief as I carefully fastened the tent-flap and passed beyond into the stillness and pureness of the winter's night.

During the long night a soft snow had sifted over the camp, and when I looked out from the tent the sun was shining brightly upon a thousand little snow-pads that hung heavy upon the spruce and balsam. All about the tents, covering the accumulated filth of days, lay a pure new blanket, reflecting from millions of crystalline surfaces the yellow of the morning sun.

As it was a fine day for hunting, I sent the men off in the hopes that they might bag two or three "uapush" (rabbits) or a

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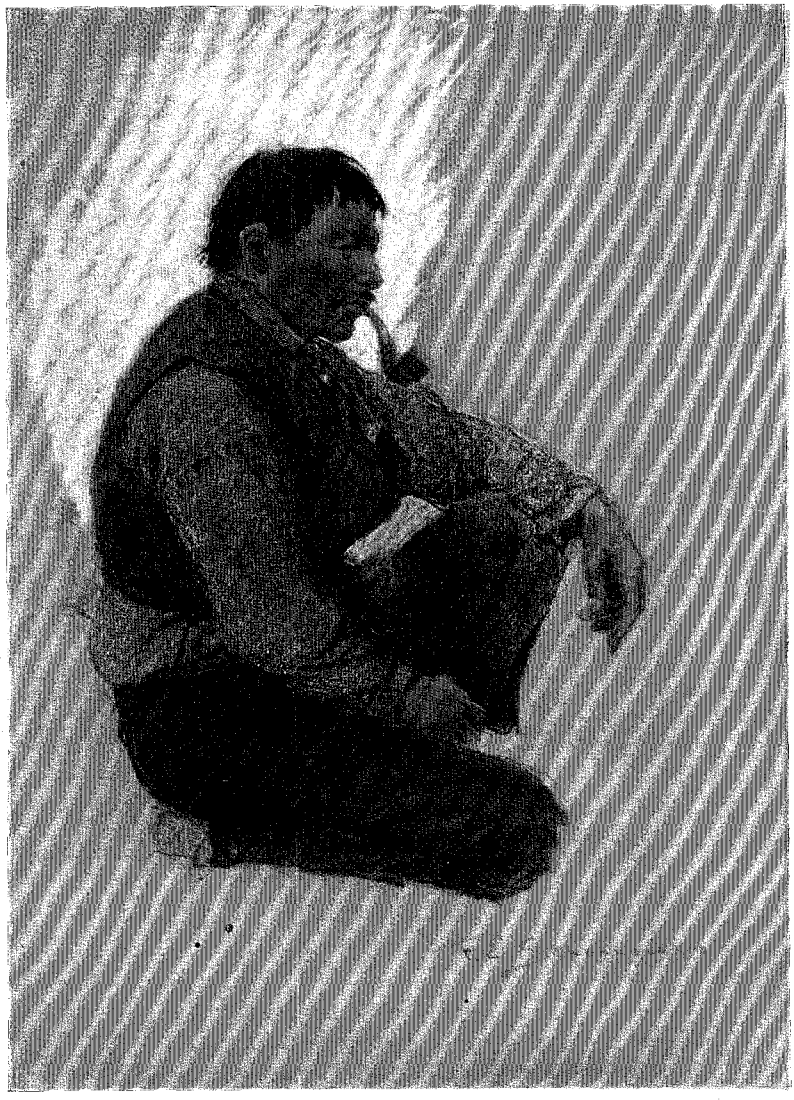

Pierre Kurtness.
(Drawn from life in his tent.)

partridge, and so save the flour and pork. I watched them as they clattered off upon their snow-shoes across the lake and over the hills, the long fringes of the many-colored sash fluttering in the wind, and the powder-horns cutting a brilliant streak across their coats.

As I stood there the daughter of Tommo Awa-sheesh came swinging down the trail back of the tents, throwing up clouds of new white with every lift of her broad snow-shoes. She had been three or four miles that morning looking over her own traps—fifteen or twenty of them set for rabbits near the trail up the hill and along the frozen creek. Down the hill she came and across the solid swamp, a small tomahawk axe in her hand and some rabbits tied with birch twigs swinging from her shoulder. When quite near me she stopped and we looked at each other in silence. She was very picturesque. The round dark face with the black hair blowing across it, breathed forth the very soul of a healthful and vigor-

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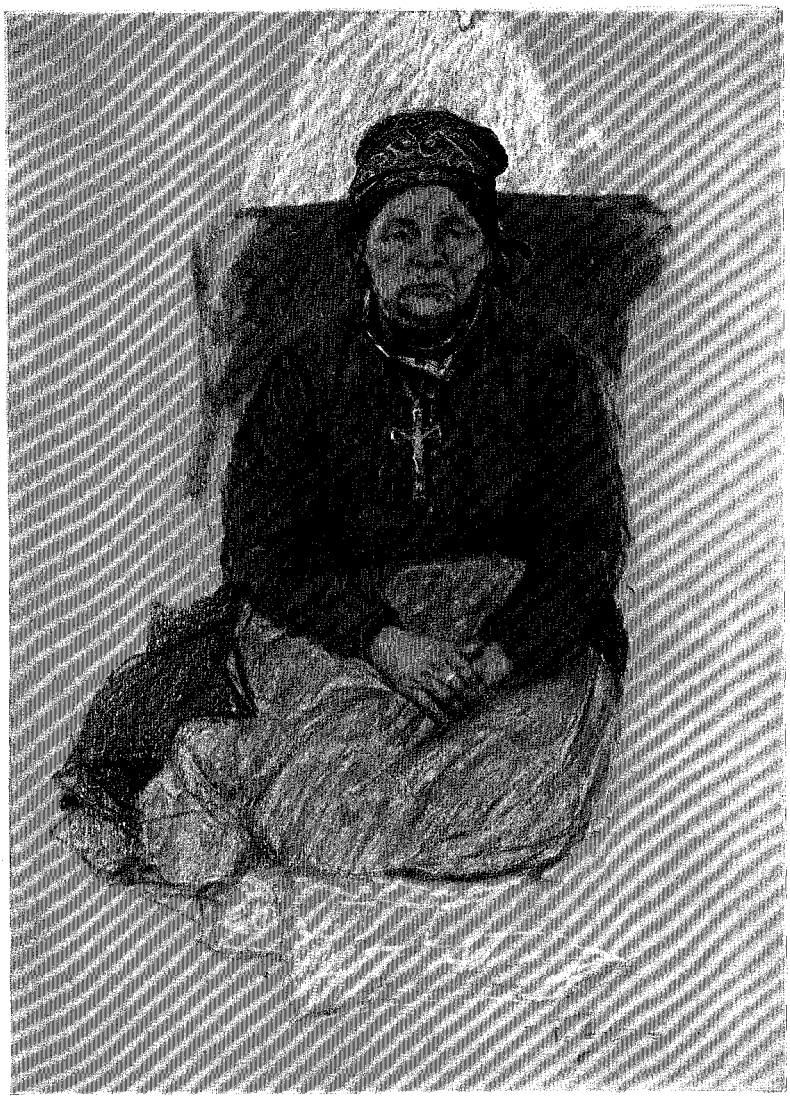

A Cree squaw.

ous life. The very poise of her body and the grip of her moccasins on the snow-shoes told of a continual battle for existence in that pitiless North. She wore about her neck a small flag—the English union-jack—and upon it hung a big metal cross. By way of making another friend I offered her a red silk handkerchief. She stood and looked at it a long time. Then she suddenly snatched it from me and ran clattering away through the bush to her own camp.

At noon when my guides returned I told them what I had done. They laughed long and heartily. I did not then know, as I afterward found, what a serious interpretation the girl must have placed upon the offering. I believe I would never have been able to get my rabbit blanket excepting for the possessorship she thenceforth felt in me. The white man in the wilderness cannot be too careful as to how he conducts himself in such affairs.

These rabbit blankets, by the way, are made of the skins cut into strips and loosely

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Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

Marie Awa-sheesh.

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woven into furry robes. They are very warm, and I used my own with great comfort wrapped about my shoulders every night as I slept through all that long semi-arctic journeying.

As the day approached for my departure, I went down into the village to pay a last visit to my strange friends. It was night, and the coldness of the air was very bitter in its intensity. One of the tents, lit from within, was brighter than the others. I could see the great black shadows, some sharp, others blurred, moving about on the candle-lit canvas walls, and as I passed I heard the sound of many voices within. I entered; the gayly colored circle of men, squaws, and children moved together, making a place for me, near the stove. They were playing a game of cards for little paper bundles of sulphur matches, seated about a white Hudson Bay Company blanket. One candle fastened to a stick with a piece of birch bark, gave them light and threw those great shadows on the tent behind them. I have rarely seen a more picturesque sight than that group gathered in the dimly lighted tent—the squaws, with red and yellow handkerchiefs about their heads, green and blue waists and moccasins of all descriptions. One of the girls was alternately smoking and playing a harmonica. Near the stove a little girl was making for herself a doll from a squirrel-skin. Far back in the shadows a boy wrapped in a rabbit-skin coat was trying to sleep. All about the sides of the tent were the blankets and the cooking utensils. Upon forked sticks hung a collection of tin cups, muzzle-loading guns, powder-horns, the bullet and cap pouch and high above these, just emerging from the big black shadows of their shoulders and heads, glittered the many crosses and beads of the Church. So I watched them as they played, winning and losing the little packages, until they tired of the game and stopped.

Then I asked, through my guide, for directions to the camp of a trapper, one Semo Mac-nee-call, an Indian thought to be hunting about six days' journey from the camp. A St. Maurice Indian, kneeling near the candle-light, drew upon a Hudson Bay Company bag a map of the trail. About him gathered all the inmates of the tent looking over one another's heads and shoulders, and each giving advice to the map-maker.

With this paper-bag map I travelled for many days over an absolutely unbroken trail.

The next morning before the breaking of the day I left the still sleeping camp and turned my face toward the blank wilderness of white in which I was to dwell for so many days to come.

THE AWAKENING

By Lucy Leffingwell Cable

LAST night your name stole softly, ere I knew
  Into the tangled meshes of my prayer:
  As when a patient hand, with tenderest care
On silken skein is laid, it deftly drew
The threads to place, till all within me grew
  Strangely at rest. Ah, then was I aware
  How through the Chaos thrilled so wondrous fair
The Word that darkness and disorder slew!
  When first I saw your face I knew you mine,
Yet was I wilful, while my life became
  Confused, disordered, nor could I divine
The cause—till, lo, this whisper of your name
  Straightway confusion vanished and I saw
  Order and peace were Love's eternal law.

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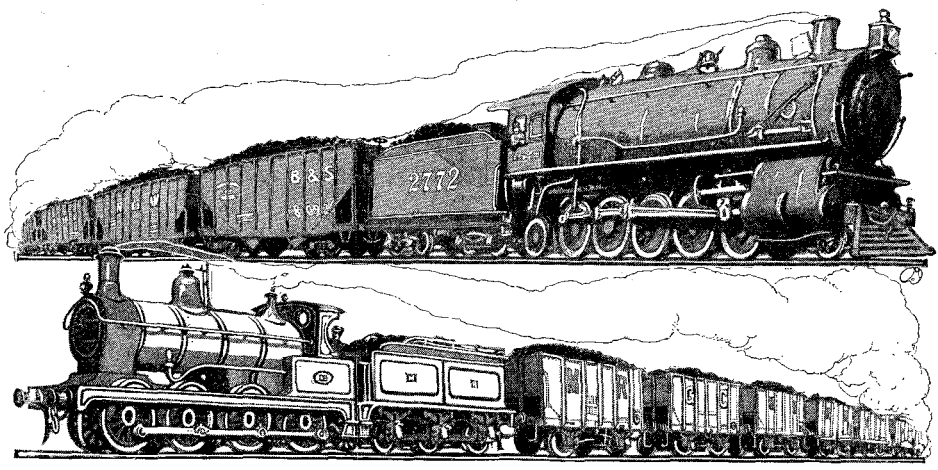

American and English freight trains contrasted.

POLITICAL PROBLEMS OF EUROPE

AS THEY INTEREST AMERICANS

FOURTH PAPER

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

PATERNALISM AND NATIONALISM

IN any examination of European political and economic institutions, the attention of an American would at once be attracted to the subject of workingmen's insurance. He would find it a subject not only of vast importance in European political and social life, but one presenting to him novel considerations, because the institution is practically without parallel of any sort in this country. Nothing that I have seen in Europe has interested me more than the effect of workingmen's insurance. On the Continent one finds it, measured from any point of view, one of the most important subjects that is presented in the whole array of affairs. As a rule, I think Americans have little conception of the extent to which the system has developed, and of the marked effect which it is producing upon national economy and upon social conditions.

Workingmen's insurance conducted as a government, or semigovernment institution, is confined to the Continent. In Great Britain there is no Government activity in this field, the development there being wholly within the ranks of the friendly societies, or else in the direction of the provisions which are made by the great railway corporations for retiring on part pay their superannuated servants. The weight of political sentiment in Great Britain is violently opposed to the adoption by the Government of any position which might lead to national responsibility for workingmen's pensions. On the other hand, in the ranks of the workingmen, and particularly in organized labor, there is a growing disposition to force the question upon the attention of Parliament.

It is on the Continent that we find the governments intimately related to the subject of workingmen's insurance. There has been an interesting development of semi-

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public, semigovernment insurance institutions in Germany, France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Sweden, and Denmark, and in all of those countries the movement has assumed proportions of political importance, and the workings of the systems have already produced marked sociological effect.

It is in Germany that there is to be found, by all odds, the highest evolution of workingmen's insurance. In that country a social experiment has been conducted on a vast scale, and I think the movement may fairly be said to mark the most interesting recent social legislation that is to be found anywhere in the world.

The significance of the movement in Germany will be better understood when it is noted that 17,000,000 German workmen are contributing to and enjoying the benefits of the pension system. That significance is emphasized when we learn that since the inception of the system, in 1885, the total receipts have reached $1,750,000,000. At the present time the annual receipts are in excess of $130,000,000, an amount sufficient to make us consider with much interest the economic consequences of the plan.

Especially is it noteworthy to find that this vast sum has been administered with absolute integrity. The administration of the insurance funds of Germany offers one of the best indications in the world to-day of the possibility of a successful state control of important institutions, even when enormous sums of money are involved. The demonstration, however, has more than integrity to its credit. The collection and disbursement of these great funds have been carried on with an economy which is admirable. In considering the cost of administration of the German insurance funds it should be remembered that collections are made from 17,000,000 individuals, as well as from the employers of those individuals, and that in making disbursements, particularly of the sick and accident funds, there is a care and intelligent supervision exercised which must make the cost of disbursement quite as great as the cost of collection. There are, therefore, reasons for a much higher ratio of expenses than would be essential in such a system of life insurance as we have in America. But, as a matter of fact, the cost of administration of American insurance funds makes sorry comparison with the expense of administration in Germany. It is a monument to the economy of the German administration to find that less than eight and one-half per cent. of the total income is used up in the cost of administration, and that ninety-one and one-half per cent. is paid out in benefits to the insured. A showing like this, so greatly in favor, apparently, of the economy of government administration, would seem to raise the inquiry as to whether Germany has not found a better plan for the administration of insurance funds than we have evolved in this country.

Nothing like a full consideration of the subject of workingmen's insurance is to be given in the course of a magazine article. I believe it is a subject worthy of the deepest consideration. Certainly it is one that offers many difficulties before a clear conclusion can be reached as to its effect and advisability. There are arguments of great weight on both sides of the subject. I believe, however, that it is a subject which in due time will come before us in America for consideration and action.

Any exposition of even the German system of insurance alone is too complicated to be presented in a brief study of the subject. The system in Germany is an evolution, and in its present form probably none of its friends would suggest that it is an ideal system. Anything like a complete understanding of its provisions is complicated by the fact that there are three distinct forms of insurance—insurance against sickness, against accident, and insurance to provide old-age pensions. An explanation of the system is further complicated by the fact that the administration of these three distinct and separate insurance funds is in many different hands, although all are under the supervision of the general Government. The sick insurance fund is administered by more than 23,000 sick clubs. The accident insurance is administered by nearly five hundred managing boards, which represent various state and municipal communities and various trades and industries. The old-age pension system is in the hands of some thirty-one distinct insurance institutions. An understanding of the details of German insurance administration is, therefore, difficult; but some general considerations of its provisions and effects are easily possible. All the insurance funds are contributed to in about equal proportion by

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employers and by the insured, and that total is augmented by a subsidy from the empire. Employers pay in about forty-seven per cent. of the total, the workingmen less than forty-six per cent., while the subsidy from the Government provides between seven per cent. and eight per cent.

The effect of the institution, as seen in Germany, is of far wider significance than are merely the admirable efforts in alleviating distress caused by sickness, by accident, or by poverty in old age. The results which have been attained in the accident insurance field, for example, are far broader than the mere indemnification in some measure for the suffering and loss which accidents have entailed, and it is likewise true in the other branches that the provision which has been made for the payment of pensions in lieu of wages lost in case of sickness has been only a part, and one might say almost a minor part, of what has been accomplished in that field.

The results of the German workingmen's insurance embrace considerations of the deepest sociological consequences, on the one hand, and of a most significant effect on the national health and physique, on the other. The Germans have gone at the whole subject with their characteristic thoroughness, and the whole world will in time be forced to give attention to what is being accomplished.

The German system of workingmen's insurance is founded on a very general belief that the change which has been going on in Germany, transforming that country from an agricultural into an industrial state, and the evolution which has been proceeding in industry, resulting in a great specialization of work and the high development of the factory system, have made necessary an enunciation of some new principles in regard to the duty of the community toward the individual, principles which are fundamental in their character. The intricate and complicated modern system of industry has left the industrial population economically dependent, no matter how free it may be politically, the Germans argue, and the development of that system has brought the industrial population into a position where it is difficult for the individual to extricate himself from his misfortunes should he be overtaken by accident, sickness, or old age. In this new industrial order the liability to accident is greatly increased, and new means for meeting the condition which that fact has brought about are demanded.

Various nations have recognized the increased liability to accident which has come with the present-day development of industry, and have taken diverse means to meet the new condition. Germany offers the most notable example of a development of accident insurance. France, on the other hand, has undertaken to meet the demands which industrial workers make for some adequate provision for indemnity by passing most rigid and far-reaching legislation, fixing upon the employer the liability and making provision so that the injured workingman may easily enforce that liability in the courts.

In America there not only has been little legislation passed on this subject, based on broad principles of humanity, such as have actuated the German legislation, but there has been little progress toward more definitely fixing the liability of the employer, and making it easy for the injured person to enforce a claim. Instead of that, there has arisen here a system of so-called employers' liability insurance, which are in effect organizations of strength with which to combat weakness, organizations the object of which is not to indemnify the worker for injuries, but rather to indemnify the employer for the cost of fighting in the courts the claims of the injured persons. The purpose of this system is not to put the insurance company in the position of a fair employer who will make payment of a just indemnity. Its purpose is accomplished rather by fighting each individual case with all the skill which its organization, made up of experienced adjusters and sharp attorneys, enables it to pit against the feeble efforts of an injured workingman who is attempting to enforce even the inadequate legal rights that our legislation has thus far accorded him. If statistics were presented dividing the receipts of these insurance organizations so as to show what amount they expended in actually paying indemnity to injured persons, and what amount they used in fighting claims and paying dividends, the comparison which those figures would make with the humane institution of accident insurance as developed in Germany would be anything but to our credit.

Germany has accomplished most admir-

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able results in the way of providing indemnity to persons injured in industrial occupations. The work accomplished by accident insurance however has been of far wider usefulness. Accident insurance as developed in Germany has really been an insurance against accident, not merely the providing of indemnity. There has been evolved there, as a result of the study which employers and employees who have been managing these insurance funds have given to the subject, a system of laws and of regulations providing for safeguards which have gone far to reduce the number of accidents, and to remove the danger from industrial callings. In the last few years the effect of these safeguards has been to reduce one-half the frequency of accidents. Viewed from an economic standpoint alone the saving which has resulted to the national economy has been a vast sum. In the United States we seem as extravagant of life as of resources. There is no single line in our national statistics that is read in Europe with such startling surprise as the one which shows 60,000 fatalities and injuries on our railroads in a single year. In other industrial fields we are as careless of life. It seems to be regarded as more economical to fight damage suits than to provide safeguards, and dangers that do not interfere with dividends frequently receive little attention.

It is noteworthy that German employers have willingly accepted the burden they are charged with on account of workingmen's insurance. That it is a very considerable burden there is no denying. The Krupp Steel Works alone, for example, contributed more than $2,000,000 for the purposes of workingmen's insurance within the period from 1885 to 1902. The amount which employers are paying, compared with the total wages paid, is showing increases as the operations are extended in the various fields of insurance. The actual contributions to the insurance fund have, too, been only part of the expenses that the administration of the insurance laws has charged the employers with, because they have been forced to spend great sums of money for providing safeguards against accident, and putting their works in the best possible hygienic condition. The general disposition among employers, so far as I have observed, however, is to regard these expenditures as having been made with good value received, because of the increased efficiency and better health of their workmen, and their contentment and fair attitude toward capital.

There have been almost as great indirect benefits connected with the administration of the sick insurance fund as has been the case in the field of accident insurance. Remarkable results have been attained in the prevention of the spread and in the cure of contagious diseases. The sick insurance administration has by no means stopped at the point of giving care and financial aid in cases of sickness. More and more its aim has been to seek, with the utmost energy, every means for avoiding the disturbance in the wage-earning capacity of the workingmen which sickness entails. It has sought to ascertain the principal causes of sickness, and to combat with organized and scientific efforts the various enemies of public health. The organs of the workingmen's insurance committees have done a great work in educating the people in hygiene, and particularly in reducing the scourge of pulmonary diseases. This has been done through prompt and effective measures of isolation and treatment, and in directing special attention to the question of the hygiene of workingmen's dwellings. The administration of the sick insurance, instead of being confined to rendering assistance to the sick and the invalid, has sought to cure them, and make them fully capable again of earning their former livelihood. In the development of that work the Germans have characteristically gone to the very foundation of the question, and are doing as important service in effectively preventing sickness as they are in curing it or relieving the distress which follows from it.

The effect upon the general level of the national health has been enormous. In the field of hygiene, as in the field of education, the German Government seeks to make of each individual the most effective economic unit it is possible to develop. In doing that, the aid which has been rendered by the direct and indirect results of workingmen's insurance in improving the physical condition and increasing the power of resistance to diseases, and in promoting the recovery and full return to health of those who are ill, has been beyond all calculation.

There is one phase of the benefits which workingmen's insurance in Germany has

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conferred that is not to be measured by statistics nor weighed with exactness by definite evidence, but it is, nevertheless, one of the most noteworthy of all the influences that have grown out of this great social experiment. There has been accomplished a service of the very first importance in the direction of bringing about more harmonious relations between employers and employees. There is growing to be a better and better mutual understanding between capital and labor, and the administration of these insurance funds has furnished a common ground upon which the two interests can meet and discuss those questions which affect both. The committees that have the administration of all the details of the collection and expenditure of these great funds are made up in part of employers and in part of workingmen. In serving on these committees, employers are brought to a better understanding of and a closer sympathy with their employees, and workingmen have been given a clearer comprehension of economic possibilities in the field of industry, and have come better to understand their employers' point of view. I do not mean to say that Germany has reached a millennium, and that there is complete harmony and understanding between capital and labor there, but I do feel that the labor situation offers some sharp contrasts to conditions in other countries, and that those contrasts are favorable to Germany. I have frequently spoken of the spirit which pervades so many of the institutions of Germany, the spirit of making each individual member of the commonwealth the most efficient of industrial and economic units. That spirit has accomplished tremendous industrial results. With an educated brain and a well-developed physique, the German workingman is equipped to secure good results, and when there is added to that equipment a spirit which allows him to use his faculties to the fullest extent, he makes strikingly favorable contrast to the English trades-unionist, with his ca'-canny proclivities, and, indeed, to some of our own labor union members, who, working under the arbitrary rules which their unions have laid down, give for a day's wages not the most work they can do, but the least.

The tendency on the Continent has for a number of years been in the direction of higher customs tariffs. That tendency has underlying it broad influences. The first and obvious one is the ever-increasing necessity for added revenues; for the history of the budgets of nearly every European country is a story of more rapid growth in expenditures than those countries can show in the totals measuring any other phase of their development. Finance ministers have, with hardly an exception, been under the greatest pressure in order to balance the budget; and they have therefore welcomed the growing spirit of nationalism which has permitted them to lay higher and higher duties on the products of foreign countries. One of the most general characteristics of European development in the present generation has been this growth of nationalism—this intensifying of the patriotic spirit—which has demanded at any sacrifice the development of national resources.

Germany has, of course, exhibited this spirit of nationalism in its most intense form, but it has been the key-note of the political life throughout Europe, and is in sharp contrast with the spirit of unity and universal fraternity which earlier in the century became, for a time, the dominant note.

This development of nationalism has fostered a belief in the value of a protective tariff, and that belief has been greatly strengthened by the outlook which all of the European countries have had on the unexampled development of the United States under the influence of protection. In Germany, the necessities of the Agrarians naturally made them strongly in favor of protection for the products of the land; while the rise of industrialism built up a party representing the manufacturing interests, the members of which were as keen as the Agrarians for protection, although they fought the advance of duties which meant dearer food at the same time that they were using every effort to have a tariff schedule enforced which would protect them against the products of foreign workshops. Another influence in Germany has been the Kaiser's intense desire to build up a navy and the necessity for raising great revenues for that purpose. The history of the tariff in Germany has been practically a succession of legislative measures increasing customs duties; and while these measures have been fought with great bitterness by the industrial population, and particularly by the Social Democrats, the several influ-

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ences favorable to an advance in the tariff have been almost uniformly effective, and the tariff which a year ago was successfully put through the Reichstag and is now awaiting the conclusion of commercial treaties before its general application by the executive departments is the highest which any European country has yet undertaken to put in force.

In France there have been few changes in the tariffs for many years, but the sentiment is overwhelmingly in favor of protection, and there is no important opposition to the high duties that are in force. In addition to the high protective duties, there has, indeed, been much special legislation in France, which is of a character to put difficulties in the way of the importation of foreign products and to make the domestic market more secure to home manufacturers. This special legislation is in the nature of clauses inserted in public franchises, which provide that the public utilities built under these franchises must be constructed wholly from material produced in France. This is a common provision in franchises for electric roads and gas and electric lighting plants.

That same spirit is notably strong in Russia, where it has been decreed that all railroad construction must be carried on with rails from Russian mills, and, generally, that every sort of material used in the building of railroads must be of Russian origin. This was the economic rock that Minister Witte steered against, and with anything but pleasant results. Mr. Witte was the strongest of protectionists. He not only believed in high protective duties against almost all foreign importations, but he encouraged the Czar to sign ukases which practically prohibited the importation of foreign material for use in public works, and particularly in railroad construction. The result of that policy was, temporarily, most encouraging. Foreign capital, recognizing the vast requirements which the development of Mr. Witte's plans in regard to the Russian railway system contemplated, was induced to construct factories on an extensive scale. The disaster which came to nearly all of these enterprises was by no means, however, entirely attributable to faults in Mr. Witte's economic programme. French and Belgian promoters induced small capitalists to make, in the aggregate, huge investments in these enterprises, but in many cases the promoters had no thought beyond reaping the largest possible profit from the stock subscriptions. There were companies organized which never got further than a point where the promoters divided the spoils.

The size of Russia and the lack of public knowledge regarding conditions there made an ideal field in which promoters could weave fairy tales regarding prospective profits and the catch of gudgeons was one of the richest that has ever been known. There were, however, many legitimate enterprises, and, unfortunately, some of these at the end did not fare much better for the investors than those where the promoters never took the trouble to even construct the factories for which they raised the capital. So long as railroad building went forward rapidly and the Government was in a financial position where it could afford to pay the extremely high prices which the domestic market commanded, the legitimate manufacturing enterprises thrived; but when the development of new public works slackened the factories were left without orders. Conditions were far from parallel with those during the early industrial development of the United States, and that, perhaps, was one of the miscalculations that M. Witte made. The Russian peasant population is, of course, in no wise to be compared with the population in this country, and the domestic demand for the products of these manufacturers—once the Government orders failed—was practically nothing. Statistics of Russia's vastness are in some ways most deceiving. It is true that there is a population of one hundred and forty millions; but if that population could be measured by some comparative economic unit, so that its productive and consumptive capacity were compared with such individual capacity in the United States, for instance, the real economic value of that great population would dwindle in a most surprising way. Anyone who has seen Russian peasant life in the "mir," anyone who has seen the shelters which are called houses, looked upon the decoction of black bread and cabbage which, with an occasional supplement of vodka, forms the usual food of the vast population, will understand what a small economic value must be put on each unit of Russian population; and that makes it easy to understand the complete stagnation which fell upon Rus-

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sia's new industries, which had grown up under the intense stimulus of a prohibitive protection and were then left stranded by the stoppage of Government orders.

Trade in Europe has not only the national difficulty of tariff walls to surmount, but the free interchange of commodities is greatly interfered with by the *octroi* duties. This form of taxation is general in France and Italy and is found to some extent in Switzerland, and has a most pronounced effect upon industrial development. The tendency is toward abolishing this interference with trade, and in several of the cities of France the *octroi* has been done away with. It is still in force in Paris, as everyone who has even crossed the city lines in an automobile, and had his tank of gasoline measured when he went out and when he came back, will remember.

Italy is a land of high tariffs and of severely enforced taxes, but in some sections there is being shown a growing liberalism in the administration of her customs affairs. That country has adopted from us the bonded-warehouse idea, and has expanded it considerably further than we have. There are being established in Italy what are known as free customs zones. These zones are merely bonded customs warehouses on a large scale. They are zones into which goods may be freely imported, manufactured and re-exported, the manufacturers being permitted to erect the necessary buildings and given almost complete exemption from custom-house formalities so far as the goods manufactured there are re-exported to foreign countries. All food consumed within these zones must pay the customs duties. Such a zone has been established in Genoa, and it is proposed to develop in other seaports—especially in the North—similar free zone systems. Manufacturers in the interior whose foreign business is interfered with by this plan are naturally found in opposition to it, but it promises to be successful and to add to the rapidly growing industrial importance of northern Italy.

Not many people in the United States are fully aware of how rapidly Italy is advancing in industrial importance. In some ways northern Italy has, in the last ten years, shown as promising development in an industrial way as is to be found anywhere in Europe. Italian industry has always been handicapped by lack of fuel. It has been difficult to compete in the world's markets, when power had to be obtained from fuel imported from England; but in the last few years Italy has been rapidly developing the use of the "white coal" from the peaks of the Alps and the Apennines. The never-failing water supply of the snow-topped mountains is being utilized by the electrical engineers in a way which promises to convert northern Italy into a great industrial state. Nowhere in Europe is there a population better fitted to aid in an industrial development. The people are dextrous, quick to learn, and industrious, and up to the present time the general wage scale compares favorably with that of any competitors which they have to meet. The result of these favorable conditions has been, for instance, the development of the silk industry at a rate which sounds like statistics of American industrial growth.

In the last few years, there has been more or less agitation in Europe of the proposal, which had its origin in Austria, for the formation of a European customs union, a plan aimed particularly at the United States. The difficulties in the way are recognized by most statesmen as insurmountable, but the idea is a dream in the minds of some who harbor particular antagonism toward the growth of our commercial interests. European statesmen had at one time high hopes that the United States would agree to a series of reciprocity treaties. Seventeen of these reciprocity measures were successfully negotiated with foreign countries and have now been before Congress for two years or more. There seems to be not the slightest prospect of their ratification, nor is there any growing disposition favorable to them. These treaties would be of immense importance to us, as well as to the European nations concerned; but in every case the reduction in the tariff on goods which would be imported and which would, to some extent, come into competition with goods manufactured in a small way in this country, has led Senators—who broadly favor the reciprocity principle—to protest most vigorously against the specific possibility of injuring some pet industry in their respective States.

The treaty which was negotiated with France was regarded by Secretary Hay and the Hon. John A. Kasson, who assisted in its preparation, as the most favorable to

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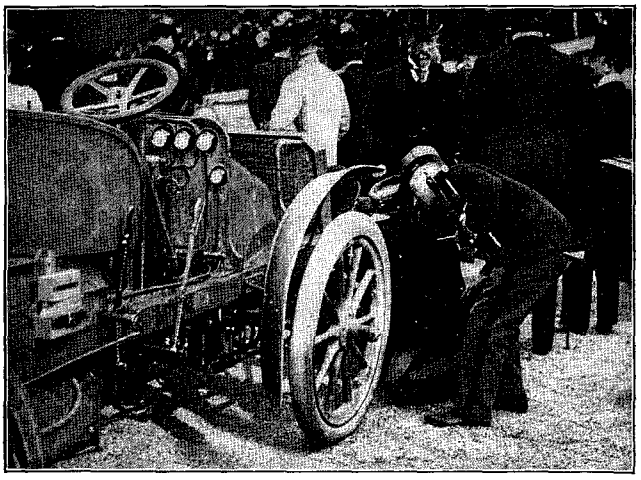
the United States of all the treaties with the leading nations of Europe, and it was transmitted to the Senate, backed by all the influence at the command of the Department of State, with the view of making a test of whether the Senate would ratify any reciprocity treaty. The treaty provided for a slight reduction in the tariff on knit goods brought into this country from France, and the result of that was that a Senator from one of the New England States was prepared to go to any length to defeat the treaty because it was regarded unfavorably by small manufacturers in his State. He went to other members of the Senate who, while not especially interested in the French treaty, were opposed to the ratification of the treaty with Germany, perhaps, and made trades by which they would mutually assist each other in defeating all of the treaties. The State Department is now completely discouraged and the disposition is to make no further attempt to negotiate reciprocity treaties. This has been particularly annoying to the Germans, who have come pretty generally to believe that the United States has purposely and maliciously discriminated against German goods. There is probably no ground for this opinion, but it is firmly fixed in the minds of many Germans, and accounts, in some measure at least, for the hostility that the administrators of the German tariff have shown to our meats and other products.



Custom-house officers in Paris affixing their seals to automobile taking part in an international race, to avoid delay on the frontier.

The Germans have a rather more scientific plan for preparing a customs tariff than we have. There is no such "lobbying" with the Reichstag as we see in Washington; no such pressure brought by various manufacturing interests against individual members, as is the case with us. There is a system of Boards of Trade in Germany which completely covers the country, and which forms a medium of communication between the commercial interests and the legislative body. These Boards of Trade are semipublic in character; and when a measure such as the tariff is under discussion the opinions of individuals and the pressure of interests reach the Reichstag in the main through the medium of the Boards of Trade, and after having been carefully sifted by those representatives of all commercial interests.

While the governments of Europe do much to hamper the free movement of commerce by their customs tariffs, they have, on the other hand, done much to foster it by the care which they have given to the development of transportation facilities. The railroads, to a greater or less degree, are controlled by the state in nearly all of the Continental countries, and the tendency on the Continent is distinctly in the direction of more complete government control. Switzerland, by the Referendum, has recently decided to purchase all of the railroads in the country; Italy is contemplating

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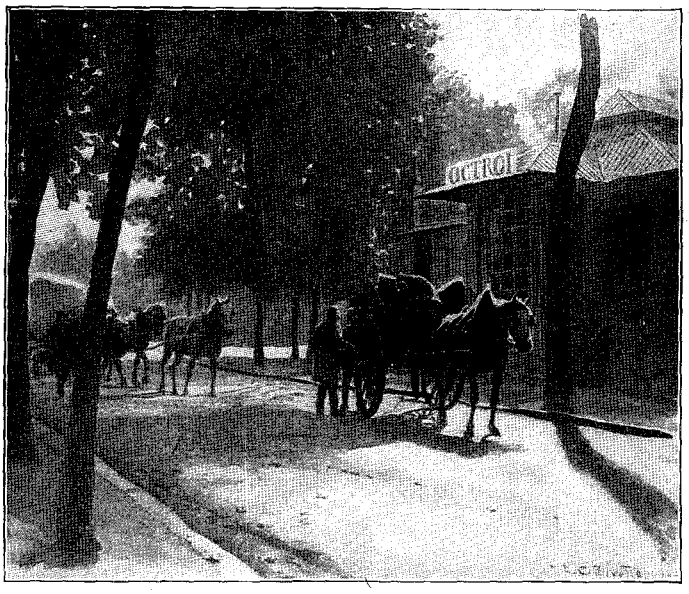

Octroi at the entrance to a provincial town in France.

an extension of the state's activities in the field of transportation; in Germany there is no longer any debate as to the advisability of the state's control of the lines of transportation, and there the state is being led into almost communistic fields. The Government's interest as a consumer of fuel, in connection with the operation of the railroads, and the difficulties which it met with at the hands of the coal syndicate, has led it into purchasing coal mines which are to be operated by the state; an experiment which pleases the Socialists and which, if successful, may be followed by others of the same character.

In England alone, of the European countries, the tendency is distinctly away from the state management of transportation facilities. England has had more experience than any other country with the municipal control of public utilities, and, on the whole, the experience has not been satisfactory. English taxes in some instances have been increased enormously on account of industrial undertakings by municipalities, and the result is a revulsion of feeling on the part of a great mass of the English voters. The English railroads have always been controlled by privately managed corporations organized for that purpose, but they do not show the superiority, as compared with the state-controlled roads of the Continent, which might be expected. English railroad managers are beginning to wake up a little; but, compared with the men who manage our own railroad properties, they are unquestionably deficient in practical knowldge and they make a very sorry contrast so far as intensity of application is concerned. The English roadbeds are thoroughly well built and the English passenger trains are able to make time which compare favorably with the rate of railroad travel in any other country; but when it comes to handling freight, some of the statistics of the English railroads are ludicrous.

A friend of mine was standing on the towering deck of the *Cedric* last summer when she came alongside the dock at Liverpool. By his side was a huge Californian who was making his first European trip and was full of curiosity. He looked far down from the upper deck to the little train of coaches that was waiting to carry the passengers up to London, and asked what they might be. He was told that it was the special train to London.

"Do people travel in those things here?" the big Californian said. "Why, when I was a boy, I used to play with trains like that."

The comparison was not inapt. As late as the year 1900, the average freight-train load in England was but fifty tons; that is

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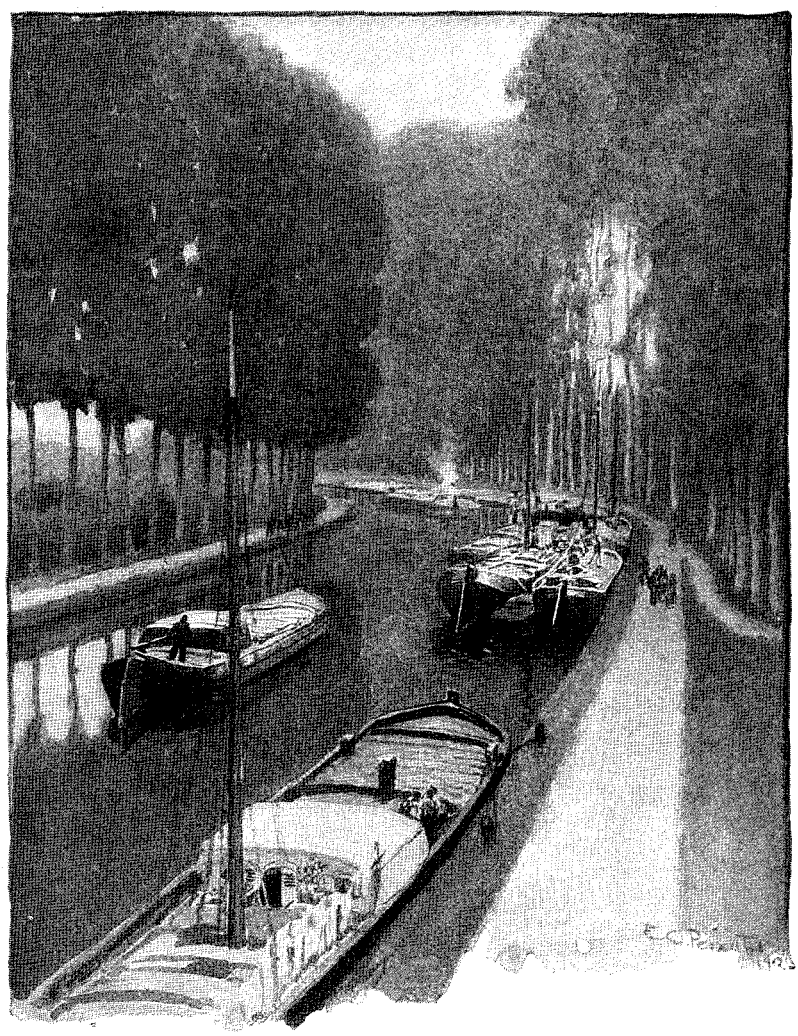
to say, the average train-load was only equal to the capacity of one of our modern freight cars. There has been some improvement since then, and there is now a marked tendency toward heavier equipment, but it all seems like toy equipment when compared with our own heavy trains.

The various problems of transportation by land and water form one of the most important groups of political questions throughout the Continent. In Austria, Germany, France, and Belgium there are few more important political matters current than those affecting transportation. In each of those countries there are most comprehensive plans in hand for the development of the canal network, and each nation is prepared to spend great sums of money in perfecting its canal system.

While the famous Kiel Canal was intended primarily for strategic purposes, for enabling the German navy to pass easily from the Baltic to the North Sea and *vice versa* in time of war, the economic importance of this waterway has grown from year to year and has given a strong impulse to canal building in Germany. In 1899 the Dortmund-Ems Canal, connecting the great iron and coal district of western Germany with the North Sea, was opened; and its traffic has devel-



Canal connecting France and Belgium.
Showing tow-paths and shade trees.

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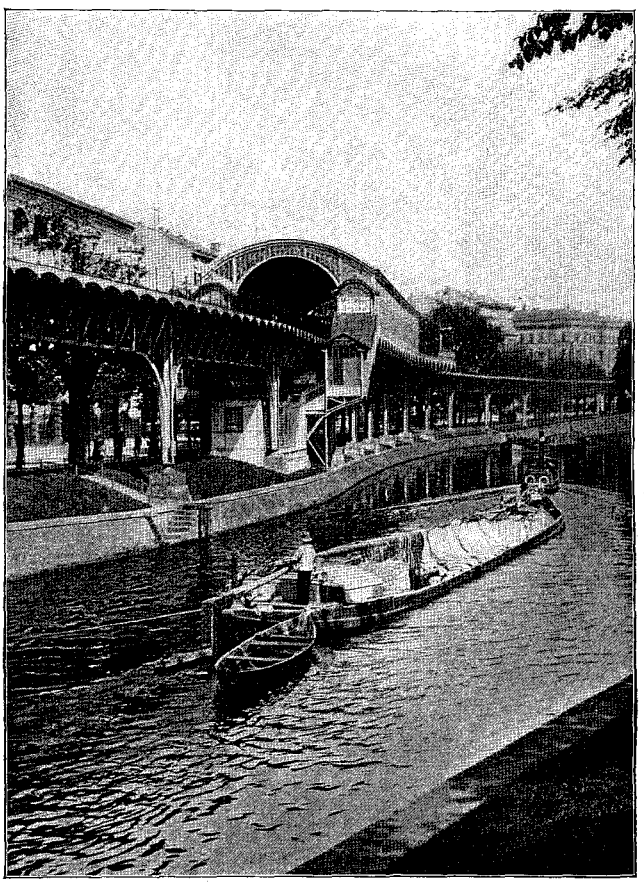
oped rapidly. It has given the coal industry access to Bremen, Hamburg, and other North Sea ports; and the iron furnaces in the west have found it of the greatest importance to them for bringing in supplies of Swedish ores. In the summer of 1901 the Elbe-Trave Canal, a large waterway connecting the Elbe with the Baltic at Lübeck, canals are capable of accommodating vessels of from 600 to 800 tons, and are thus a wide departure from the old canals inherited from an earlier generation.

The most important canals now projected or under discussion are the so-called Midland Canal, to connect the Rhine and the Elbe; the enlargement of existing canals;



Elevated railway along the Landwehr Canal, Berlin, Germany.
From a stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

was opened. Its importance consists in supplying a cheap line of communication between the many manufacturing cities along the Elbe and its branches and all domestic and foreign ports on the Baltic. At Berlin the Teltow Canal will be completed this year. It connects the Spree above the city with the Havel near Potsdam, and has its *raison-d'être* in facilitating through traffic and transforming a number of Berlin's suburbs into manufacturing villages. These last three and a large new canal, replacing the present antiquated one, between Berlin and Stettin.

Of all these projects by far the most important and at the same time most promising is the Midland, or Rhine-Elbe Canal. It has been under discussion for about ten years. Not until 1899, however, did it take definite shape as a legislative proposition. At that time a bill for its construction was introduced into the Prussian Diet and occa-

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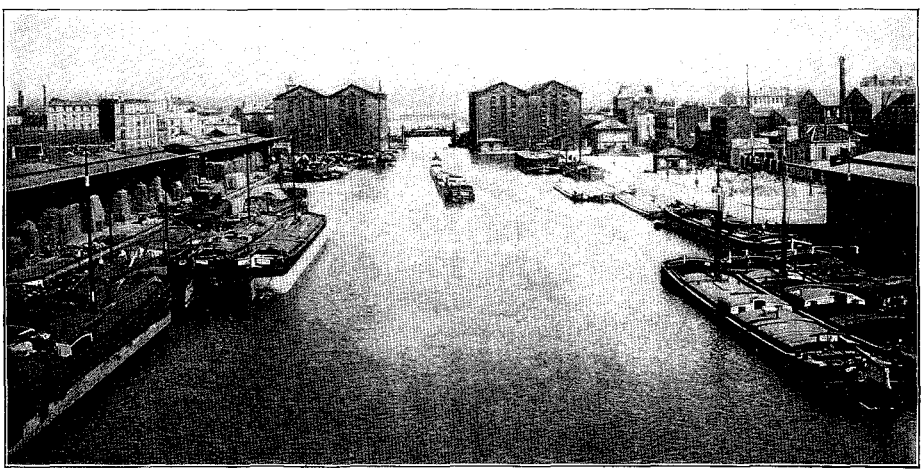

Canal St. Martin at La Villette, Paris.

sioned one of the liveliest political struggles that Germany has had for a decade.

The chief argument for the canal was, of course, that it would give cheap transportation from the great coal and iron centres of the Rhine-Westphalian country, to all of northeastern Germany. The railways had reached the limit of their freight-carrying capacity, and the building of new ones would be very expensive through the highly developed country traversed by them. The canal, however, met with the stoutest, most determined opposition from the powerful Agrarian element in the Diet. Their chief arguments against it were two: first, its great cost, and second, what they pressed still more earnestly—the possibility that it would facilitate the importation of foreign grain into parts of Germany not now accessible to the foreign shippers. These were their ostensible arguments; a still more powerful one was not mentioned aloud in the debates: the conviction that the canal would promote the development of the manufacturing and commercial interests of the country and must inevitably tend toward increasing the political and social influence of the population engaged in those pursuits, while the power and influence of the Agrarian and aristocratic classes must necessarily be diminished.

The first canal bill was thus voted down, after its enemies had come forward with many other schemes of a more or less local character, which they sought to have incorporated into it as "compensations" to their localities for whatever damage the great canal might inflict upon them. Nevertheless, the Government did not give up its plan. Herr Thielen, at that time Prussian Minister of Public Works, announced laconically: "Built it shall be, for all that"; and this "*gebaut wird er doch*" has become a part of the political jargon of the time.

After waiting two years the Government again came forward with its canal bill, but with great additions to it. Not only was the Midland Canal provided for, but also the eastern connections and river improvements mentioned above. The Government had adopted the policy of giving "compensations"; but even that did not placate the Agrarians. They were about to pass an emasculated bill—taking the eastern improvements, so as to get their agricultural produce shipped cheaply to Berlin and other markets, but killing the Midland Canal entirely—when the Government, in May, 1901, put an end to the wrangle by withdrawing its bill and proroguing the Diet.

Last year another canal bill was introduced in the Diet. This provided only for an instalment of the Midland Canal, namely, from Bevergern to Hanover, and for the eastern improvements already described. The Government is evidently on the downgrade in the matter of making concessions to the Agrarians. Its plea for the passage of the original canal bill of 1899 had been based partly on military considerations, like facilitating the transportation of supplies and munitions of war to the west—

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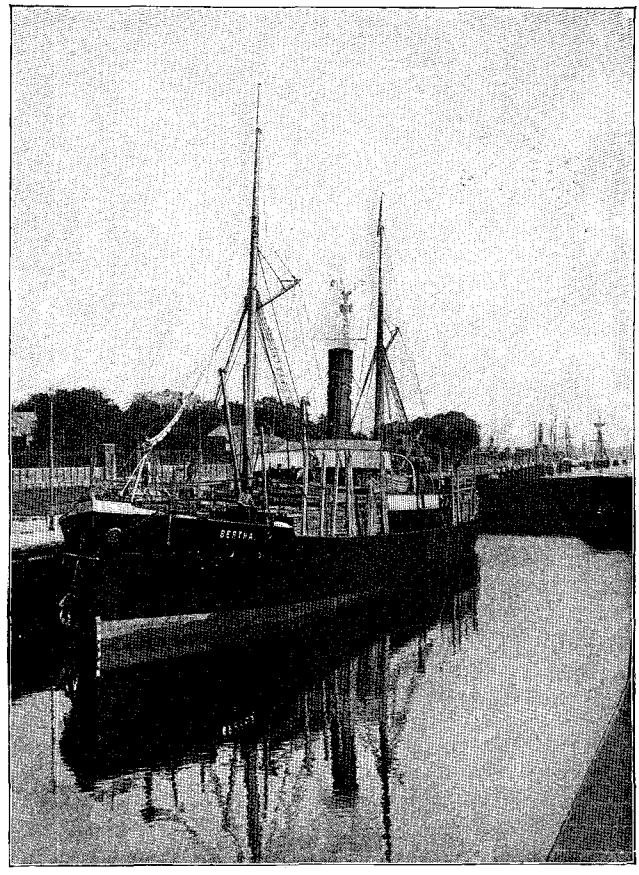
France is, of course, assumed to be the foe—but now the Government throws away this argument, and is willing to take a truncated canal, which of itself would be of minor importance. It is evidently speculating, however, upon more favorable political conditions in future for completing the canal.

France is keenly interested in a comprehensive project for perfecting its canal system. The French Chamber has voted credits of one hundred and fifty million francs which will be spent in the next few years in repairing and enlarging the present canals; and, in addition, nearly five hundred million francs for the completion of new canals. One-half of the funds is to be supplied by the General Government and the other half must be provided by the district benefited. The plans are part of a general project for making a system of waterways throughout France by which goods can be carried uninterruptedly from Basle and the Rhine to Orleans, Paris, and the seaports.



Kiel, headquarters of the German navy.
Northeastern end of the canal from the Baltic to the North Sea.
From a stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Freight and passenger rates on the railways in Prussia give occasion for lively discussion. For some years the great manufacturers have been actively working for a reduction of freight rates on the state railways. They used the schedule of low rates prevailing on the American roads as one of their best arguments, and they emphasize the great advantage that those rates give American exporters in the world's markets as an obvious reason for a reduction of the German rates.

When the Prussian Finance Minister, Baron von Rheinbaben, was in America a few months ago, he gave close attention to railway matters, and in recent debates in the Prussian Chamber he gave some interesting results of his comparison of American and Prussian railway conditions.

The state roads in Prussia, Baron von Rheinbaben argued, are compelled to charge higher freight rates than American roads, because, in the first place, the initial cost of the German roads was much greater than the American; and, in the second place, the American roads have a much greater volume of freight to move in bulk than do the Prussian railways, and they also have the further advantage of a much longer average haul. He found that the American roads cost to build, on an average, about sixty thousand dollars a mile, while in Germany the cost of railroad building—owing chiefly to the higher price for the right-of-way—was nearly one hundred thousand dollars a mile. Baron von Rheinbaben gave it as

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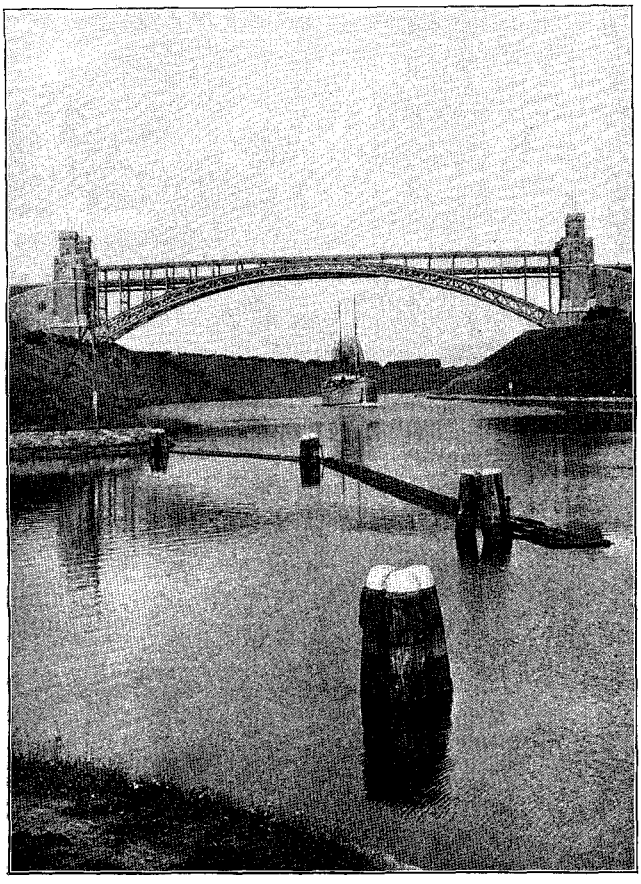
his opinion that the present freight rates in America were largely the result of reckless rate wars, and that these rate wars had had such a disastrous effect upon earnings that the average return upon all American railway investments is less than two per cent. Where there is no competition he claims that rates are fully as high in the United States as in Germany, and he also asserted that the comparison was also not unfavorable to Germany when the freight rates on all goods of the higher classes were compared. It was only on low-grade bulky shipments, which could be carried a long distance without breaking bulk, that he found the rates per ton per mile distinctly lower than in Germany. He also claimed that the American roads made up, in some measure at least, for their lower freight rates by charging higher rates for their passenger traffic, and he made comparisons which were favorable to the German passenger schedule.



Near the terminus of the ship canal, Kiel.
From a stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

The argument of the German commercial interests for lower rates in order to assist manufacturers in their export business and aid them in their battle for a foothold in the outside markets has caused some marked modifications in the tariff on goods for export. It is, of course, quite impossible for the Government to satisfy the commercial interests in the matter of rates, and the report of every Chamber of Commerce throughout the empire annually devotes some pages to arguments and recommendations for further reductions.

Not all of the roads in Germany are under state control, but it seems not improbable that the state will eventually operate all of the lines. No charters are given for the building of roads by private enterprise that do not contain the proviso that they may be acquired by the state after a given number of years.

While we are inclined to criticise English railroads with much freedom, they have a record in one respect which our own railroad managers must look upon with respect. The gross earnings of the English roads never showed an unfavorable fluctuation, as compared with a previous year, of over one and one-half per cent. With all the talk of poor railway management, of decadent industries, and of the economic evils of war, it is confusing to find that the commercial development of Great Britian, measured by her gross railroad traffic, presents an almost unbroken record of advance. Net earnings, however, have been badly cut into by the rise in wages and by the higher cost of fuel.

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Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

"You don't seem to remember my existence nowadays."—Page 484.

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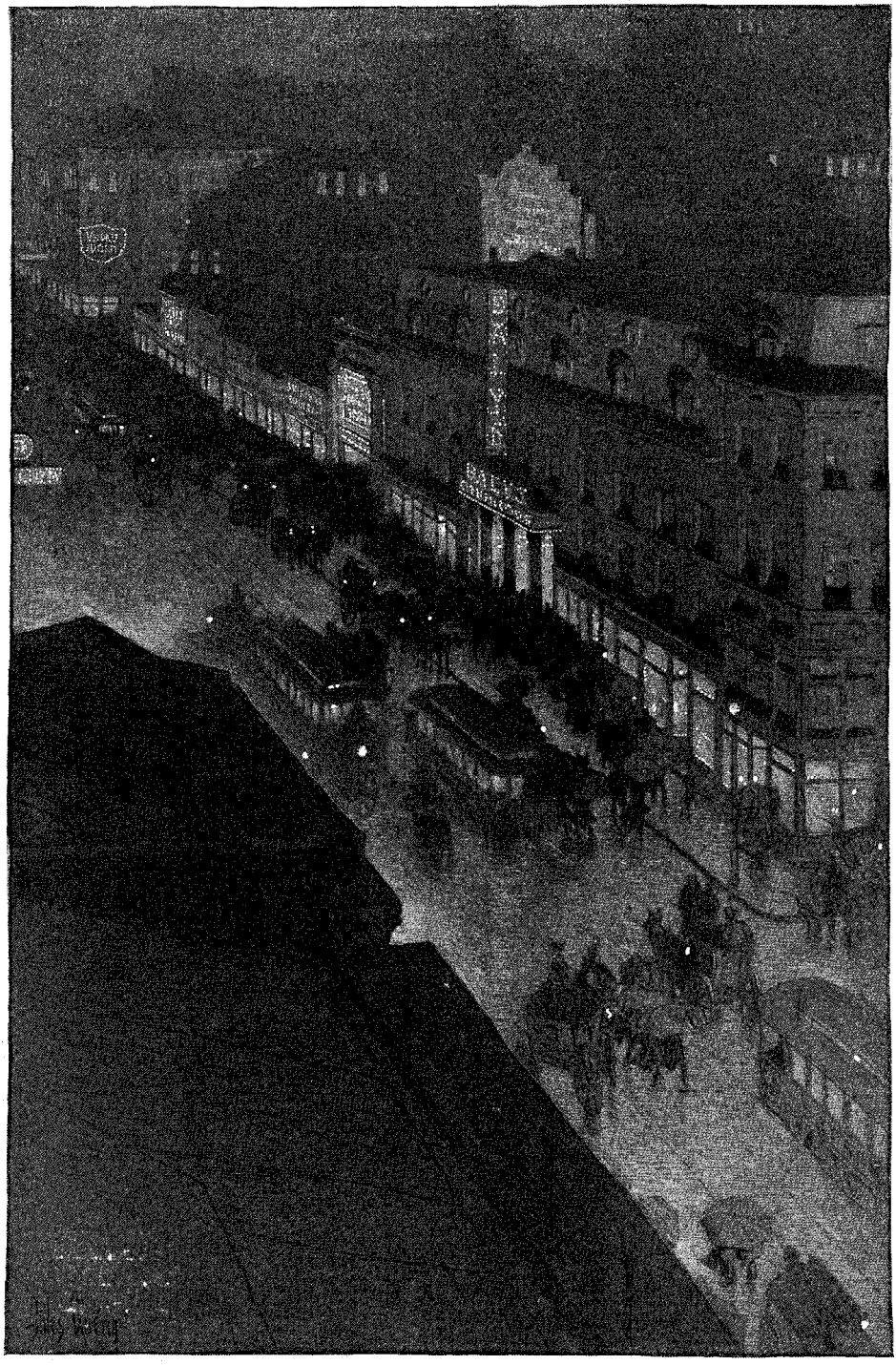

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

A Bit of Broadway.

The cavernous maws beneath those blazing boards nightly suck in throngs of amusement seekers.—Page 129.

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case occurred some years ago that has become a classic in the annals of Broadway. An American playwright peddled a piece up and down Broadway. The only reason he got for its refusal was that it began with a funeral and ended with a suicide. The million amused and moved by funerals and suicides? Unheard of! The play was Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers." As everyone remembers, the funeral was the occasion of the most deliciously mordant satire, and the suicide of a worthless husband the fit *dénouement* of a dignified and sincere love story. So much for the manager's assumption that it is dangerous for a theatrical novelty to be novel!

IV

Of late years we have developed a little band of playwrights who have carried the native drama to a higher point than ever before, and who promise even greater things in no distant future. At first sight it would seem that the rule of thumb of the manager is not without justification. Witness the case of Mr. David Belasco! No one has kept so studiously to the highway of well-tried expedients. In three plays running, a lover in compromising circumstances is concealed in the bedstead—if we can reckon as such Yo San's *shoji* in "The Darling of the Gods," and she had no other! No device of that master-trickster Sardou is too famous to serve a turn; the torture scene in "La Tosca" is taken entire and without disguise. In his whimsical "Recollections of Father Time," Mr. John Kendrick Bangs represents Mr. Belasco in his cradle, and his nurse reading him Hamlet. "There is material in that for a good play!" exclaims the infant playwright. Mr. Belasco has always worked with a collaborator who, it is said, has supplied him with his material rough hewn. Amid all the shiftings of theatrical taste, and amid hosts of failures from his fellows, every play to which he has put his name has triumphed. In the world of Broadway, the only criterion of which is success, his is a name to conjure with.

What is his secret? One can only guess. Two elements have appeared in all his plays—a story appealing to crude, sensational emotions, and a production in which the acting and the scenery are of the most superficially perfect. In "The Heart of Maryland," "Zaza," "Du Barry," and "The Darling of the Gods," there have been horrors heaped upon horrors—a heroine swinging upon the huge iron clapper of a bell; a heroine who to save her lover beats him upon a fresh wound till he faints from pain; a heroine who is forced to the surrender of her virtue while hearing the cries of her lover, being done to death by barbaric torture. What mind so crude, what heart so deadened, what nerves so copper-plated as not to vibrate to this sort of thing with the thrill of æsthetic pleasure! It is not hard to understand why one side of Broadway has flocked to the standard of Mr. Belasco.

His appeal to the new taste for elegance has been quite as consistent and even more successful, for in the selection and drilling of actors and the creation of beautiful scenic effects, Mr. Belasco has vast original genius. Where have there ever been more splendid harmonies of color, deeper and more aerial landscapes than he has lately given us? The Broadway public quite willingly closes its eyes to the staleness and crudity of the play when the scenery is so much the thing. Not only the sensually jaded and the newly elegant, but the matinée girl, as well, dotes on it all.

It is beside the question to ask what new phase of life, what original character, what scene of comedy, what glance of satire, Mr. Belasco has given us—for he is nothing if not a melodramatist. But even melodrama is an art. And has he contributed to it anything vital? One thinks back on his plays in vain. There is a flourish of trumpets—and enter Tom Thumb; there is sound and fury—signifying nothing; there is poppy and mandragora and all the drowsy sirups of the East—that simmer down into a gumdrop, which we are nevertheless exhorted by prophets of Broadway to take as a priceless ruby topping the diadem of Our Lady of Dreams

To gain perspective on Mr. Belasco's limitations, it is only necessary to contrast his plays with those of Mr. William Gillette. These also, strictly speaking, are melodramas. "Held by the Enemy" and "Secret Service" are melodramas of the Civil War; "Sherlock Holmes" is an out-and-out detective story—fantastic, absurd; vivid, convincing. Like the melodramas

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Drawn by C. Allan Gilbert.

A Theatre Party.

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of Mr. Belasco, they make use of many of the stock devices of the stage. But they have always the touch of authentic creation also. There is a climax of intense feeling; the mechanical fall of the curtain on the illumined scene would be, as always, inept. Mr. Gillette grades down his lights to darkness, or extinguishes them in the instant, so that the fall of the curtain is unseen—and behold the now famous "dark curtain," an obvious device which only a genius could divine. Again, a captive soldier is being taken from prison as dead. His captors suspect that he is only shamming dead. The audience hopes that he is. The captors examine the body carefully. The hand in full view of the spectators gives a convulsive flutter. There is a careful scrutiny, hope wrestling with fear. It transpires that that flutter was the last.

But with all Mr. Gillette's freshness of theatric invention his characters are always subordinate to the plotted action, and never, as in true drama, the informing principle. The one striking figure in all the plays is the personality of the actor-author himself —Mr. Gillette with his cigar, always in the centre of the action, always most quiet in danger, at once intrepid and magnificently nonchalant. The defect of Mr. Gillette's quality of originality and perfection in form is a lack of fecundity. His plays, always vastly successful, at least in late years, are few and far between.

The plays by which Mr. Augustus Thomas has until lately been best known are also, strictly speaking, melodramas— "Alabama," "Arizona," and the rest of what has been called his attempt to dramatize the map of the United States; but if his melodramas have less than Mr. Belasco's power of commanding success and less than Mr. Gillette's technical mastery, they have also shown a touch beyond either of his fellow-craftsmen. He has an eye for character, verile, vernacular, varied, full of the half-lights of humor, of the flank shots of satire, of the rich color of life. There are many moments in his melodramas in which the interplay of human nature and human destiny seemed to transcend the pattern of a well-laid plot—to verge upon pure drama. That Mr. Thomas had a genuine comedy vein, moreover, had long been apparent in such failures as "Oliver Goldsmith" and "The Meddler." One awaited with interest the time when he would make a success on the higher forms of the art. Then came "On the Quiet" and "The Earl of Pawtucket," frank farces which seemed a step backward, irresistibly funny though they were. His latest play, "The Other Girl," is a long step toward pure comedy. The character drawing, to be sure, is uneven. Wherever Mr. Thomas is dealing with cultivated manners his point of view is conventional and his hand heavy. But then there are a good half dozen characters in the play which are acutely studied individualities, racy and robust, and who, moreover, are contrasted and harmonized so as to combine into what is potentially at least a comedy of character and manners full of the cast of contemporary thought and the color of contemporary life. The prize fighter, Kid Garvey, with his manly simplicity, his childlike complexity, his acute sense of honor and unfathomable capacity for lying, is a masterpiece.

Mr. George Ade is the latest recruit to the band of our modern playwrights, and the one whose future is most uncertain. His beginnings were in musical comedy. "The Sultan of Sulu," though lacking in the touch which, for the lack of a better word, we call literary, was in its essence a masterpiece of satire. The constitution followed the flag to Sulu, and the cocktail followed the constitution. But as it happened, the constitution worked only Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, permitting polygamy on the off days, while the cocktail did a full week's labor, plus overtime, even to the dull gray dawn of the morning after. That is what is meant by benevolent assimilation! Gilbert's satire is crisper, more finished than Ade's; but in breadth of intellectual grasp on a political or social epoch and in sheer comic force he has never equalled this. But "The Sultan of Sulu" was some years ago. "Peggy from Paris" and "The Sho-Gun" have touches of true satire, and are mildly amusing; but in all respects they are a marked falling off.

Perhaps this is because Mr. Ade's chief interest nowadays is in plays without music. "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow" are not so much comedies or dramas as *genre* pictures of contemporary life in the Middle West, exploiting somewhat conventionally, perhaps, the currently

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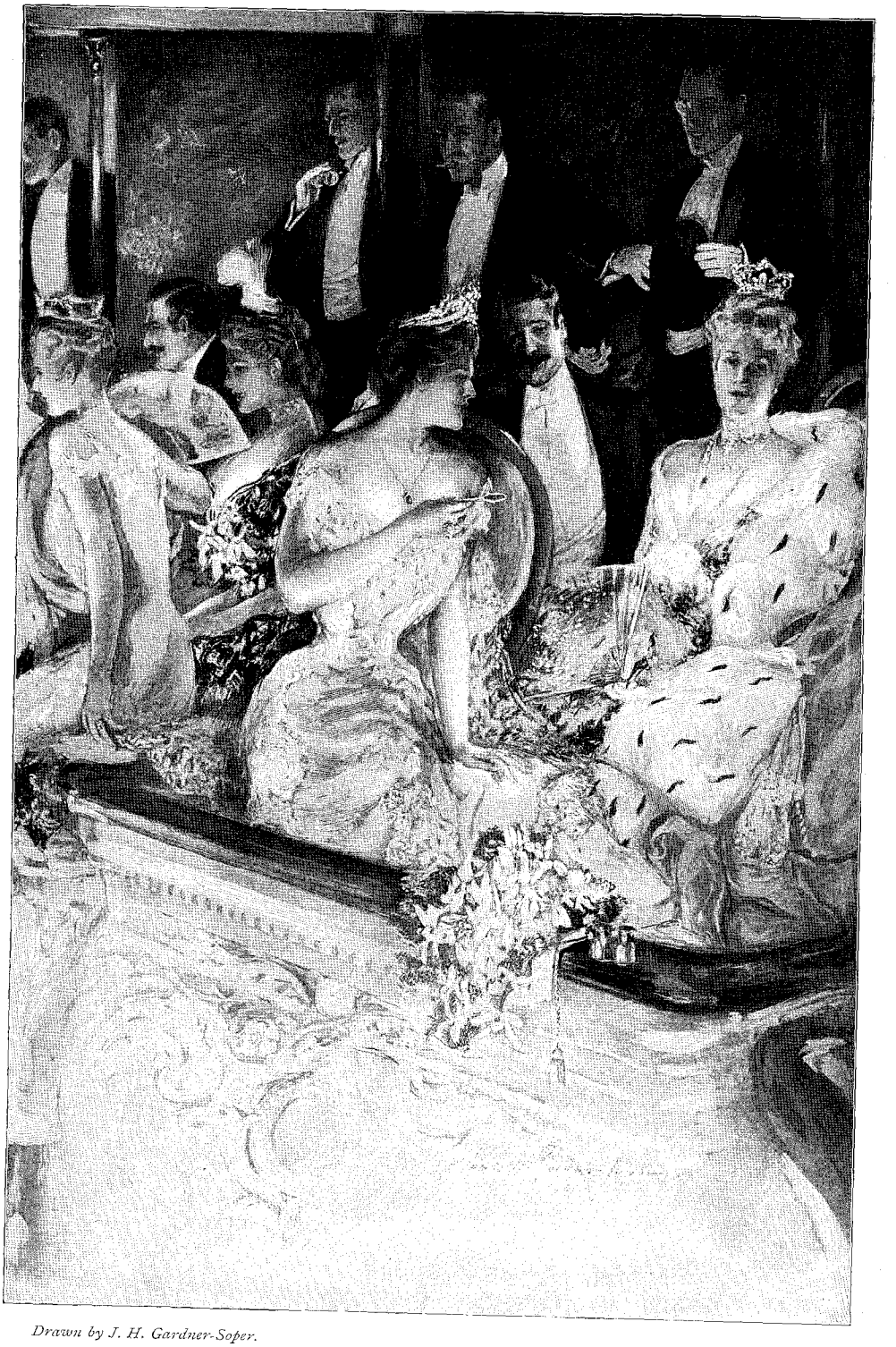

Drawn by J. H. Gardner-Soper.

A Box at the Opera.

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accepted types of the illustrated comic papers, but yet freshly observed, true, and heartily amusing. They carry on the traditions of Harrigan and Hart, and Hoyt. In the multiplication of amusing details, however, the central comic and dramatic theme is swamped, and at times all but lost sight of. One laughs a great deal, but thinks and feels scarcely at all. Is it possible that Mr. Ade is more at home with the foibles of character and manners than with ideas of character and the motions of the human heart? "The Sultan of Sulu" was the greatest of all fables in slang; but it takes more than this to make a real comedy or a drama. Mr. Ade has, however, the greatest of all assets: youth and restless activity. Something he lately said in an interview for publication indicates that he would really like to write a comedy or a drama. If he wants to hard enough he will.

Mr. Clyde Fitch is such a bundle of contradictory inspirations and ineptitudes as almost to defy analysis. The author of more numerous popular plays than any of his fellows, he is the most fiercely condemned, for he is also the author of many failures, and his defects are as positive as his virtues. With equal force one might contend that among our playwrights he is the most purely a writer of comedy and the most prone to drop into melodrama, the most vigorously sincere and the most lightly artificial, the most exquisitely delicate and the crudely obvious, the most trivial, and—in spite of all—the most momentous.

The clue to all these contradictions? Popular diagnosis is brief and absolute. It is said that Mr. Fitch writes down to the mob-ridden world of Broadway. No charge could be more obviously unjust. Against the decree of manager after manager he stuck to the unhappy ending of "Nathan Hale" and the funeral of "The Climbers," until he finally induced an arch-comedian, Nat Goodwin, to undertake the tragic rôle, and Miss Amelia Bingham to take the leading part in the play satirizing contemporary manners—and succeeded in spite of all. A more plausible explanation of his unevenness is that he writes too much. His answer is that any man writes as he must. "If I go on averaging five plays a year for ten years," he once said, "I shall probably be written out or dead in a decade; but made as I am the result will be better than if I were to write one play a year for fifty years." Mr. Fitch belongs, in fact, to a distinctly recognizable type of temperament which is to be judged only by its inherent laws. Donizetti had it among the musicians. Of his genius his biographer, Mr. Henry F. Chorley, says that it is "an instance of freshness of fancy brought about by incessant manufacture; it learns, it grows while creating." Mr. Fitch's contributions to the advancement of our drama have been far greater than we often stop to realize. When barely of age he wrote "Beau Brummell," giving Mr. Richard Mansfield one of the most salient and effective characters of the American stage. In the era before Pinero's "Mrs. Tanqueray," when it was one of the conventions of the stage that a bad woman should be converted and sanctified in the last act, he made Broadway accept "A Modern Match," in which the heroine was shown at the end as such a woman characteristically becomes—only the more calloused and perverted for a life of evil. In an era in which the unhappy ending was thought fatal to success he made "Nathan Hale" and "Barbara Frietchie" popular even with the matinée girl. Cutting loose from the conventional villain, he made Sam Coast in "Her Own Way" a male creature of the most sordid baseness, yet with a depth of reality and passion in his complex nature—an absolutely American type—that made him positively sympathetic. Flying in the face of the managerial rule of thumb that the chief character of a play should command the entire approval of the audience, he wrote "The Girl with the Green Eyes," a study of feminine jealousy relentlessly real in its exposure of the shallowness and the sordidness of the passion, which relies for its popularity on the large veracity with which the portrait is drawn. With Mr. Thomas's delectable prize-fighter, Kid Garvey, Mr. Fitch's Sam Coast and his Jinny of the green eyes mark the highest point yet achieved in the American drama. In the modern English drama there are several figures that overtop them, such as Pinero's Paula Tanqueray, Jones's Michael, Barrie's Crichton, and Shaw's Candida; but the greater proportions of these are due not so much, perhaps, to inherent quality as to the fact that they are

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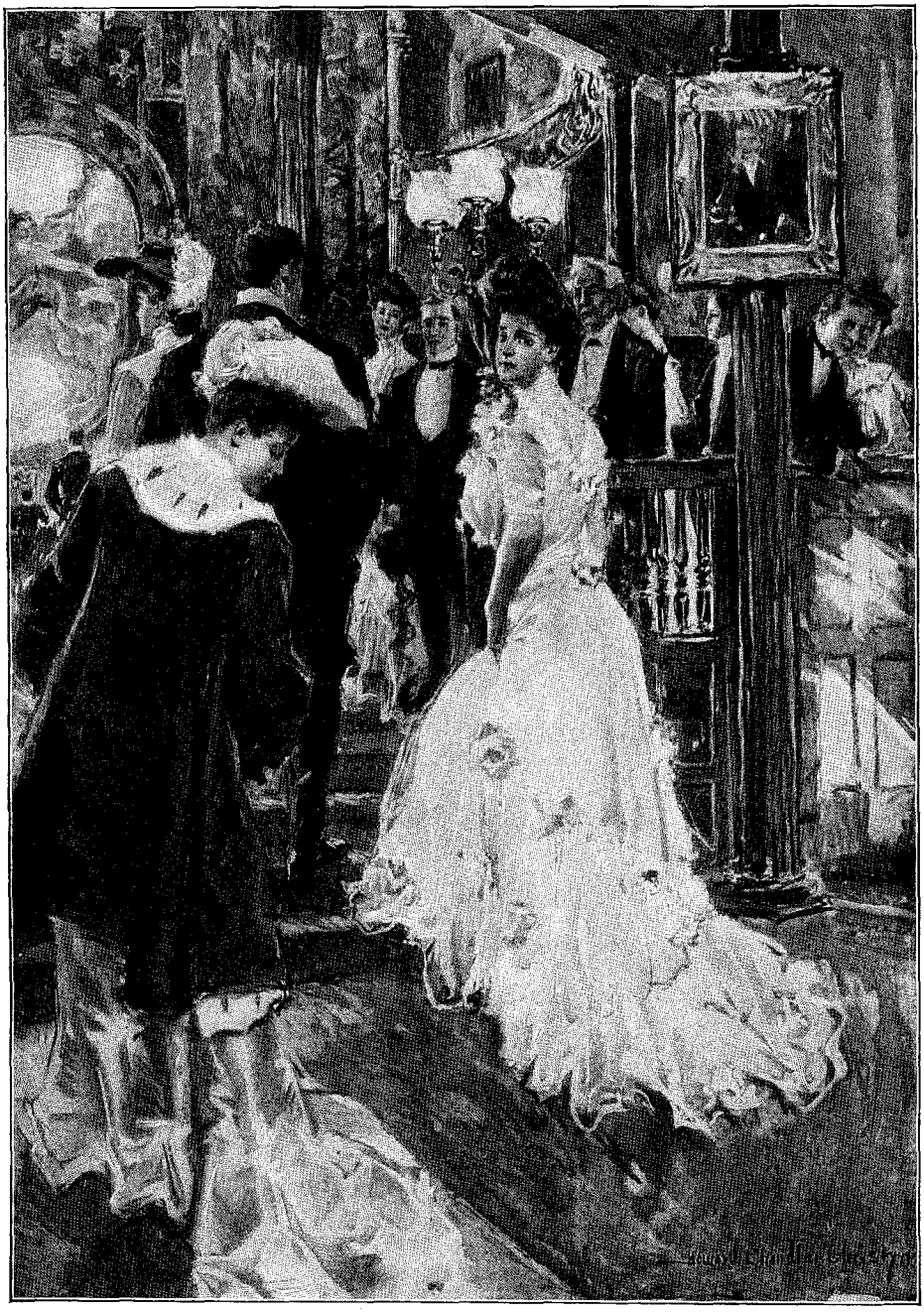

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

A Theatre Lobby.

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an integral part of well-motived and well-knit dramas.

The inferiority of American plays as plays is primarily technical, which means a weakness in constructive intellect. In "The Other Girl," in what is structurally the main situation, Mr. Thomas has resorted to a conventional and somewhat forced situation of self-sacrifice that smacks of melodrama and lets down the tension of the interest whenever it comes to the surface—which is, of course, at what should be the climaxes. With Mr. Fitch, even when he most nearly approaches purity of form, as in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" and "Her Own Way," easy expedients—factitious misunderstandings and theatrical accidents—often take the place of that logic which carries out the struggle of opposing impulses phase by phase to its inevitable conclusion. "The string drama" is what a happy satirist has dubbed this sort of play—the drama in which *genre* pictures and individual characters are strung together loosely, without interdependence and contrast, making a series, not a system.

Related to this failure in technique is a kindred and far more significant failure in the inner vision to conceive two or more characters in attitudes of vital and fundamental opposition to one another—so that the struggle of motives has implications with regard to the great problems of character and society in the general. Looking over the comedies of last season, native and imported, Mr. Howells found that the American plays, while all but on the plane of the best plays from England, fell below them in being merely of personal and domestic interest. "Her Own Way" and "The Other Girl" limit the attention to the lives and loves of the people in the story—social climbers and those who have socially arrived, parsons, pugilists, and passionate maidens; while Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" lures the mind beyond the butler and the earl to a definite satiric view of English class worship, and H. A. Jones's "Whitewashing Julia" and Bernard Shaw's "Candida" frame a very definite satire against the conventionally accepted standards in personal and social morality. It is a brilliant generalization, and one that cannot be too deeply weighed by the American playwright and playgoer, marking the difference between an art that, however true, lives in the details of fleeting manners and personal motives, and an art that is only the more modern and real because it finds its inspiration in the eternal sources of life that flow through the consciousness of a whole race and age.

Is there hope that the playwrights of Broadway will achieve this deeper and more abiding art? Personally, I think there is, and that it rests mainly with the playwright who has as yet received least critical encouragement. Year by year, Mr. Fitch has steadily broadened and strengthened, learning by his failures as by his successes. One step more will place him among the little band of playwrights who have brought the English-speaking drama to a point it has not reached since Sheridan and Goldsmith. This year, in "The Coronet of the Duchess" he attempted for the first time a theme of large social implications—that of international marriages. He treated it with a simplicity, sincerity, coherence, and grasp of character worthy of Henry Becque and the French realists. But for some reason the sheer power of dramatic writing failed him, and then, too, perhaps, the intimate truth of the characters, their salient and sometimes sordid reality, placed the whole beyond the knowledge and the sympathies of Broadway. The play was universally condemned, for the most part with flagrant injustice. Would a more vigorous attempt have succeeded? I think it would have, and moreover, that if any of our playwrights has the intelligence and ambition to make it, it is Mr. Fitch.

It is hard for a playwright to rise above his source. Fifth Avenue, plus the Tenderloin and the matinée girl—Broadway of the dazzled throngs! What does it care for the problems and the passions that lead to a purer spiritual understanding of the individual, to a deeper comprehension of society at large? How should one hope to see heaven through the glare of these terrestrial lights and stars? It is precarious to trust only to the courage and ambition of the popular playwright, dependent upon the whims of the hour.

V

In his article on the tonic value of tragedy, Mark Twain outlined the safer way. It is to equip a permanent art theatre.

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Supper—After the Play

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That we have, by and large, the most numerous and the most intelligent public in the modern world has been conceded by most or all of the great actors who have visited us. But the public to which the highest art appeals is not, properly speaking, the public of Broadway. It is the public that the commercial manager leaves out of the reckoning in all but exceptional instances.

What we need is to organize this public independently of the exigencies of commercial managers, so that the great dramas of the world may be kept alive, and every new impulse to express modern life and thought in the theatre shall have quick encouragement. Is it not preposterous that the drama, which at its best is the greatest of all arts, should be neglected by people speaking the language of Shakespeare, while painting and music are liberally endowed? It is a commonplace among the indifferent and the retrograde that the public always gets as good as it deserves. Does it? As long as the Greek drama was tethered to the popular cart of Thespis, we hear nothing of the dramatic poets. Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, Aristophanes and Menander wrote for a spacious theatre built for and by the people. Cervantes wrote for wandering actors, and starved. Lope de Vega and Calderon wrote for the established theatre of the court, and flourished. Corneille, Racine, and Molière wrote under the patronage of the Grande Monarque. Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller gained their prominence in connection with state theatres. Even the theatre of Shakespeare, perhaps the most popular in the history of the drama, was under court patronage, and Shakespeare himself built up his independence, or so it is said, as the client of the Earl of Southampton. It is happily true that no drama can be truly great which does not spring from the heart of the people; but, happily or unhappily, it is also true that the heart of the people has expressed itself most nobly and permanently when the art of the drama is free of the exigencies of a purely popular existence.

The cost would not be great. The Théâtre Français, perhaps the most liberally subventioned theatre in the world, has its building and $48,000 a year. The municipal theatres in the smaller French cities cost some $10,000 a year. In America, with our greater wealth, distributed among greater numbers, it is possible—many think it certain—that a great repertory theatre could be made to pay a profit. If it were to cost as much here as abroad, however, the loss must not be put down as a loss to the community. Even the cost of the Théâtre Français flows back through the channels of trade, for thousands yearly visit Paris attracted by the repertory of classical and modern plays, and while they are there spend hundreds of thousands of dollars. On the Continent people realize, as we seldom realize, the truth of the saying that art pays.

We are learning rapidly. Last year Mr. Ben Greet's careful and modestly excellent stock company gave performances of Shakespeare that were justly appreciated and well patronized. Mr. Arnold Daly's productions of Bernard Shaw's "Candida" ran, in a small way, for over a hundred nights. Most hopeful sign of all, it is the matinée girl of refinement and intelligence who has been most appreciative of these promising ventures. That there is a public in America able and willing to support dramatic art of the first order is beyond question. All it needs is to be organized. Time will come, and it will not be many decades hence, when the people in all the great American cities will have permanent repertory theatres in which it will be possible to see beyond the lights and stars of Broadway.

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THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. WENZELL

BOOK I—(Continued)

III

BRIDGE at Bellomont usually lasted till the small hours; and when Lily went to bed that night she had played too long for her own good.

Feeling no desire for the self-communion which awaited her in her room, she lingered on the broad stairway, looking down into the hall below, where the last card-players were grouped about the tray of tall glasses and silver-collared decanters which the butler had just placed on a low table near the fire.

The hall was arcaded, with a gallery supported on columns of pale yellow marble. Tall clumps of flowering plants were grouped against a background of dark foliage in the angles of the walls. On the crimson carpet a deer-hound and two or three spaniels dozed luxuriously before the fire, and the light from the great central lantern overhead shed a brightness on the women's hair and struck sparks from their jewels as they moved.

There were moments when such scenes delighted Lily, when they gratified her sense of beauty and her craving for the external finish of life; there were others when they gave a sharper edge to the meagreness of her own opportunities. This was one of the moments when the sense of contrast was uppermost, and she turned away impatiently as Mrs. George Dorset, glittering in serpentine spangles, drew Percy Gryce in her wake to a confidential nook beneath the gallery.

It was not that Miss Bart was afraid of losing her newly-acquired hold over Mr. Gryce. Mrs. Dorset might startle or dazzle him, but she had neither the skill nor the patience to effect his capture. She was too self-engrossed to penetrate the recesses of his shyness, and besides, why should she care to give herself the trouble? At most it might amuse her to make sport of his simplicity for an evening—after that he would be merely a burden to her, and knowing this, she was far too experienced to encourage him. But the mere thought of that other woman, who could take a man up and toss him aside as she willed, without having to regard him as a possible factor in her plans, filled Lily Bart with envy. She had been bored all the afternoon by Percy Gryce—the mere thought seemed to waken an echo of his droning voice—but she could not ignore him on the morrow, she must follow up her success, must submit to more boredom, must be ready with fresh compliances and adaptabilities, and all on the bare chance that he might ultimately decide to do her the honour of boring her for life.

It was a hateful fate—but how escape from it? What choice had she? To be herself, or a Gerty Farish. As she entered her bedroom, with its softly-shaded lights, her lace dressing-gown lying across the silken bedspread, her little embroidered slippers before the fire, a vase of carnations filling the air with perfume, and the last novels and magazines lying uncut on a table beside the reading-lamp, she had a vision of Miss Farish's cramped flat, with its cheap conveniences and hideous wall-papers. No; she was not made for mean and shabby surroundings, for the squalid compromises of poverty. Her whole being dilated in an atmosphere of luxury; it was the background she required, the only climate she could breathe in. But the luxury of others was not what she wanted. A few years ago it had sufficed her: she had taken her daily meed of pleasure without caring who provided it. Now she was beginning to chafe at the obligations it imposed: to feel herself a mere pensioner on the splendour which had once seemed to belong to her. There were even moments when she was conscious of having to pay her way.

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Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

She lingered on the broad stairway, looking down into the hall below.—Page 143.

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THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. WENZELL

BOOK I—(Continued)

VIII

THE first thousand dollar cheque which Lily received with a blotted scrawl from Gus Trenor strengthened her self-confidence in the exact degree to which it effaced her debts.

The transaction had justified itself by its results: she saw now how absurd it would have been to let any primitive scruple deprive her of this easy means of appeasing her creditors. Lily felt really virtuous as she dispensed the sum in sops to her tradesmen, and the fact that a fresh order accompanied each payment did not lessen her sense of disinterestedness. How many women, in her place, would have given the orders without making the payment!

She had found it reassuringly easy to keep Trenor in a good humour. To listen to his stories, to receive his confidences and laugh at his jokes, seemed for the moment all that was required of her, and the complacency with which her hostess regarded these attentions freed them of the least hint of ambiguity. Mrs. Trenor evidently assumed that Lily's growing intimacy with her husband was simply an indirect way of returning her own kindness.

"I'm so glad you and Gus have become such good friends," she said approvingly. "It's too delightful of you to be so nice to him, and put up with all his tiresome stories. I know what they are, because I had to listen to them when we were engaged—I'm sure he is telling the same ones still. And now I shan't always have to be asking Carry Fisher here to keep him in a good-humour. She's a perfect vulture, you know; and she hasn't the least moral sense. She is always getting Gus to speculate for her, and I'm sure she never pays when she loses."

Miss Bart could shudder at this state of things without the embarrassment of a personal application. Her own position was surely quite different. There could be no question of her not paying when she lost, since Trenor had assured her that she was certain not to lose. In sending her the cheque he had explained that he had made five thousand for her out of Rosedale's "tip," and had put four thousand back in the same venture, as there was the promise of another "big rise"; she understood therefore that he was now speculating with her own money, and that she consequently owed him no more than the gratitude which such a trifling service demanded. She vaguely supposed that, to raise the first sum, he had borrowed on her securities; but this was a point over which her curiosity did not linger. It was concentrated, for the moment, on the probable date of the next "big rise."

The news of this event was received by her some weeks later, on the occasion of Jack Stepney's marriage to Miss Van Osburgh. As a cousin of the bridegroom, Miss Bart had been asked to act as bridesmaid; but she had declined on the plea that, since she was much taller than the other attendant virgins, her presence might mar the symmetry of the group. The truth was, she had attended too many brides to the altar: when next seen there she meant to be the chief figure in the ceremony. She knew the pleasantries made at the expense of young girls who have been too long before the public, and she was resolved to avoid such assumptions of youthfulness as might lead people to think her older than she really was.

The Van Osburgh marriage was celebrated in the village church near the paternal estate on the Hudson. It was the "simple country wedding" to which guests are convoyed in special trains, and from which the hordes of the uninvited have to be fended off by the intervention of the police. While these sylvan rites were taking place, in a church packed with fashion and festooned

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with orchids, the representatives of the press were threading their way, note-book in hand, through the labyrinth of wedding presents, and the agent of a cinematograph syndicate was setting up his apparatus at the church door. It was the kind of scene in which Lily had often pictured herself as taking the principal part, and on this occasion the fact that she was once more merely a casual spectator, instead of the mystically veiled figure occupying the centre of attention, strengthened her resolve to assume the latter part before the year was over. The fact that her immediate anxieties were relieved did not blind her to a possibility of their recurrence; it merely gave her enough buoyancy to rise once more above her doubts and feel a renewed faith in her beauty, her power, and her general fitness to attract a brilliant destiny. It could not be that one conscious of such aptitudes for mastery and enjoyment was doomed to a perpetuity of failure; and her mistakes looked easily reparable in the light of her restored self-confidence.

A special appositeness was given to these reflexions by the discovery, in a neighbouring pew, of the serious profile and neatly-trimmed beard of Mr. Percy Gryce. There was something almost bridal in his own aspect: his large white gardenia had a symbolic air that struck Lily as a good omen. After all, seen in an assemblage of his kind he was not ridiculous-looking: a friendly critic might have called his heaviness weighty, and he was at his best in the attitude of vacant passivity which brings out the oddities of the restless. She fancied he was the kind of man whose sentimental associations would be stirred by the conventional imagery of a wedding, and she pictured herself, in the seclusion of the Van Osburgh conservatories, playing skilfully upon sensibilities thus prepared for her touch. In fact, when she looked at the other women about her, and recalled the image she had brought away from her own glass, it did not seem as though any special skill would be needed to repair her blunder and bring him once more to her feet.

The sight of Selden's dark head, in a pew almost facing her, disturbed for a moment the balance of her complacency. The rise of her blood as their eyes met was succeeded by a contrary motion, a wave of resistance and withdrawal. She did not wish to see him again, not because she feared his influence, but because his presence always had the effect of cheapening her aspirations, of throwing her whole world out of focus. Besides, he was a living reminder of the worst mistake in her career, and the fact that he had been its cause did not soften her feelings toward him. She could still imagine an ideal state of existence in which, all else being superadded, intercourse with Selden might be the last touch of luxury; but in the world as it was, such a privilege was likely to cost more than it was worth.

"Lily, dear, I never saw you look so lovely! You look as if something delightful had just happened to you!"

The young lady who thus formulated her admiration of her brilliant friend did not, in her own person, suggest such happy possibilities. Miss Gertrude Farish, in fact, typified the mediocre and the ineffectual. If there were compensating qualities in her wide, frank glance and the freshness of her smile, these were qualities which only the sympathetic observer would perceive before noticing that her eyes were of a work-aday grey and her lips without haunting curves. Lily's own view of her wavered between pity for her limitations and impatience at her cheerful acceptance of them. To Miss Bart, as to her mother, acquiescence in dinginess was evidence of stupidity; and there were moments when, in the consciousness of her own power to look and to be so exactly what the occasion required, she almost felt that other girls were plain and inferior from choice. Certainly no one need have confessed such acquiescence in her lot as was revealed in the "useful" colour of Gerty Farish's gown and the subdued lines of her hat: it is almost as stupid to let your clothes betray that you know you are ugly as to have them proclaim that you think you are beautiful.

Of course, being fatally poor and dingy, it was wise of Gerty to have taken up philanthropy and symphony concerts; but there was something irritating in her assumption that existence yielded no higher pleasures, and that one might get as much interest and excitement out of life in a cramped flat as in the splendours of the Van Osburgh establishment. Today, however, her chirping enthusiasms did not irritate Lily. They seemed only to throw her own exceptionalness into becoming relief, and give a soaring vastness to her scheme of life.

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"Do let us go and take a peep at the presents before every one else leaves the dining-room!" suggested Miss Farish, linking her arm in her friend's. It was characteristic of her to take a sentimental and unenvious interest in all the details of a wedding: she was the kind of a person who always kept her handkerchief out during the service, and departed clutching a box of wedding-cake.

"Isn't everything beautifully done?" she pursued, as they entered the distant drawing-room assigned to the display of Miss Van Osburgh's bridal spoils. "I always say no one does things better than cousin Grace! Did you ever taste anything more delicious than that *mousse* of lobster with champagne sauce? I made up my mind weeks ago that I wouldn't miss this wedding, and just fancy how delightfully it all came about. When Lawrence Selden heard I was coming, he insisted on fetching me himself and driving me to the station, and when we go back this evening I am to dine with him at Sherry's. I really feel as excited as if I were getting married myself!"

Lily smiled: she knew that Selden had always been kind to his dull cousin, and had sometimes wondered why he wasted so much time in such an unremunerative manner; but now the thought gave her a vague pleasure.

"Do you see him often?" she asked.

"Yes; he is very good about dropping in on Sundays. And now and then we do a play together; but lately I haven't seen much of him. He doesn't look well, and he seems nervous and unsettled. The dear fellow! I do wish he would marry some nice girl. I told him so today, but he said he didn't care for the really nice ones, and the other kind didn't care for him—but that was just his joke, of course. He could never marry a girl who *wasn't* nice. Oh, my dear, did you ever see such pearls?"

They had paused before the table on which the bride's jewels were displayed, and Lily's heart gave an envious throb as she caught the refraction of light from their surfaces—the milky gleam of perfectly matched pearls, the flash of rubies relieved against contrasting velvet, the intense blue rays of sapphires kindled into light by surrounding diamonds: all these precious tints enhanced and deepened by the varied art of their setting. The glow of the stones warmed Lily's veins like wine. More completely than any other expression of wealth they symbolized the life she longed to lead, the life of fastidious aloofness and refinement in which every detail should have the finish of a jewel, and the whole form a harmonious setting to her own jewel-like rareness.

"Oh, Lily, do look at this diamond pendant—it's as big as a dinner-plate! Who can have given it?" Miss Farish bent short-sightedly over the accompanying card. "*Mr. Simon Rosedale.* What, that horrid man? Oh, yes—I remember he's a friend of Jack's, and I suppose cousin Grace had to ask him here today; but she must rather hate having to let Gwen accept such a present from him."

Lily smiled. She doubted Mrs. Van Osburgh's reluctance, but was aware of Miss Farish's habit of ascribing her own delicacies to the persons least likely to be encumbered by them.

"Well, if Gwen doesn't care to be seen wearing it she can always exchange it for something else," she remarked.

"Ah, here is something so much prettier," Miss Farish continued. "Do look at this exquisite white sapphire. I'm sure the person who chose it must have taken particular pains. What is the name? Percy Gryce? Ah, then I'm not surprised!" She smiled significantly as she replaced the card. "Of course you've heard that he's perfectly devoted to Evie Van Osburgh? Cousin Grace is so pleased about it—it's quite a romance! He met her first at the George Dorsets', only about six weeks ago, and it's just the nicest possible marriage for dear Evie. Oh, I don't mean the money—of course she has plenty of her own—but she's such a quiet stay-at-home kind of girl, and it seems he has just the same tastes; so they are exactly suited to each other."

Lily stood staring vacantly at the white sapphire on its velvet bed. Evie Van Osburgh and Percy Gryce? The names rang derisively through her brain. *Evie Van Osburgh?* The youngest, dumpiest, dullest of the four dull and dumpy daughters whom Mrs. Van Osburgh, with unsurpassed astuteness, had "placed" one by one in enviable niches of existence! Ah, lucky girls who grow up in the shelter of a mother's love—a mother who knows how to contrive opportunities without conceding favours, how to take advantage of propinquity without allowing appetite to be dulled by habit!

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The cleverest girl may miscalculate where her own interests are concerned, may yield too much at one moment and withdraw too far at the next: it takes a mother's unerring vigilance and foresight to land her daughters safely in the arms of wealth and suitability.

Lily's passing light-heartedness sank beneath a renewed sense of failure. Life was too stupid, too blundering! Why should Percy Gryce's millions be joined to another great fortune, why should this clumsy girl be put in possession of powers she would never know how to use?

She was roused from these speculations by a familiar touch on her arm, and turning saw Gus Trenor beside her. She felt a thrill of vexation: what right had he to touch her? Luckily Gerty Farish had wandered off to the next table, and they were alone.

Trenor, looking stouter than ever in his tight frock-coat, and unbecomingly flushed by the bridal libations, gazed at her with undisguised approval.

"By Jove, Lily, you do look a stunner!" He had slipped insensibly into the use of her Christian name, and she had never found the right moment to correct him. Besides, in her set all the men and women called each other by their Christian names; it was only on Trenor's lips that the familiar address had an unpleasant significance.

"Well," he continued, still jovially impervious to her annoyance, "have you made up your mind which of these little trinkets you mean to duplicate at Tiffany's tomorrow? I've got a cheque for you in my pocket that will go a long way in that line!"

Lily gave him a startled look: his voice was louder than usual, and the room was beginning to fill with people. But as her glance assured her that they were still beyond ear-shot a sense of pleasure replaced her apprehension.

"Another dividend?" she asked, smiling and drawing near him in the desire not to be overheard.

"Well, not exactly: I sold out on the rise and I've pulled off four thou' for you. Not so bad for a beginner, eh? I suppose you'll begin to think you're a pretty knowing speculator. And perhaps you won't think poor old Gus such an awful ass as some people do."

"I think you the kindest of friends; but I can't thank you properly now."

She let her eyes shine into his with a look that made up for the hand-clasp he would have claimed if they had been alone—and how glad she was that they were not! The news filled her with the glow produced by a sudden cessation of physical pain. The world was not so stupid and blundering after all: now and then a stroke of luck came to the unluckiest. At the thought her spirits began to rise: it was characteristic of her that one trifling piece of good fortune should give wings to all her hopes. Instantly came the reflection that Percy Gryce was not irretrievably lost; and she smiled to think of the excitement of recapturing him from Evie Van Osburgh. What chance could such a simpleton have against her if she chose to exert herself? She glanced about, hoping to catch a glimpse of Gryce; but her eyes lit instead on the glossy countenance of Mr. Rosedale, who was slipping through the crowd with an air half obsequious, half obtrusive, as though, the moment his presence was recognized, it would swell to the dimensions of the room.

Not wishing to be the means of effecting this enlargement, Lily quickly transferred her glance to Trenor, to whom the expression of her gratitude seemed not to have brought the complete gratification she had meant it to give.

"Hang thanking me—I don't want to be thanked, but I *should* like the chance to say two words to you now and then," he grumbled. "I thought you were going to spend the whole autumn with us, and I've hardly laid eyes on you for the last month. Why can't you come back to Bellomont this evening? We're all alone, and Judy is as cross as two sticks. Do come and cheer a fellow up. If you say yes I'll run you over in the motor, and you can telephone your maid to bring your traps from town by the next train."

Lily shook her head with a charming semblance of regret. "I wish I could—but it's quite impossible. My aunt has come back to town, and I must be with her for the next few days."

"Well, I've seen a good deal less of you since we've got to be such pals than I used to when you were Judy's friend," he continued with unconscious penetration.

"When I was Judy's friend? Am I not her friend still? Really, you say the most absurd things! If I were always at Bellomont you would tire of me much sooner than Judy—but come and see me at my

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aunt's the next afternoon you are in town; then we can have a nice quiet talk, and you can tell me how I had better invest my fortune."

It was true that, during the last three or four weeks, she had absented herself from Bellomont on the pretext of having other visits to pay; but she now began to feel that the reckoning she had thus contrived to evade had rolled up interest in the interval.

The prospect of the nice quiet talk did not appear as all-sufficing to Trenor as she had hoped, and his brows continued to lower as he said: "Oh, I don't know that I can promise you a fresh tip every day. But there's one thing you might do for me; and that is, just to be a little civil to Rosedale. Judy has promised to ask him to dine when we get to town, but I can't induce her to have him at Bellomont, and if you would let me bring him up now it would make a lot of difference. I don't believe two women have spoken to him this afternoon, and I can tell you he's a chap it pays to be decent to."

Miss Bart made an impatient movement, but suppressed the words which seemed about to accompany it. After all, this was an unexpectedly easy way of acquitting her debt; and had she not reasons of her own for wishing to be civil to Mr. Rosedale?

"Oh, bring him by all means," she said smiling; "perhaps I can get a tip out of him on my own account."

Trenor paused abruptly, and his eyes fixed themselves on hers with a look which made her change colour.

"I say, you know—you'll please remember he's a blooming bounder," he said; and with a slight laugh she turned toward the open window near which they had been standing.

The throng in the room had increased, and she felt a desire for space and fresh air. Both of these she found on the terrace, where only a few men were lingering over cigarettes and liqueur, while scattered couples strolled across the lawn to the autumn-tinted borders of the flower-garden.

As she emerged, a man moved toward her from the knot of smokers, and she found herself face to face with Selden. The stir of the pulses which his nearness always caused was increased by a slight sense of constraint. They had not met since their Sunday afternoon walk at Bellomont, and that episode was still so vivid to her that she could hardly believe him to be less conscious of it. But his greeting expressed no more than the satisfaction which every pretty woman expects to see reflected in masculine eyes; and the discovery, if distasteful to her vanity, was reassuring to her nerves. Between the relief of her escape from Trenor, and the vague apprehension of her meeting with Rosedale, it was pleasant to rest a moment on the sense of complete understanding which Lawrence Selden's manner always conveyed.

"This is luck," he said smiling. "I was wondering if I should be able to have a word with you before the special snatches us away. I came with Gerty Farish, and promised not to let her miss the train, but I am sure she is still extracting sentimental solace from the wedding presents. She appears to regard their number and value as evidence of the disinterested affection of the contracting parties."

There was not the least trace of embarrassment in his voice, and as he spoke, leaning slightly against the jamb of the window, and letting his eyes rest on her in the frank enjoyment of her grace, she felt with a faint chill of regret that he had gone back without an effort to the footing on which they had stood before their last talk together. Her vanity was stung by the sight of his unscathed smile. She longed to be to him something more than a piece of sentient prettiness, a passing diversion to his eye and brain; and the longing betrayed itself in her reply.

"Ah," she said, "I envy Gerty that power she has of dressing up with romance all our ugly and prosaic arrangements! I have never recovered my self-respect since you showed me how poor and unimportant my ambitions were."

The words were hardly spoken when she realized their infelicity. It seemed to be her fate to appear at her worst to Selden.

"I thought, on the contrary," he returned lightly, "that I had been the means of proving they were more important to you than anything else."

It was as if the eager current of her being had been checked by a sudden obstacle which drove it back upon itself. She looked at him helplessly, like a hurt or frightened child: this real self of hers, which he had the faculty of drawing out of the depths, was so little accustomed to go alone!

The appeal of her helplessness touched

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in him, as it always did, a latent chord of inclination. It would have meant nothing to him to discover that his nearness made her more brilliant, but this glimpse of a twilight mood to which he alone had the clue seemed once more to set him in a world apart with her.

"At least you can't think worse things of me than you say!" she exclaimed with a trembling laugh; but before he could answer, the flow of comprehension between them was abruptly stayed by the reappearance of Gus Trenor, who advanced with Mr. Rosedale in his wake.

"Hang it, Lily, I thought you'd given me the slip: Rosedale and I have been hunting all over for you!"

His voice had a note of conjugal familiarity: Miss Bart fancied she detected in Rosedale's eye a twinkling perception of the fact, and the idea turned her dislike of him to repugnance.

She returned his profound bow with a slight nod, made more disdainful by the sense of Selden's surprise that she should number Rosedale among her acquaintances. Trenor had turned away, and his companion continued to stand before Miss Bart, alert and expectant, his lips parted in a smile at whatever she might be about to say, and his very back conscious of the privilege of being seen with her.

It was the moment for tact; for the quick bridging over of gaps; but Selden still leaned against the window, a detached observer of the scene, and under the spell of his observation Lily felt herself powerless to exert her usual arts. The dread of Selden's suspecting that there was any need for her to propitiate such a man as Rosedale checked the trivial phrases of politeness. Rosedale still stood before her in an expectant attitude, and she continued to face him in silence, her glance just level with his polished baldness. The look put the finishing touch to what her silence implied.

He reddened slowly, shifting from one foot to the other, fingered the plump black pearl in his tie, and gave a nervous twist to his moustache; then, running his eye over her, he drew back, and said, with a side-glance at Selden: "Upon my soul, I never saw a more ripping get-up. Is that the last creation of the dress-maker you go to see at the Benedick? If so, I wonder all the other women don't go to her too!"

The words were projected sharply against Lily's silence, and she saw in a flash that her own act had given them their emphasis. In ordinary talk they might have passed unheeded; but following on her prolonged pause they acquired a special meaning. She felt, without looking, that Selden had immediately seized it, and would inevitably connect the allusion with her visit to himself. The consciousness increased her irritation against Rosedale, but also her feeling that now, if ever, was the moment to propitiate him, hateful as it was to do so in Selden's presence.

"How do you know the other women don't go to my dress-maker?" she returned. "You see I'm not afraid to give her address to my friends!"

Her glance and accent so plainly included Rosedale in this privileged circle that his small eyes puckered with gratification, and a knowing smile drew up his moustache.

"By Jove, you needn't be!" he declared. "You could give 'em the whole outfit and win at a canter!"

"Ah, that's nice of you; and it would be nicer still if you would carry me off to a quiet corner, and get me a glass of lemonade or some innocent drink before we all have to rush for the train."

She turned away as she spoke, letting him strut at her side through the gathering groups on the terrace, while every nerve in her throbbed with the consciousness of what Selden must have thought of the scene.

But under her angry sense of the perverseness of things, and the light surface of her talk with Rosedale, a third idea persisted: she did not mean to leave without an attempt to discover the truth about Percy Gryce. Chance, or perhaps his own resolve, had kept them apart since his hasty withdrawal from Bellomont; but Miss Bart was an expert in making the most of the unexpected, and the distasteful incidents of the last few minutes—the revelation to Selden of precisely that part of her life which she most wished him to ignore—increased her longing for shelter, for escape from such humiliating contingencies. Any definite situation would be more tolerable than this buffeting of chances, which kept her in an attitude of uneasy alertness toward every possibility of life.

Indoors there was a general sense of dispersal in the air, as of an audience gathering

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itself up for departure after the principal actors had left the stage; but among the remaining groups, Lily could discover neither Gryce nor the youngest Miss Van Osburgh. That both should be missing struck her with foreboding; and she charmed Mr. Rosedale by proposing that they should make their way to the conservatories at the farther end of the house. There were just enough people left in the long suite of rooms to make their progress conspicuous, and Lily was aware of being followed by looks of amusement and interrogation, which glanced off as harmlessly from her indifference as from her companion's self-satisfaction. She cared very little at that moment about being seen with Rosedale: all her thoughts were centred on the object of her search. The latter, however, was not discoverable in the conservatories, and Lily, oppressed by a sudden conviction of failure, was casting about for a way to rid herself of her now superfluous companion, when they came upon Mrs. Van Osburgh, flushed and exhausted, but beaming with the consciousness of duty performed.

She glanced at them a moment with the benign but vacant eye of the tired hostess, to whom her guests have become mere whirling spots in a kaleidoscope of fatigue; then her attention became suddenly fixed, and she seized on Miss Bart with a confidential gesture.

"My dear Lily, I haven't had time for a word with you, and now I suppose you are just off. Have you seen Evie? She's been looking everywhere for you: she wanted to tell you her little secret; but I daresay you have guessed it already. The engagement is not to be announced till next week —but you are such a friend of Mr. Gryce's that they both wished you to be the first to know of their happiness."

IX

IN Mrs. Peniston's youth, fashion had returned to town in October; therefore on the tenth day of the month the blinds of her Fifth Avenue residence were drawn up, and the eyes of the Dying Gladiator in bronze who occupied the drawing-room window resumed their survey of that deserted thoroughfare.

The first two weeks after her return represented to Mrs. Peniston the domestic equivalent of a religious retreat. She "went through" the linen and blankets in the precise spirit of the penitent exploring the inner folds of conscience; she sought for moths as the stricken soul seeks for lurking infirmities. The topmost shelf of every closet was made to yield up its secret, cellar and coal-bin were probed to their darkest depths and, as a final stage in the lustral rites, the entire house was swathed in penitential white and deluged with expiatory soapsuds.

It was on this phase of the proceedings that Miss Bart entered on the afternoon of her return from the Van Osburgh wedding. The journey back to town had not been calculated to soothe her nerves. Though Evie Van Osburgh's engagement was still officially a secret, it was one of which the innumerable intimate friends of the family were already possessed; and the trainful of returning guests buzzed with allusions and anticipations. Lily was acutely aware of her own part in this drama of innuendo: she knew the exact quality of the amusement the situation evoked. The crude forms in which her friends took their pleasure included a loud enjoyment of such complications: the zest of surprising destiny in the act of playing a practical joke. Lily knew well enough how to bear herself in difficult situations. She had, to a shade, the exact manner between victory and defeat: every insinuation was shed without an effort by the bright indifference of her manner. But she was beginning to feel the strain of the attitude; the reaction was more rapid, and she lapsed to a deeper self-disgust.

As was always the case with her, this moral repulsion found a physical outlet in a quickened distaste for her surroundings. She revolted from the complacent ugliness of Mrs. Peniston's black walnut, from the slippery gloss of the vestibule tiles, and the mingled odour of sapolio and furniture-polish that met her at the door.

The stairs were still carpetless, and on the way up to her room she was arrested on the landing by an encroaching tide of soapsuds. Gathering up her skirts, she drew aside with an impatient gesture; and as she did so she had the odd sensation of having already found herself in the same situation but in different surroundings. It seemed to her that she was again descending the staircase from Selden's rooms; and looking down to

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remonstrate with the dispenser of the soapy flood, she found herself met by a lifted stare which had once before confronted her under similar circumstances. It was the charwoman of the Benedick who, resting on crimson elbows, examined her with the same unflinching curiosity, the same apparent reluctance to let her pass. On this occasion, however, Miss Bart was on her own ground.

"Don't you see that I wish to go by? Please move your pail," she said sharply.

The woman at first seemed not to hear; then, without a word of excuse, she pushed back her pail and dragged a wet floor-cloth across the landing, keeping her eyes fixed on Lily while the latter swept by. It was insufferable that Mrs. Peniston should have such creatures about the house; and Lily entered her room resolved that the woman should be dismissed that evening.

Mrs. Peniston, however, was at the moment inaccessible to remonstrance: since early morning she had been shut up with her maid, going over her furs, a process which formed the culminating episode in the drama of household renovation. In the evening also Lily found herself alone, for her aunt, who rarely dined out, had responded to the summons of a Van Alstyne cousin who was passing through town. The house, in its state of unnatural immaculateness and order, was as dreary as a tomb, and as Lily, turning from her brief repast between shrouded sideboards, wandered into the newly-uncovered glare of the drawing-room she felt as though she were buried alive in the stifling limits of Mrs. Peniston's existence.

She usually contrived to avoid being at home during the season of domestic renewal. On the present occasion, however, a variety of reasons had combined to bring her to town; and foremost among them was the fact that she had fewer invitations than usual for the autumn. She had so long been accustomed to pass from one country-house to another, till the close of the holidays brought her friends to town, that the unfilled gaps of time confronting her produced a sharp sense of waning popularity. It was as she had said to Selden—people were tired of her. They would welcome her in a new character, but as Miss Bart they knew her by heart. She knew herself by heart too, and was sick of the old story. There were moments when she longed blindly for anything different, anything strange, remote and untried; but the utmost reach of her imagination did not go beyond picturing her usual life in a new setting. She could not figure herself as anywhere but in a drawing-room, diffusing elegance as a flower sheds perfume.

Meanwhile, as October advanced she had to face the alternative of returning to the Trenors or joining her aunt in town. Even the desolating dulness of New York in October, and the soapy discomforts of Mrs. Peniston's interior, seemed preferable to what might await her at Bellomont; and with an air of heroic devotion she announced her intention of remaining with her aunt till the holidays.

Sacrifices of this nature are sometimes received with feelings as mixed as those which actuate them; and Mrs. Peniston remarked to her confidential maid that, if any of the family were to be with her at such a crisis (though for forty years she had been thought competent to see to the hanging of her own curtains), she would certainly have preferred Miss Grace to Miss Lily. Grace Stepney was an obscure cousin, of adaptable manners and vicarious interests, who "ran in" to sit with Mrs. Peniston when Lily dined out too continuously; who played bézique, picked up dropped stitches, read out the deaths from the Times, and sincerely admired the purple satin drawing-room curtains, the Dying Gladiator in the window, and the seven-by-five painting of Niagara which represented the one artistic excess of Mr. Peniston's temperate career.

Mrs. Peniston, under ordinary circumstances, was as much bored by her excellent cousin as the recipient of such services usually is by the person who performs them. She greatly preferred the brilliant and unreliable Lily, who did not know one end of a crochet-needle from the other, and had frequently wounded her susceptibilities by suggesting that the drawing-room should be "done over." But when it came to hunting for missing napkins, or helping to decide whether the backstairs needed recarpeting, Grace's judgment was certainly sounder than Lily's: not to mention the fact that the latter resented the smell of beeswax and brown soap, and behaved as though she thought a house ought to keep clean of itself, without extraneous assistance.

Seated under the cheerless blaze of the drawing-room chandelier—Mrs. Peniston never lit the lamps unless there was "com-

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pany"—Lily seemed to watch her own figure retreating down vistas of neutral-tinted dulness to a middle age like Grace Stepney's. When she ceased to amuse Judy Trenor and her friends she would have to fall back on amusing Mrs. Peniston; whichever way she looked she saw only a future of servitude to the whims of others, never the possibility of asserting her own eager individuality.

A ring at the door-bell, sounding emphatically through the empty house, roused her suddenly to the extent of her boredom. It was as though all the weariness of the past months had culminated in the vacuity of that interminable evening. If only the ring meant a summons from the outer world—a token that she was still remembered and wanted!

After some delay a parlour-maid presented herself with the announcement that there was a person outside who was asking to see Miss Bart; and on Lily's pressing for a more specific description, she added:

"It's Mrs. Haffen, Miss; she wont say what she wants."

Lily, to whom the name conveyed nothing, opened the door upon a woman in a battered bonnet, who stood firmly planted under the hall-light. The glare of the unshaded gas shone familiarly on her pock-marked face and the reddish baldness visible through thin strands of straw-coloured hair. Lily looked at the char-woman in surprise.

"Do you wish to see me?" she asked.

"I should like to say a word to you, Miss." The tone was neither aggressive nor conciliatory: it revealed nothing of the speaker's errand. Nevertheless, some precautionary instinct warned Lily to withdraw beyond ear-shot of the hovering parlour-maid.

She signed to Mrs. Haffen to follow her into the drawing-room, and closed the door when they had entered.

"What is it that you wish?" she enquired.

The char-woman, after the manner of her kind, stood with her arms folded in her shawl. Unwinding the latter, she produced a small parcel wrapped in dirty newspaper.

"I have something here that you might like to see, Miss Bart." She spoke the name with an unpleasant emphasis, as though her knowing it made a part of her reason for being there. To Lily the intonation sounded like a threat.

"You have found something belonging to me?" she asked, extending her hand.

Mrs. Haffen drew back. "Well, if it comes to that, I guess it's mine as much as anybody's," she returned.

Lily looked at her perplexedly. She was sure, now, that her visitor's manner conveyed a threat; but, expert as she was in certain directions, there was nothing in her experience to prepare her for the exact significance of the present scene. She felt, however, that it must be ended as promptly as possible.

"I don't understand; if this parcel is not mine, why have you asked for me?"

The woman was unabashed by the question. She was evidently prepared to answer it, but like all her class she had to go a long way back to make a beginning, and it was only after a pause that she replied: "My husband was janitor to the Benedick till the first of the month; since then he can't get nothing to do."

Lily remained silent, and she continued: "It wasn't no fault of our own, neither: the agent had another man he wanted the place for, and we was put out, bag and baggage, just to suit his fancy. I had a long sickness last winter, and an operation that ate up all we'd put by; and it's hard for me and the children, Haffen being so long out of a job."

After all, then, she had come only to ask Miss Bart to find a place for her husband; or, more probably, to seek the young lady's intervention with Mrs. Peniston. Lily had such an air of always getting what she wanted that she was used to being appealed to as an intermediary, and, relieved of her vague apprehension, she took refuge in the conventional formula.

"I am sorry you have been in trouble," she said.

"Oh, that we have, Miss, and it's on'y just beginning. If on'y we'd 'a got another situation—but the agent, he's dead against us. It ain't no fault of ours, neither, but——"

At this point Lily's impatience overcame her. "If you have anything to say to me ——" she interposed.

The woman's resentment of the rebuff seemed to spur her lagging ideas.

"Yes, Miss; I'm coming to that," she said. She paused again, with her eyes on Lily, and then continued, in a tone of diffuse narrative: "When we was at the

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Benedick I had charge of some of the gentlemen's rooms; leastways, I swep' 'em out on Saturdays. Some of the gentlemen got the greatest sight of letters: I never saw the like of it. Their waste-paper baskets 'd be fairly brimming, and papers falling over on the floor. Maybe havin' so many is how they get so careless. Some of 'em is worse than others. Mr. Selden, Mr. Lawrence Selden, he was always one of the carefullest: burnt his letters in winter, and tore 'em in little bits in summer. But sometimes he'd have so many he'd just bunch 'em together, the way the others did, and tear the lot through once—like this."

While she spoke she had loosened the string from the parcel in her hand, and now she drew forth a letter which she laid on the table between Miss Bart and herself. As she had said, the letter was torn in two; but with a rapid gesture she laid the torn edges together and smoothed out the page.

A wave of indignation swept over Lily. She felt herself in the presence of something vile, as yet but dimly conjectured—the kind of vileness of which people whispered, but which she had never thought of as touching her own life. She drew back with a motion of disgust, but her withdrawal was checked by a sudden discovery: under the glare of Mrs. Peniston's chandelier she had recognized the hand-writing of the letter. It was a large disjointed hand, with a flourish of masculinity which but slightly disguised its rambling weakness, and the words, scrawled in heavy ink on pale-tinted note-paper, smote on Lily's ear as though she had heard them spoken.

At first she did not grasp the full import of the situation. She understood only that before her lay a letter written by Bertha Dorset, and addressed, presumably, to Lawrence Selden. There was no date, but the blackness of the ink proved the writing to be comparatively recent. The packet in Mrs. Haffen's hand doubtless contained more letters of the same kind—a dozen, Lily conjectured from its thickness. The letter before her was short, but its few words, which had leapt into her brain before she was conscious of reading them, told a long history—a history over which, for the last four years, the friends of the writer had smiled and shrugged, viewing it merely as one among the countless "good situations" of the mundane comedy. Now the other side presented itself to Lily, the volcanic nether side of the surface over which conjecture and innuendo glide so lightly till the first fissure turns their whisper to a shriek. Lily knew that there is nothing society resents so much as having given its protection to those who have not known how to profit by it: it is for having betrayed its connivance that the body social punishes the offender who is found out. And in this case there was no doubt of the issue. The code of Lily's world decreed that a woman's husband should be the only judge of her conduct: she was technically above suspicion while she had the shelter of his approval, or even of his indifference. But with a man of George Dorset's temper there could be no thought of condonation—the possessor of his wife's letters could overthrow with a touch the whole structure of her existence. And into what hands Bertha Dorset's secret had been delivered! For a moment the irony of the coincidence tinged Lily's disgust with a confused sense of triumph. But the disgust prevailed—all her instinctive resistances, of taste, of training, of blind inherited scruples, rose against the other feeling. Her strongest sense was one of personal contamination.

She moved away, as though to put as much distance as possible between herself and her visitor. "I know nothing of these letters," she said; "I have no idea why you have brought them here."

Mrs. Haffen faced her steadily. "I'll tell you why, Miss. I brought 'em to you to sell, because I ain't got no other way of raising money, and if we don't pay our rent by tomorrow night we'll be put out. I never done anythin' of the kind before, and if you'd speak to Mr. Selden or to Mr. Rosedale about getting Haffen taken on again at the Benedick—I seen you talking to Mr. Rosedale on the steps that day you come out of Mr. Selden's rooms——"

The blood rushed to Lily's forehead. She understood now—Mrs. Haffen supposed her to be the writer of the letters. In the first leap of her anger she was about to ring and order the woman out; but an obscure impulse restrained her. The mention of Selden's name had started a new train of thought. Bertha Dorset's letters were nothing to her—they might go where the current of chance carried them! But Selden was inextricably involved in their fate. Men do not, at worst, suffer much from such ex-

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posure; and in this instance the flash of divination which had carried the meaning of the letters to Lily's brain had revealed also that they were appeals—repeated and therefore probably unanswered—for the renewal of a tie which time had evidently relaxed. Nevertheless, the fact that the correspondence had been allowed to fall into strange hands would convict Selden of negligence in a matter where the world holds it least pardonable; and there were graver risks to consider where a man of Dorset's ticklish balance was concerned.

If she weighed all these things it was unconsciously: she was aware only of feeling that Selden would wish the letters rescued, and that therefore she must obtain possession of them. Beyond that her mind did not travel. She had, indeed, a quick vision of returning the packet to Bertha Dorset, and of the opportunities the restitution offered; but this thought lit up abysses from which she shrank back ashamed.

Meanwhile Mrs. Haffen, prompt to perceive her hesitation, had already opened the packet and ranged its contents on the table. All the letters had been pieced together with strips of thin paper. Some were in small fragments, the others merely torn in half. Though there were not many, thus spread out they nearly covered the table. Lily's glance fell on a word here and there—then she said in a low voice: "What do you wish me to pay you?"

Mrs. Haffen's face reddened with satisfaction. It was clear that the young lady was badly frightened, and Mrs. Haffen was the woman to make the most of such fears. Anticipating an easier victory than she had foreseen, she named an exorbitant sum.

But Miss Bart showed herself a less ready prey than might have been expected from her imprudent opening. She refused to pay the price named, and after a moment's hesitation, met it by a counter-offer of half the amount.

Mrs. Haffen immediately stiffened. Her hand travelled toward the outspread letters, and folding them slowly, she made as though to restore them to their wrapping.

"I guess they're worth more to you than to me, Miss, but the poor has got to live as well as the rich," she observed sententiously.

Lily was throbbing with fear, but the insinuation fortified her resistance.

"You are mistaken," she said indifferently. "I have offered all I am willing to give for the letters; but there may be other ways of getting them."

Mrs. Haffen raised a suspicious glance: she was too experienced not to know that the traffic she was engaged in had perils as great as its rewards, and she had a vision of the elaborate machinery of revenge which a word of this commanding young lady's might set in motion.

She applied the corner of her shawl to her eyes, and murmured through it that no good came of bearing too hard on the poor, but that for her part she had never been mixed up in such a business before, and that on her honour as a Christian all she and Haffen had thought of was that the letters mustn't go any farther.

Lily stood motionless, keeping between herself and the char-woman the greatest distance compatible with the need of speaking in low tones. The idea of bargaining for the letters was intolerable to her, but she knew that, if she appeared to weaken, Mrs. Haffen would at once increase her original demand.

She could never afterward recall how long the duel lasted, or what was the decisive stroke which finally, after a lapse of time recorded in minutes by the clock, in hours by the precipitate beat of her pulses, put her in possession of the letters; she knew only that the door had finally closed, and that she stood alone with the packet in her hand.

She had no idea of reading the letters; even to unfold Mrs. Haffen's dirty newspaper would have seemed degrading. But what did she intend to do with its contents? The recipient of the letters had meant to destroy them, and it was her duty to carry out his intention. She had no right to keep them—to do so was to lessen whatever merit lay in having secured their possession. But how destroy them so effectually that there should be no second risk of their falling in such hands? Mrs. Peniston's icy drawing-room grate shone with a forbidding lustre: the fire, like the lamps, was never lit except when there was company.

Miss Bart was turning to carry the letters upstairs when she heard the opening of the outer door, and her aunt entered the drawing-room. Mrs. Peniston was a small plump woman, with a colourless skin lined with trivial wrinkles. Her grey hair was arranged with precision, and her clothes

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looked excessively new and yet slightly old-fashioned. They were always black and tightly fitting, with an expensive glitter: she was the kind of woman who wore jet at breakfast. Lily had never seen her when she was not cuirassed in shining black, with small tight boots, and an air of being packed and ready to start; yet she never started.

She looked about the drawing-room with an air of minute scrutiny. "I saw a streak of light under one of the blinds as I drove up: it's extraordinary that I can never teach that woman to draw them down evenly."

Having corrected the irregularity, she seated herself on one of the glossy purple armchairs; Mrs. Peniston always sat on a chair, never in it. Then she turned her glance to Miss Bart.

"My dear, you look tired; I suppose it's the excitement of the wedding. Cornelia Van Alstyne was full of it: Molly was there, and Gerty Farish ran in for a minute to tell us about it. I think it was odd, their serving melons before the *consommé:* a wedding breakfast should always begin with *consommé.* Molly didn't care for the bridesmaids' dresses. She had it straight from Julia Melson that they cost three hundred dollars apiece at Céleste's, but she says they didn't look it. I'm glad you decided not to be a bridesmaid; that shade of salmon-pink wouldn't have suited you."

Mrs. Peniston delighted in discussing the minutest details of festivities in which she had not taken part. Nothing would have induced her to undergo the exertion and fatigue of attending the Van Osburgh wedding, but so great was her interest in the event that, having heard two versions of it, she now prepared to extract a third from her niece. Lily, however, had been deplorably careless in noting the particulars of the entertainment. She had failed to observe the colour of Mrs. Van Osburgh's gown, and could not even say whether the old Van Osburgh Sévres had been used at the bride's table: Mrs. Peniston, in short, found that she was of more service as a listener than as a narrator.

"Really, Lily, I don't see why you took the trouble to go to the wedding, if you don't remember what happened or whom you saw there. When I was a girl I used to keep the *menu* of every dinner I went to, and write the names of the people on the back; and I never threw away my cotillion favours till after your uncle's death, when it seemed unsuitable to have so many coloured things about the house. I had a whole closet-full, I remember; and I can tell to this day what balls I got them at. Molly Van Alstyne reminds me of what I was at that age; it's wonderful how she notices. She was able to tell her mother exactly how the wedding-dress was cut, and we knew at once, from the fold in the back, that it must have come from Paquin."

Mrs. Peniston rose abruptly, and, advancing to the ormulu clock surmounted by a helmeted Minerva, which throned on the chimney-piece between two malachite vases, passed her lace handkerchief between the helmet and its visor.

"I knew it—the parlour-maid never dusts there!" she exclaimed, triumphantly displaying a minute spot on the handkerchief; then, reseating herself, she went on: "Molly thought Mrs. Dorset the best-dressed woman at the wedding. I've no doubt her dress *did* cost more than any one else's, but I can't quite like the idea—a combination of sable and *point de Milan.* It seems she goes to a new man in Paris, who won't take an order till his client has spent a day with him at his villa at Neuilly. He says he must study his subject's home life—a most peculiar arrangement, I should say! But Mrs. Dorset told Molly about it herself: she said the villa was full of the most exquisite things and she was really sorry to leave. Molly said she never saw her looking better; she was in tremendous spirits, and said she had made a match between Evie Van Osburgh and Percy Gryce. She really seems to have a very good influence on young men. I hear she is interesting herself now in that silly Silverton boy, who has had his head turned by Carry Fisher, and has been gambling so dreadfully. Well, as I was saying, Evie is really engaged: Mrs. Dorset had her to stay with Percy Gryce, and managed it all, and Grace Van Osburgh is in the seventh heaven—she had almost despaired of marrying Evie."

Mrs. Peniston again paused, but this time her scrutiny addressed itself, not to the furniture, but to her niece.

"Cornelia Van Alstyne was so surprised: she had heard that you were to marry young Gryce. She saw the Wetheralls just after they had stopped with you at Bellomont,

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and Alice Wetherall was quite sure there was an engagement. She said that when Mr. Gryce left unexpectedly one morning, they all thought he had rushed to town for the ring."

Lily rose and moved toward the door.

"I believe I *am* tired: I think I will go to bed," she said; and Mrs. Peniston, suddenly distracted by the discovery that the easel sustaining the late Mr. Peniston's crayon-portrait was not exactly in line with the sofa in front of it, presented an absent-minded brow to her kiss.

In her own room Lily turned up the gas-jet and glanced toward the grate. It was as brilliantly polished as the one below, but here at least she could burn a few papers with less risk of incurring her aunt's disapproval. She made no immediate motion to do so, however, but dropping into a chair looked wearily about her. Her room was large and comfortably-furnished—it was the envy and admiration of poor Grace Stepney, who boarded; but, contrasted with the light tints and luxurious appointments of the guest-rooms where so many weeks of Lily's existence were spent, it seemed as dreary as a prison. The monumental wardrobe and bedstead of black walnut had migrated from Mr. Peniston's bedroom, and the magenta "flock" wall-paper, of a pattern dear to the early 'sixties, was hung with large steel engravings of an anecdotic character. Lily had tried to mitigate this charmless background by a few frivolous touches, in the shape of a lace-decked toilet table and a little painted desk surmounted by photographs; but the futility of the attempt struck her as she looked about the room. What a contrast to the subtle elegance of the setting she had pictured for herself—an apartment which should surpass the complicated luxury of her friends' surroundings by the whole extent of that artistic sensibility which made her feel herself their superior; in which every tint and line should combine to enhance her beauty and give distinction to her leisure! Once more the haunting sense of physical ugliness was intensified by her mental depression, so that each piece of the offending furniture seemed to thrust forth its most aggressive angle.

Her aunt's words had told her nothing new; but they had revived the vision of Bertha Dorset, smiling, flattered, victorious, holding her up to ridicule by insinuations intelligible to every member of their little group. The thought of the ridicule struck deeper than any other sensation: Lily knew every turn of the allusive jargon which could flay its victims without the shedding of blood. Her cheek burned at the recollection, and she rose and caught up the letters. She no longer meant to destroy them: that intention had been effaced by the quick corrosion of Mrs. Peniston's words.

Instead, she approached her desk, and lighting a taper, tied and sealed the packet; then she opened the wardrobe, drew out a despatch-box, and deposited the letters within it. As she did so, it struck her with a flash of irony that she was indebted to Gus Trenor for the means of buying them.

X

THE autumn dragged on monotonously. Miss Bart had received one or two notes from Judy Trenor, reproaching her for not returning to Bellomont; but she replied evasively, alleging the obligation to remain with her aunt. In truth, however, she was fast wearying of her solitary existence with Mrs. Peniston, and only the excitement of spending her newly-acquired money lightened the dulness of the days.

All her life Lily had seen money go out as quickly as it came in, and whatever theories she cultivated as to the prudence of setting aside a part of her gains, she had unhappily no saving vision of the risks of the opposite course. It was a keen satisfaction to feel that, for a few months at least, she would be independent of her friends' bounty, that she could show herself abroad without wondering whether some penetrating eye would detect in her dress the traces of Judy Trenor's refurbished splendour. The fact that the money freed her temporarily from all minor obligations obscured her sense of the greater one it represented, and having never before known what it was to command so large a sum, she lingered delectably over the amusement of spending it.

It was on one of these occasions that, leaving a shop where she had spent an hour of deliberation over a dressing-case of the most complicated elegance, she ran across Miss Farish, who had entered the same es-

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tablishment with the modest object of having her watch repaired. Lily was feeling unusually virtuous. She had decided to defer the purchase of the dressing-case till she should receive the bill for her new opera-cloak, and the resolve made her feel much richer than when she had entered the shop. In this mood of self-approval she had a sympathetic eye for others, and she was struck by her friend's air of dejection.

Miss Farish, it appeared, had just left the committee-meeting of a struggling charity in which she was interested. The object of the association was to provide comfortable lodgings, with a reading-room and other modest distractions, where young women of the class employed in down town offices might find a home when out of work, or in need of rest, and the first year's financial report showed so deplorably small a balance that Miss Farish, who was convinced of the urgency of the work, felt proportionately discouraged by the small amount of interest it aroused. The other-regarding sentiments had not been cultivated in Lily, and she was often bored by the relation of her friend's philanthropic efforts, but to-day her quick dramatizing fancy seized on the contrast between her own situation and that represented by some of Gerty's "cases." These were young girls, like herself; some perhaps pretty, some not without a trace of her finer sensibilities. She pictured herself leading such a life as theirs—a life in which achievement seemed as squalid as failure—and the vision made her shudder sympathetically. The price of the dressing-case was still in her pocket; and drawing out her little gold purse she slipped a liberal fraction of the amount into Miss Farish's hand.

The satisfaction derived from this act was all that the most ardent moralist could have desired. Lily felt a new interest in herself as a person of charitable instincts: she had never before thought of doing good with the wealth she had so often dreamed of possessing, but now her horizon was enlarged by the vision of a prodigal philanthropy. Moreover, by some obscure process of logic, she felt that her momentary burst of generosity had justified all previous extravagances, and excused any in which she might subsequently indulge. Miss Farish's surprise and gratitude confirmed this feeling, and Lily parted from her with a sense of self-esteem which she naturally mistook for the fruits of altruism.

About this time she was farther cheered by an invitation to spend the Thanksgiving week at a camp in the Adirondacks. The invitation was one which, a year earlier, would have provoked a less ready response, for the party, though organized by Mrs. Fisher, was ostensibly given by a lady of obscure origin and indomitable social ambitions, whose acquaintance Lily had hitherto avoided. Now, however, she was disposed to coincide with Mrs. Fisher's view, that it didn't matter who gave the party, as long as things were well done; and doing things well (under competent direction) was Mrs. Wellington Bry's strong point. The lady (whose consort was known as "Welly" Bry on the Stock Exchange and in sporting circles) had already sacrificed one husband, and sundry minor considerations, to her determination to get on; and, having obtained a hold on Carry Fisher, she was astute enough to perceive the wisdom of committing herself entirely to that lady's guidance. Everything, accordingly, was well done, for there was no limit to Mrs. Fisher's prodigality when she was not spending her own money, and as she remarked to her pupil, a good cook was the best introduction to society. If the company was not as select as the *cuisine*, the Welly Brys at least had the satisfaction of figuring for the first time in the society columns in company with one or two noticeable names; and foremost among these was of course Miss Bart's. The young lady was treated by her hosts with corresponding deference; and she was in the mood when such attentions are acceptable, whatever their source. Mrs. Bry's admiration was a mirror in which Lily's self-complacency recovered its lost outline. No insect hangs its nest on threads as frail as those which will sustain the weight of human vanity; and the sense of being of importance among the insignificant was enough to restore to Miss Bart the gratifying consciousness of power. If these people paid court to her it proved that she was still conspicuous in the world to which they aspired; and she was not above a certain enjoyment in dazzling them by her fineness, in developing their puzzled perception of her superiorities.

Perhaps, however, her enjoyment proceeded more than she was aware from the

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physical stimulus of the excursion, the challenge of crisp cold and hard exercise, the responsive thrill of her body to the influences of the winter woods. She returned to town in a glow of rejuvenation, conscious of a clearer colour in her cheeks, a fresh elasticity in her muscles. The future seemed full of a vague promise, and all her apprehensions were swept out of sight on the buoyant current of her mood.

A few days after her return to town she had the unpleasant surprise of a visit from Mr. Rosedale. He came late, at the confidential hour when the tea-table still lingers by the fire in friendly expectancy; and his manner showed a readiness to adapt itself to the intimacy of the occasion.

Lily, who had a vague sense of his being somehow connected with her lucky speculations, tried to give him the welcome he expected; but there was something in the quality of his geniality which chilled her own and she was conscious of marking each step in their acquaintance by a fresh blunder.

Mr. Rosedale—making himself promptly at home in an adjoining easy chair, and sipping his tea critically, with the comment: "You ought to go to my man for something really good"—appeared totally unconscious of the repugnance which kept her in frozen erectness behind the urn. It was perhaps her very manner of holding herself aloof that appealed to his collector's passion for the rare and unattainable. He gave, at any rate, no sign of resenting it and seemed prepared to supply in his own manner all the ease which was lacking in hers.

His object in calling was to ask her to go to the opera in his box on the opening night, and seeing her hesitate he said persuasively: "Mrs. Fisher is coming, and I've secured a tremendous admirer of yours, who'll never forgive me if you don't accept."

As Lily's silence left him with this allusion on his hands, he added with a confidential smile: "Gus Trenor has promised to come to town on purpose. I fancy he'd go a good deal farther for the pleasure of seeing you."

Miss Bart felt an inward motion of annoyance: it was distasteful enough to hear her name coupled with Trenor's, and on Rosedale's lips the allusion was peculiarly unpleasant.

"The Trenors are my best friends—I think we should all go a long way to see each other," she said, absorbing herself in the preparation of fresh tea.

Her visitor's smile grew increasingly intimate. "Well, I wasn't thinking of Mrs. Trenor at the moment—they say Gus doesn't always, you know." Then, dimly conscious that he had not struck the right note, he added, with a well-meant effort at diversion: "How's your luck been going in Wall Street, by the way? I hear Gus pulled off a nice little pile for you last month."

Lily put down the tea-caddy with an abrupt gesture. She felt that her hands were trembling, and clasped them on her knee to steady them; but her lip trembled too, and for a moment she was afraid the tremor might communicate itself to her voice. When she spoke, however, it was in a tone of perfect lightness.

"Ah, yes—I had a little bit of money to invest, and Mr. Trenor, who helps me about such matters, advised my putting it in stocks instead of a mortgage, as my aunt's agent wanted me to do; and as it happened, I made a lucky 'turn'—is that what you call it? For you make a great many yourself, I believe?"

She was smiling back at him now, relaxing the tension of her attitude, and admitting him, by imperceptible gradations of glance and manner, a step farther toward intimacy. The protective instinct always nerved her to successful dissimulation, and it was not the first time she had used her beauty to divert attention from an inconvenient topic.

When Mr. Rosedale took leave, he carried with him, not only her acceptance of his invitation, but a general sense of having comported himself in a way calculated to advance his cause. He had always believed he had a light touch and a knowing way with women, and the prompt manner in which Miss Bart (as he would have phrased it) had "come into line," confirmed his confidence in his powers of handling the skittish sex. Her way of glossing over the transaction with Trenor he regarded at once as a tribute to his own acuteness, and a confirmation of his suspicions. The girl was evidently nervous, and Mr. Rosedale, if he saw no other means of advancing his acquaintance with her, was not above taking advantage of her nervousness.

He left Lily to a passion of disgust and

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fear. It seemed incredible that Gus Trenor should have spoken of her to Rosedale. With all his faults, Trenor had the safeguard of his traditions, and was the less likely to overstep them because they were so purely instinctive. But Lily recalled with a pang that there were convivial moments when, as Judy had confided to her, Gus "talked foolishly": in one of these, no doubt, the fatal word had slipped from him. As for Rosedale, she did not, after the first shock, greatly care what conclusions he had drawn. Though usually adroit enough where her own interests were concerned, she made the mistake, not uncommon to persons in whom the social habits are instinctive, of supposing that the inability to acquire them quickly implies a general dulness. Because a blue-bottle bangs irrationally against a window-pane, the drawing-room naturalist may forget that under less artificial conditions it is capable of measuring distances and drawing conclusions with all the accuracy needful to its welfare; and the fact that Mr. Rosedale's drawing-room manner lacked perspective made Lily class him with Trenor and the other dull men she knew, and assume that a little flattery, and the occasional acceptance of his hospitality, would suffice to render him innocuous. However, there could be no doubt of the expediency of showing herself in his box on the opening night of the opera; and after all, since Judy Trenor had promised to take him up that winter, it was as well to reap the advantage of being first in the field.

For a day or two after Rosedale's visit, Lily's thoughts were dogged by the consciousness of Trenor's shadowy claim, and she wished she had a clearer notion of the exact nature of the transaction which seemed to have put her in his power; but her mind shrank from any unusual application, and she was always helplessly puzzled by figures. Moreover she had not seen Trenor since the day of the Van Osburgh wedding, and in his continued absence the trace of Rosedale's words was soon effaced by other impressions.

When the opening night of the opera came, her apprehensions had so completely vanished that the sight of Trenor's ruddy countenance in the back of Mr. Rosedale's box filled her with a sense of pleasant reassurance. Lily had not quite reconciled herself to the necessity of appearing as Rosedale's guest on so conspicuous an occasion, and it was a relief to find herself supported by any one of her own set—for Mrs. Fisher's social habits were too promiscuous for her presence to justify Miss Bart's.

To Lily, always inspirited by the prospect of showing her beauty in public, and conscious tonight of all the added enhancements of dress, the insistency of Trenor's gaze merged itself in the general stream of admiring looks of which she felt herself the centre. Ah, it was good to be young, to be radiant, to glow with the sense of slenderness, strength and elasticity, of well-poised lines and happy tints, to feel one's self lifted to a height apart by that incommunicable grace which is the bodily counterpart of genius!

All means seemed justifiable to attain such an end, or rather, by a happy shifting of lights with which practice had familiarized Miss Bart, the cause shrank to a pinpoint in the general brightness of the effect. But brilliant young ladies, a little blinded by their own effulgence, are apt to forget that the modest satellite drowned in their light is still performing its own revolutions and generating heat at its own rate. If Lily's poetic enjoyment of the moment was undisturbed by the base thought that her gown and opera cloak had been indirectly paid for by Gus Trenor, the latter had not sufficient poetry in his composition to lose sight of these prosaic facts. He only knew that he had never seen Lily look smarter in her life, that there wasn't a woman in the house who showed off good clothes as she did, and that hitherto he, to whom she owed the opportunity of making this display, had reaped no return beyond that of gazing at her in company with several hundred other pairs of eyes.

It came to Lily therefore as a disagreeable surprise when, in the back of the box, where they found themselves alone between two acts, Trenor said, without preamble, and in a tone of sulky authority: "Look here, Lily, how is a fellow ever to see anything of you? I'm in town three or four days in the week, and you know a line to the Club will always find me, but you don't seem to remember my existence nowadays unless you want to get a tip out of me."

The fact that the remark was in distinctly bad taste did not make it any easier to answer, for Lily was vividly aware that it was

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not the moment for that drawing up of her slim figure and surprised lifting of the brows by which she usually quelled incipient signs of familiarity.

"I'm very much flattered by your wanting to see me," she returned, essaying lightness instead, "but, unless you have mislaid my address, it would have been easy to find me any afternoon at my aunt's—in fact, I rather expected you to look me up there."

If she hoped to mollify him by this last concession the attempt was a failure, for he only replied, with the familiar lowering of the brows that made him look his dullest when he was angry: "Hang going to your aunt's, and wasting the afternoon listening to a lot of other chaps talking to you! You know I'm not the kind to sit in a crowd and jaw—I'd always rather clear out when that sort of circus is going on. But why can't we go off somewhere on a little lark together—a nice quiet little expedition like that drive at Bellomont, the day you met me at the station?"

He leaned unpleasantly close in order to convey this suggestion, and she fancied she caught a significant aroma which explained the dark flush on his face and the glistening dampness of his forehead.

The idea that any rash answer might provoke an unpleasant outburst tempered her disgust with caution, and she answered with a laugh: "I don't see how one can very well take country drives in town, but I am not always surrounded by an admiring throng, and if you will let me know what afternoon you are coming I will arrange things so that we can have a nice quiet talk."

"Hang talking! That's what you always say," returned Trenor, whose expletives lacked variety. "You put me off with that at the Van Osburgh wedding—but the plain English of it is that, now you've got what you wanted out of me, you'd rather have any other fellow about."

His voice had risen sharply with the last words, and Lily flushed with annoyance, but she kept command of the situation and laid a persuasive hand on his arm.

"Don't be foolish, Gus; I can't let you talk to me in that ridiculous way. If you really want to see me, why shouldn't we take a walk in the Park some afternoon? I agree with you that it's amusing to be rustic in town, and if you like I'll meet you there, and we'll go and feed the squirrels, and you shall take me out on the lake in the steam-gondola."

She smiled as she spoke, letting her eyes rest on his in a way that took the edge from her banter and made him suddenly malleable to her will.

"All right, then: that's a go. Will you come to-morrow? To-morrow at three o'clock, at the end of the Mall? I'll be there sharp, remember; you won't go back on me, Lily——?"

But to Miss Bart's relief the repetition of her promise was cut short by the opening of the box door to admit George Dorset.

Trenor sulkily yielded his place, and Lily turned a brilliant smile on the newcomer. She had not talked with Dorset since their visit at Bellomont, but something in his look and manner told her that he recalled the friendly footing on which they had last met. He was not a man to whom the expression of admiration came easily: his long sallow face and distrustful eyes seemed always barricaded against the expansive emotions. But, where her own influence was concerned, Lily's intuitions sent out thread-like feelers, and as she made room for him on the narrow sofa she was sure he found a dumb pleasure in being near her. Few women took the trouble to make themselves agreeable to Dorset, and Lily had been kind to him at Bellomont, and was now smiling on him with a divine renewal of kindness.

"Well, here we are, in for another six months of caterwauling," he began complainingly. "Not a shade of difference between this year and last, except that the women have got new clothes and the singers haven't got new voices. My wife's musical, you know—puts me through a course of this every winter. It isn't so bad on Italian nights—then she comes late, and there's time to digest. But when they give Wagner we have to rush dinner, and I pay up for it. And the draughts are damnable—asphyxia in front and pleurisy in the back. There's Trenor leaving the box without drawing the curtain! With a hide like that draughts don't make any difference. Did you ever watch Trenor eat? If you did, you'd wonder why he's alive; I suppose he's leather inside too.—But I came to say that my wife wants you to come down to our place next Sunday. Do for heaven's sake say yes. She's got a lot of bores coming—intellectual

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ones, I mean; that's her new line, you know, and I'm not sure it ain't worse than the music. Some of 'em have long hair, and they start an argument with the soup, and don't notice when things are handed to them. The consequence is the dinner gets cold, and I have dyspepsia. That silly ass Silverton brings them to the house—he writes poetry, you know, and Bertha and he are getting tremendously thick. She could write better than any of 'em if she chose, and I don't blame her for wanting clever fellows about; all I say is: 'Don't let me see 'em eat!'"

The gist of this strange communication gave Lily a distinct thrill of pleasure. Under ordinary circumstances, there would have been nothing surprising in an invitation from Bertha Dorset; but since the Bellomont episode an unavowed hostility had kept the two women apart. Now, with a start of inner wonder, Lily felt that her thirst for retaliation had died out. *If you would forgive your enemy*, says the Malay proverb, *first inflict a hurt on him;* and Lily was experiencing the truth of the apothegm. If she had destroyed Mrs. Dorset's letters, she might have continued to hate her; but the fact that they remained in her possession had fed her resentment to satiety.

She uttered a smiling acceptance, hailing in the renewal of the tie an escape from Trenor's importunities.

(To be continued.)

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S TRUNK

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I

McALLISTER was in the tank. His puffing and blowing as he dove and tumbled like a contented, rubicund porpoise, reverberated loudly among the marble pillars of the bath at the club. It was all part of a carefully adjusted and as rigorously followed regimen, for McAllister was a thorough believer in exercise (provided it was moderate), and took it regularly, averring that a fellow couldn't expect to eat and drink as much as he naturally wanted to unless he kept in some sort of condition, and if he didn't he would simply get off his peck, that was all. Hence "Chubby" arose regularly at nine thirty, and wrapping himself in a padded Japanese silk dressing-gown, descended to the tank, where he dove six times and swam around twice, after which he weighed himself and had Tim rub him down. Tim felt a high degree of solicitude for all this procedure, since he was a personal discovery of McAllister's, and owed his present exalted position entirely to the clubman's interest, for the latter had found him at Coney Island earning his daily bread by diving, in the presence of countless multitudes, into a six-foot glass tank, where he seated himself upon the bottom and nonchalantly consumed a banana. McAllister's delight and enthusiasm at this elevating spectacle had been boundless.

"Wish I could do any one thing as well as that feller dives down and eats that banana!" he had confided to his friend Wainwright. "Sometimes I feel as if my life had been wasted!" The upshot of the whole matter was that Tim had been forthwith engaged as rubber and swimming teacher at the club.

McAllister had just taken his fifth plunge, and was floating lazily toward the steps, when Tim appeared at the door leading into the dressing-rooms and announced that a party wanted to speak to him on the 'phone, the Lady somebody, evidently a very cantankerous old person, who was in the devil of a hurry, and wouldn't stand no waitin'.

The clubman turned over, sputtered, touched bottom, and arose dripping to his feet. The "old person" on the wire was clearly his aunt, Lady Lyndhurst, and he

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knew very much better than to irritate her when she was in one of her tantrums. Still, he couldn't imagine what she wanted with him at that hour of the morning. She'd been placid enough the evening before when he'd left her after the opera. But ever since she had married Lord Lyndhurst for her second husband ten years before she'd been getting more and more dictatorial.

"Tell her I'm in this beastly tank; awful sorry I can't speak with her myself, doncher know, and find out what she wants. And *Tim*—handle her gently—it's my aunt."

Tim grinned and winked a comprehending eye. As McAllister hurried into his bath-robe and slippers he wondered more and more why she had rung him up so early. He had intended calling on her after breakfast, any way, but "after breakfast" to McAllister meant in the neighborhood of twelve o'clock, for the meal was always carefully ordered the evening before for half-past ten the next morning, after which came the paper and a long, light Casadora de Villa y Villa, crop of '97, which McAllister had bought up entire. Something must be up—that was certain. He could imagine her in her wrapper and curl-papers holding converse with Tim over the wire. The language of his *protégé* might well assist in the process for which the curl-papers were required. There was nobody in the world, in McAllister's opinion, so queer as his aunt, except his aunt's husband. The latter was a stout, beefy nobleman of sixty-five, with a walrus-like countenance, an implicit faith in the perfection of British institutions, and about enough intelligence to drive a watering-cart. He had been rewarded for his unswerving fidelity to party with the post of Governor-General at a small group of islands somewhere near the equator, and had assumed his duties solemnly and ponderously, establishing the Bertillon system of measurements for the seven criminals which his islands supported (six niggers and a night-blooming drunken Portuguese sailor), and producing quarterly monographs on the flora, fauna, and conchology of his dominion. Just now they were *en route* for England (via Quebec, of course), and were stopping at the Waldorf.

Tim presently reappeared.

"She says you've got to hike right down to the hotel as fast as you can. She's terrible upset. Say, ain't she a tiger?"

"But what's the bloomin' row?" exclaimed McAllister.

Tim looked round cautiously and lowered his voice.

"'The Lyndhurst jewels' has been stole!" said he.

II

"THE Lyndhurst jewels" stolen! No wonder Aunt Sophia had seemed peevish, for they were the treasured heirlooms of her husband's family, cherished and guarded by her with anxious eye. McAllister had always said the old man was an ass to go lugging 'em off down among the mangoes and land-crabs, but the Governor-General liked to have his lady appear in style at "Government House," and took much innocent pleasure in astonishing the natives by the splendor of her adornment. The jewelry, however, was the source of unending annoyance to himself, Sophia, and everybody else, for it was always getting lost, and burglar scares occurred with regularity at the islands. It had been still intact, however, on their arrival in New York.

The clubman found his uncle and aunt sitting dejectedly at the breakfast-table in the "Diplomatic Suite."

The atmosphere of gloom struck a cold chill to our friend's centre of vivacity. There were also evidences of a domestic misunderstanding. His aunt fidgeted nervously, and his uncle evaded McAllister's eye as they responded half-heartedly to his cheerful salutation. That the matter was serious was obvious. Clearly this time the jewels must be really gone. In addition, both the Governor-General and his lady kept looking over their shoulders fearfully, as if dreading the momentary assault of some assassin. McAllister inquired what the jolly mess was, incidentally suggesting that their hurry-call had deprived him of any attempt at breakfast. His hint, however, fell on barren ground.

"That fool Morton has packed all the jewelry in the big Vuitton!" exclaimed his uncle, nervously jabbing the spoon into a grape-fruit. "To say the least, it was excessively careless of him, for he knows perfectly well that we always carry it in the morocco hand-bag, and never allow it out of our sight." The Governor-General paused, and took a sip of coffee.

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"Well," said McAllister, rather impatiently, "why don't you have him unpack it, then?" He couldn't, for the life of him, see why they made such a row about a thing of that sort. It was clear enough that they were both more than half mad.

"Ah, that's the point! It was sent to the station with the rest of the luggage last evening. Heaven knows it may all have been stolen by this time! Think of it, McAllister! 'The Lyndhurst jewels,' secured only by a miserable brass check with a number on it—and the railroad liable by express contract only to the extent of one hundred dollars!" Before Uncle Basil had attained his present eminence he had been called to the bar, and his book on "Flotsam and Jetsam" is still an authority in those regions to which later works have not penetrated. "You see we're leavin' at three this afternoon, but what was the necessity of his sendin' it all so early unless *for a purpose?*" Lord Lyndhurst nodded conclusively. He had the air of one who had divined something.

But still "Chubby" failed to see the connection. Someone, a valet evidently, had packed the jewelry in the wrong place, and then sent the load off a little ahead of time. What of it? He recalled with much vividness the occasion when the jewels had been stuffed by mistake into the soiled-clothes basket, but had turned up safe enough at the end of the trip.

"If that is all," replied McAllister, "all you have to do is to send your man over to the station and have the trunk brought back. Send the fellow who packed the trunk—this Morton—whoever he is."

"No," said his uncle, studiously knocking in the end of a boiled egg. "There are reasons. I wish you would go, instead. The fact is I don't wish Morton to leave the rooms this morning; I——I need him." Lord Lyndhurst again evaded the clubman's inquiring glance, and eyed the egg in an embarrassed fashion.

McAllister laughed. "I guess your jewelry's all right," said he cheerfully. "Certainly I'll go. Don't worry. I'll have the trunk and the jewels back here inside of fifty minutes. Who's Morton, anyhow?"

"My valet," replied Lord Lyndhurst, lowering his voice, and looking over his shoulder. "You wouldn't recall him. I engaged the man at Kingston on the way out. As a servant I have had absolutely no fault to find at all. You know it's very hard to get a good man to go to the Tropics, but Morton has seemed perfectly contented. Up to the present time I haven't had the slightest reason to suspect his honesty!"

"Well, I don't see that you have any now," said McAllister. "I guess I'll start along. I haven't had anythin' to eat yet. Have you the check?"

Uncle Basil gingerly handed him the bit of brass.

"I secured it from Morton," he remarked, attacking the egg viciously.

"Secured it?" exclaimed McAllister.

The Governor-General nodded ambiguously.

Aunt Sophia during the course of the recital had become almost hysterical, and now sat wringing her hands in the greatest agitation. Suddenly she broke forth:

"I told Basil he had been too hasty! But he would have it that there was nothing else to do! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Why don't you tell him what you've done?"

"What in thunder have you done?" asked McAllister, now convinced beyond peradventure that his uncle was a candidate for the nearest insane asylum.

Lord Lyndhurst became very red, stammered, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"Yes, *secured it!* Morton, if you must know it, is *locked in the clothes-closet! I locked him!*"

"He's in *there!*" suddenly wailed Aunt Sophia. "Basil put him in! And now the jewelry's no one knows where, and there's a man in the room, and I'm afraid to stay and Basil's afraid to go for fear he may get out, and——"

She was interrupted by a smothered voice that came from within the closet. McAllister was startled, for there was something faintly, vaguely familiar about it.

"It's a bloomin' houtrage, it is! Look 'ere, sir, I'll 'ave you to hunderstand that I gives notice hat once, sir, 'ere and now, sir! It's a great hindignity you are a-puttin' me to, sir! Won't you let me hout, sir?" The voice ceased momentarily.

"Isn't it awful!" exclaimed Aunt Sophia. "He's been like that for over an hour!"

"Yes!" added Uncle Basil. "At times he's been actually abusive." But McAllister

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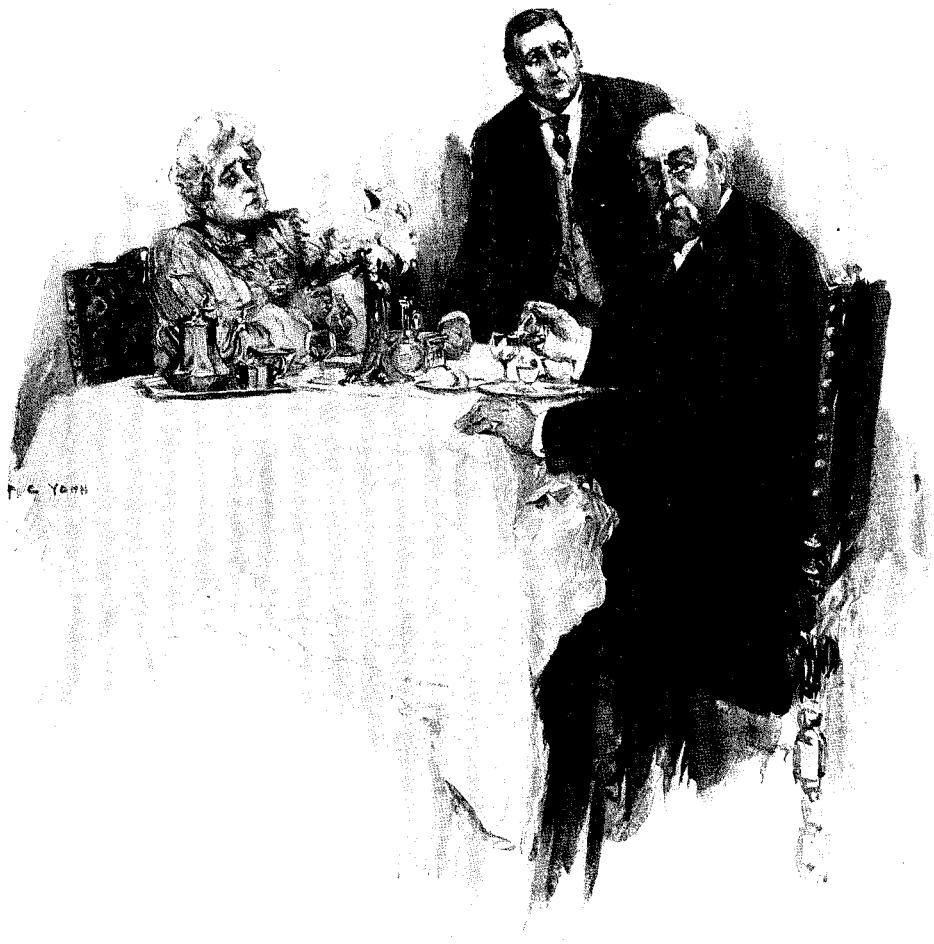

McAllister jumped to his feet.

was lost in an effort to recall the hazy past. Where had he heard that voice before?

"'Ang it, sir! Won't you let me hout, sir," continued Morton. "I'm stiflin' in 'ere, an' I thinks there's a rat, sir. O Lawd! Let me hout!"

McAllister jumped to his feet. Of course he recognized the voice! Could he ever forget it? Had anyone ever said "O Lawd!" in quite the same way as the majestic Wilkins, his old valet? Wilkins, who had stolen his black pearl scarf-pin, and (having thus fallen from grace) had passed through a brief period of retirement at Sing Sing. It could be no other! By George, the old man wasn't such a fool *after* all! And the jewels! He smote his fist upon the table, while his uncle and aunt gazed at him apprehensively. There was no use exciting their fears, however. It was all plain to him, now. The clever dog! Well, the first thing was to see what had become of the jewels.

"Damn!" came in vigorous tones from the closet, as Wilkins endeavored to assert himself. "It's a bloomin' houtrage, it is! I'll 'ave you arrested for hassault an' bat'ry, I will, if you are a guv'nor! Let me *hout*, I say!"

III

McAllister lost no time in getting to the Grand Central Station. He was looking for a big Vuitton trunk, and he wanted to find it quick. For this purpose he enlisted the services of a burly young porter,

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who, for the consideration of a half-dollar, piloted the clubman through the crowded alleys of the outgoing baggage-room, until they came upon the familiar collection of Lord Lyndhurst's paraphernalia of travel. Eagerly he recognized the luggage of his uncle's official household. There were his boot boxes, his hat boxes, his portable desk, his dumb-bells, his bath-tub, his medicine chest, the secretary's trunk, the typewriter in its case; there were his aunt's basket trunks, and—yes—there was the big Vuitton. McAllister heaved a sigh of relief. The next thing was to get it back to the hotel as fast as possible.

"That's it," said he to the porter. "Heave her out!" They were standing in a little open space some distance from the entrance. The big Vuitton lay at one side, and about it a row of other trunks roughly in a semicircle. The porter made but one step in the desired direction, then jumped as if he had seen a ghost, for a big basket trunk, standing alone upon its end apart, suddenly shook violently, its lock clicked, the cover swung open, and out jumped a slender, sharp-featured young man with a black mustache. It was Barney Conville, although at first McAllister failed to recognize him,

"Look here! Don't touch that trunk!" he exclaimed. Then he perceived McAllister, and a look of intense disgust overspread his face, for McAllister, it must be explained, had previously encountered the detective at his friend Blair's in Scarsdale, on which occasion the Central Office man had passed under the name of "the Baron de Ville." Once more, singularly enough, fate had thrown them together.

"It's that Baron feller!" ejaculated McAllister. "Now what the devil do you suppose he's been doin' in that trunk?" Ever since that remarkable adventure at the Blairs he had regarded the detective force as totally irresponsible. "Howd'y', Baron,' said he pleasantly, holding out his hand. "Hardly expected to see you here. Do you take your rest that way?" pointing to the trunk from which Conville had emerged.

The detective eyed him with disapproval.

"Say," he remarked, disdainfully. "You give me a pain—always buttin' in an' spoilin' everythin'! This here is a '*plant*.' I'm waitin' fer a thief—'Jerry, the Oyster.' They're goin' to try an' lift that big striped trunk over there. It belongs to an old party up to the Waldorf. He's a diplomatico."

"He's my uncle!" said McAllister.

"Your *aunt!*" snorted Barney.

"Well, I want to take it back with me."

"On the level?"

"Sure!"

"Can't help it! This is an important job. If I catch the 'Oyster' it means sure promotion. He's the cleverest thief in the business. Works in with all the butlers and valets. Why he's got away with more'n three thousand pieces of baggage. He's the——"

Barney did not finish the sentence. Suddenly he ducked, and grabbing McAllister by the shoulder, pulled him down with him.

"There he is now! Into the trunk! There's no other way! Plenty of room!" He shoved his fat companion inside and stepped after him. McAllister, utterly bewildered, tried to convince himself that he was not dreaming. He was quite sure he had taken only one Scotch that morning, but he pinched himself, and was relieved to get the proper reaction. When he became used to the dim light he discovered that he was ensconced in a dress-box of immense proportions, made of basket work, and covered with water-proofing. Placed on end, with a seat across the middle, it afforded a very comfortable place of concealment. Conville turned the key and locked the cover. Then he poked McAllister in the ribs.

"Great joint, ain't it? Idee of the cap's. Makes a fine plant," he whispered, affixing his eye to a narrow slit near the top.

"Sh-h!" he added; he's here. There's another peeper over on your side."

McAllister followed his example, glued his eye to the improvised window, and discovered that they commanded the approach to the big Vuitton. And inside that innocent piece of luggage reposed the glory of his uncle's family, the heirlooms of four centuries! He made an involuntary movement.

"Keep still!" hissed Conville, and McAllister sank back obediently.

A young Anglican clergyman in shovel-hat and gaiters, carrying a dainty silver-headed umbrella in one hand, and a copy of *The Churchman* in the other, had approached the counter. He seemed somewhat at a loss, gazed vaguely about him for a moment, and then stepping up to

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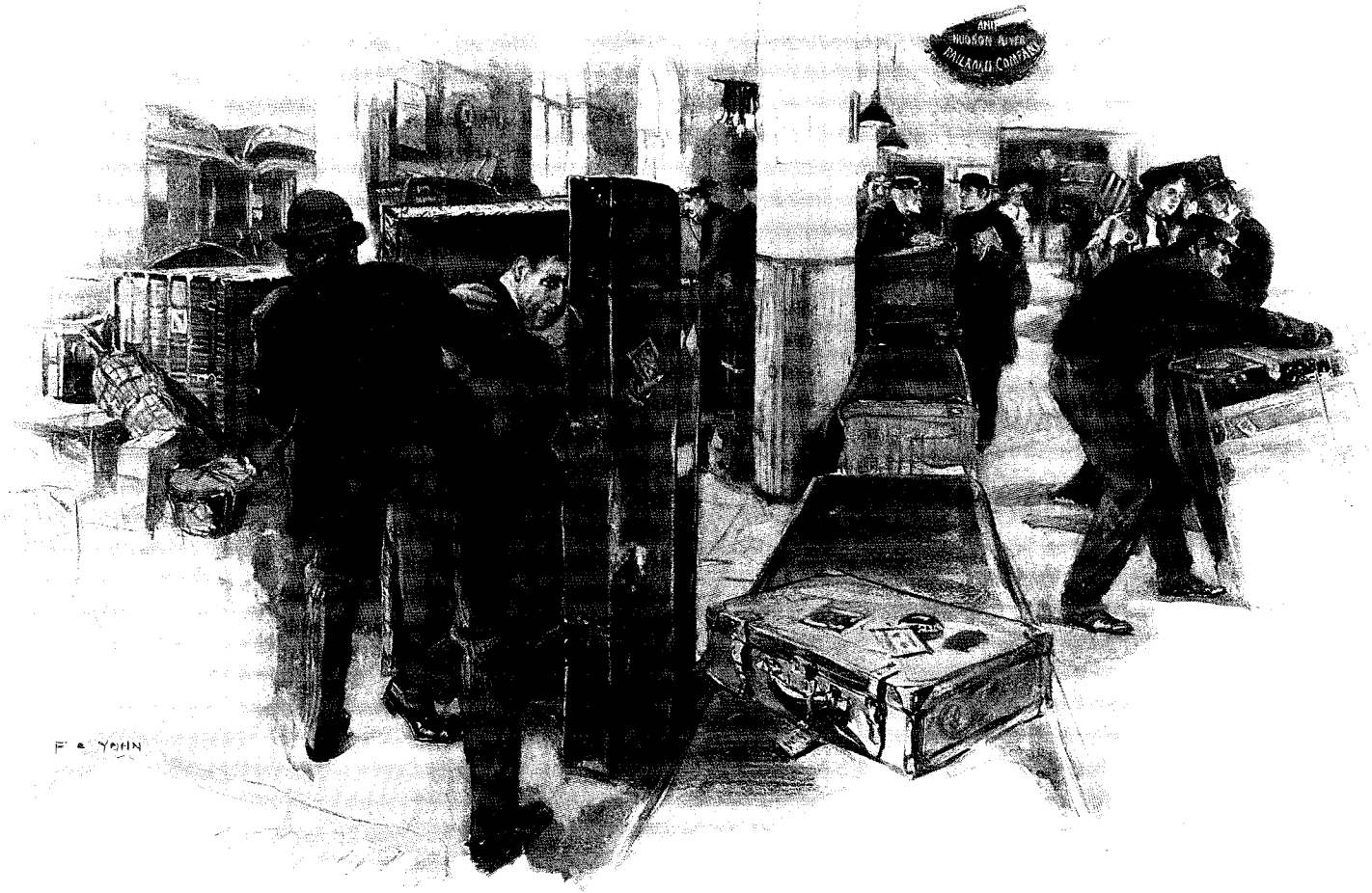

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Into the trunk! There's no other way! Plenty of room!"—Page 490.

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the head porter, an oldish man with white whiskers, addressed him anxiously.

"I say, my man, I'm really in an awful mess, don't you know! I don't see my box anywhere. I sent it over from the hotel early this morning, and I'm leavin' for Montreal at three. The luggage-man says it was left here by ten o'clock. Do you keep all the boxes in this room?"

The head porter nodded.

"Sorry you've lost your trunk," said he. "If it ain't here we haven't got it, but like as not it's mixed up in one of them piles. If you'll wait for about ten minutes I'll see if I can find it for your Reverence."

The Anglican looked shocked.

"Thanks, I'm sure," he murmured stiffly. He was a slight young man with a monocle and mutton-chops.

"It's very good of you," he added after a pause, with more condescension. "Awfully awkward to be without one's luggage, for I have a service in Montreal to-morrow, and all my vestments are in my box. I fear I shall miss my train."

"Oh, I guess not," replied the baggage-man encouragingly. "I'll be with you presently. You come in and look around yourself, and if you don't see it I'll help you. This way, sir," and he lifted a section of the counter and allowed the clergyman to pass in.

"My! Ain't he *clever!*" whispered Barney delightedly. The clergyman now began a rather dilatory investigation of the contents of the baggage-room, bending over and examining every trunk in sight, and even tapping the one in which they were ensconced with his silver-headed umbrella, but after a few moments, in apparent despair, he took his stand beside the big trunk marked "V. C. L.," and gazed despondently about him. There was nothing in his appearance to suggest that he was other than he seemed, but Barney directed McAllister's attention to the copy of *The Churchman*, from the leaves of which protruded two diminutive pieces of string, put there, as it might appear, for a book-mark. And now as the Anglican shifted from one foot to the other, ostensibly waiting for the porter, he placed his hands behind him and took a step or two backward toward the big trunk. Chubby was by this time all agog. What would the feller do? He certainly couldn't be goin' to shoulder the trunk and try to walk off with it!

Suddenly McAllister saw the daintily gloved hands slip a penknife from among the leaves of the magazine and quickly sever the check from the handle of the trunk. The Anglican altered his position and waited until the porter was once more engaged at the other end of the counter. Again this amiable representative of the cloth shuffled backward until the handle was within easy reach, and with a dexterity which must have been born of long practice deftly tied the two ends of string around it. With a quick motion he stepped away in the direction of the counter, and out from the leaves of *The Churchman* fell and dangled a new check stamped "Waistcoat's Express, No. 1467."

"My good fellow," impatiently drawled the clergyman, approaching the porter, "I really can't wait, don'cher know. I've looked everywhere, and my box isn't here. I don't know whether to blame that beastly luggage man, or whether it's the fault of this disgustin' American railroad. It's evident someone's at fault, and as I assume that you are in charge, I shall report you immediately."

The elderly baggage-man regarded the robust champion of religion before him with scorn.

"Well, son, you can report all you like. I've worked in this baggage-room eighteen years, and you're not the first English crank who thought he owned the hull Central Railroad," and the porter turned on his heel, while the clergyman, with an expression of horror, ambled quickly out of the side door.

McAllister had watched this remarkable proceeding with enthusiastic interest, his round face shining with the excitement of a child.

"Jiminy, but this is great!" he exclaimed, slapping Barney upon the back. "And to think of your doin' it for a livin'! Why I'd sit here all day for nothin'! What happens next? And what becomes of the feller that's just gone out?"

"Oh, you ain't seen half the show yet," responded Conville, pleased. "It is pretty good fun at times. But, o' course, this is a star performance, and we're sure of our man. Oh, it beats the theayter, all right, all right. Truth's stranger than fiction every time, you bet. Now take this 'Oyster'—why he's a regular cracker-jack! Got sense enough to be an alderman, or presi-

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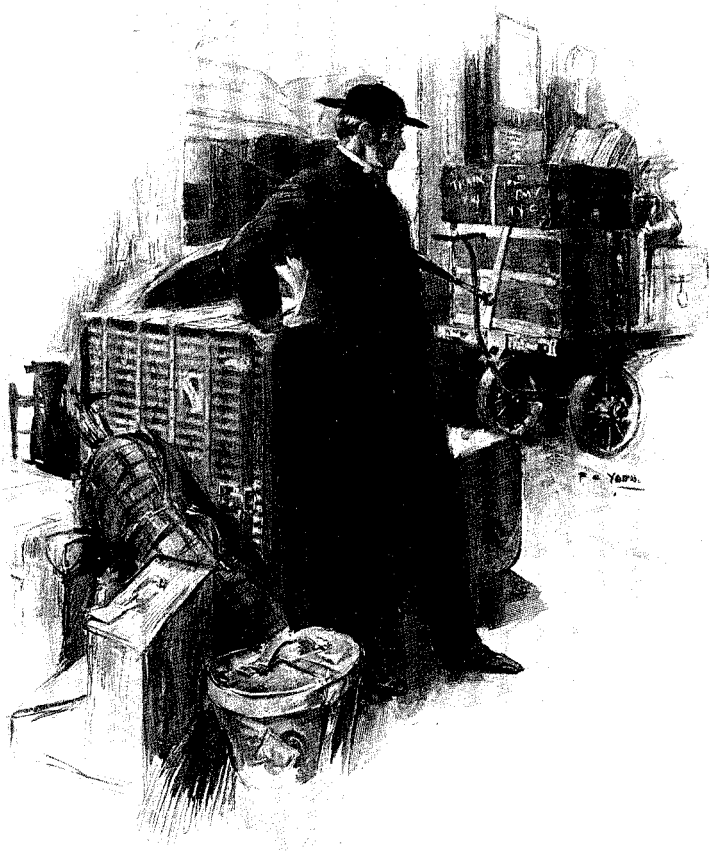

Deftly tied the two ends of string around it.—Page 492.

dent, or anythin', but he keeps right at his own little job of liftin' trunks, an' he ain't never been caught yet. His pal 'll be along now any minute."

"How's that?" inquired Chubby with eagerness.

"Why, don' cher see? Jerry's cut off the reg'lar tag, and now the other feller 'll present a duplicate of the one Jerry's just hitched on. Great game, 'Foxy Quiller,' eh?"

McAllister admitted delightedly that it was a great game. By George, it beat playin' the horses! At the same time he shivered as he realized how nearly the famous jewels had actually been lost. Wilkins must be an awful bad egg to go and tie up to a gang of that sort!

The porter, serenely unconscious of all that had been taking place behind his back, and apparently not soured by his little set-to with the Englishman, was genially assisting the great American public to find its luggage, and beaming on all about him. People streamed in and out, engines coughed and wheezed; from outside came the roar and rattle of the city.

Presently there bounced in a stout individual in a yellow and black suit, with white waistcoat, and green tie, who mopped his red face with a large silk handkerchief. Rushing up to a baggage-man who seemed to be unoccupied, he threw down a pasteboard check, together with a shining half-dollar, and shouted, "Here, my good fel-

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ler, that trunk, will you? Quick! The big one with the red letters on it—'V. C. L.' They sent it here from the Astoria instead of to the steamboat dock, and my ship sails at twelve. Now, don't lose any time!"

The porter grabbed the check and the half-dollar, and falling upon the big Vuitton, rolled it end over end out into the street, followed by its perspiring claimant.

"That's right, that's right," shouted the "bounder." "Chuck it on behind. Mus'n't miss the boat!" and throwing the porter another half-dollar, the sportive traveller jumped into the hack, yelling, "Now drive like the devil!" The door closed with a bang, and the vehicle quickly disappeared among the tracks and wagons of 42d Street.

McAllister for the first time felt distinctly uneasy.

"Look here," he whispered feverishly, "is it right to let him walk off like that? Quick! Open the trunk, or he'll get away!"

"Sit still, and don't get excited!" commanded Barney. "It's all right," he added condescendingly, remembering that McAllister was unfamiliar with such mysteries. "We've got him covered. He couldn't get away to save his neck. An' as for follerin' him, why he'll carry that trunk half over New York before he lands it where it's goin'!"

"All right!" sighed the clubman; "you're the doctor. But it seems to me you're takin' a lot of risk. Your brother officer might lose track of him, or he might drop the trunk somehow, and *then* where would the jewels be?"

"Right exactly where they are *now*," replied Barney with a grin. "In the office safe at the Waldorf. They ain't never left the hotel. There wasn't any need of it, and if I hadn't taken 'em out I'd 've had to watch 'em here all night. Now everythin's all right. Me and my side-partner's been trailin' Jerry and this feller Morton ever since your uncle hit New York. I had the room opposite him at the Waldorf. Yesterday mornin' I saw the valet pack the jewelry. I was togged out as a bell-boy, an' was cleanin' the winders. The Governor's kind of figgity you know, and I thought we'd better not mention anythin' to *him*. Of course I didn't have any idea *you'd* come waltzin' along this way."

McAllister solemnly held out his hand to the detective. He was as demonstrative as his narrow quarters rendered possible.

"Baron," said he, "you're a corker! I have learned a heap this mornin'."

"There's lots of things you never 'dream' of, Horace," replied Barney politely. "I was about to suggest that the drinks were on you."

On their way back to the Waldorf Barney explained that "the Oyster" was one of the very few "guns" able effectually to make use of a disguise, this being in part due to the fact that he was the son of a clergyman, and educated for the stage.

McAllister on his side informed him that the accomplice was safely locked in a closet at the hotel.

They were met at the door of the apartment by Lady Lyndhurst.

"Basil has disappeared!" she gasped. "And that awful man in the closet has become so blasphemous that I can't remain with decency in the room."

McAllister partially pacified her by stating that the jewelry was entirely safe. He wondered what on earth had become of the Governor. Once inside the suite conversation became practically impossible, owing to the sounds of inarticulate rage which proceeded from the closet.

Barney decided to place the valet immediately under arrest and take him to police headquarters. The sooner they did so the more likely he would be to "squeal." He requested McAllister to arm himself with a walking-stick, and to stand ready to come to his assistance if, on opening the door, he should find himself unable to cope with the prisoner alone. Aunt Sophia was relegated to her bedroom, the door leading to the corridor was closed and locked, and the two prepared for the conflict. The detective, of course, had his pistol, which he cocked and held ready.

"Don't fire, 'till you see the whites of his eyes!" murmured McAllister.

"Fire—hell!" muttered Barney, throwing open the closet door.

"Hands up, or I'll shoot!" yelled the detective, as a fat, wild-eyed individual sprung from within and burst upon their astonished gaze. The Governor-General stood before them.

Speechless with rage, he glowered from one to the other—then in response to their surprised inquiries broke into incoherent

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"Hands up, or I'll shoot!" yelled the detective, as a fat, wild-eyed individual sprung from within.
—Page 494.

explanation. He had waited on guard some ten minutes after McAllister's departure, and Sophia had gone to her bedroom to finish dressing, when suddenly the expostulations of Morton had seemed to grow fainter. Finally they had died entirely away, and in their place had come terrible gasps and gurgles. He had remembered that there was no means of renewing the air supply in the closet, and had become alarmed. Presently all sounds had ceased. He was convinced that Morton was being suffocated. Opening the door, he had found the valet apparently lying there unconscious, and had dragged him forth, whereupon Morton had suddenly returned to life, and before he knew it had jammed him into the closet and locked the door.

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"He was damned impertinent, too, when he got on the outside, I can assure you," concluded Lord Lyndhurst indignantly. "Gave me a lot of gratuitous advice!"

McAllister and the detective endeavored to calm his troubled spirit, and soothe his ruffled dignity, informing him that the jewels had been in the hotel safe all the time. The Governor refused to take any stock whatever in their explanation. Nothing of the sort could possibly have happened in England. It took them an hour to persuade him they were not lying—"makin' the whole bloomin' business up." The only things that appeared to convince him at all were the disappearance of Morton, a large bump on his own forehead, and the actual presence of the jewelry in the safe downstairs. Even then he sent to Tiffany's for a man to examine it.

Barney he regarded with unconcealed suspicion, subjecting him to an exhaustive cross-examination upon his antecedents and occupation. The Governor declared he was astounded at his impudence. The idea of opening his private luggage! He would address a communication to the authorities! It struck *him* it was little better than grand larceny. It *was* grand larceny, by Jupiter! Hadn't Conville abstracted the jewels *vi et armis?* Of *course* he had! Damme, he would see if the sacred rights of an English official should be trampled on! It was *trespass* anyway—*Trespass ab initio!* Did Conville know that? It was grand larceny *and* trespass. He would lock him up.

Barney grinned, and the Governor again became almost apoplectic.

He snorted scornfully at the detective's explanation about this Jerry What-do-you call-him—"the Clam." Pooh! Did they expect him to believe *that?* Conville was a confounded, hair-brained busybody—— He dwindled off, exhausted.

At that moment there came a sharp rap upon the door, and an officer in roundsman's uniform entered.

"Gentleman called at the precinct house and reported a jewelry theft in this suite. Said the thief had been caught and locked up in a closet, so I thought I'd drop over and see how things stood."

He looked inquiringly at McAllister, significantly at the Governor-General, and then caught sight of Barney.

"Hello, Conville!" he exclaimed. "You on the case? Well, then, I'll drop out. Got your man, I see!" He glanced again at the dishevelled scion of nobility before him.

"Everythin's all right," answered the detective with a chuckle. "I guess they was fakin' you round at the house. By the way, I want you to meet a friend of mine—Roundsman McCarthy, let me present you to his Nibs—the Governor-General."

The Governor glared immobile, his stony eyes shifting from the now red and stammering roundsman to Conville's beaming countenance, and back again.

"Gentlemen," he remarked sternly, "do you prefer Scotch or rye? You will find cigars on the sideboard. No inconvenience at all, I assure you."

"By the way," he added to McCarthy, as McAllister filled the glasses, "would you be so obliging as to describe the individual who so thoughtfully notified you in regard to the loss of the jewelry?"

"Rather stout, well-dressed man, fat face, gray eyes," answered McCarthy, lighting a cigar. "Looked somethin' like this gentleman here," indicating the clubman. "Spoke with a kind of English accent. Nice appearin' feller, all right."

"By George! Wilkins!" ejaculated McAllister.

"Damn!" exploded Uncle Basil.

"The nerve of him!" muttered Barney.

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VITTORIA

By Margaret Sherwood

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Marco dei Pontarini, an old man.
Vittoria, his daughter.
Luigi Montara, a scholar.
Frate Giacomo, and other monks.
Teresa, *Vanni*, } servants.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A road, skirting a southern sea. Father and daughter are walking along it hand in hand. Their servants are behind.*

Vittoria. Let Vanni and Teresa stay awhile
To watch the horses eat, and you and I,
Padre carissimo, will climb the hill,
To find what lies beyond. I cannot see
A road that thus leads off into the blue
Without a quiver in my feet to go
Unto its very end, where surely waits
All that I wish to know.
Father (*smiling sadly*). *Bambina mia*,
You know already that the springtime runs
Swiftly along our path. Red tulips grow
Close to the beaten dust. Anemones
Make purple shadows in the living grass—
That is enough to know!
Vittoria. How the sun shines!
And see, between the gray-green olive leaves,
The sky is blue. Just as they did at home
The birds sing here: nothing is different,
And yet to me it all is strange and new.
Adventure lurks for me behind each hill
And all is mystery. Only the sea
Is still the same. Father, you cannot know
My joy in this! You cannot feel how sweet
Is the first step upon the open road.
[*The father sighs.*
But you are weary?
Father. Nay, yet I shall be
When we have reached the top.
Vittoria. Oh, what is that?
[*She points to a distant city visible from the top of the hill.*
Father. That, daughter, is the city of my birth.
Watch her great river shining toward the sea!
Its murmur was the first sound in my ears.
And look! That golden cross against the blue
Marks the cathedral into whose white stone
My forebears, working, father and then son,
Built their own lives. The slender tower there
Guards the grim fortress where my father sat
And helped to rule the city.
Vittoria. Tell me more!
Father. I see, but you cannot—eyes will not serve—
A narrow street that meets the river-bank
And part way climbs the hill. There you may find
In tiny shops, and studios half hid
Close to the eaves, pictures and carvings rare,
Statues whose marble is immortal, all
By inspiration in long silence wrought,
Sacred with patience of unnumbered years.
That narrow street is held in reverence
Throughout the world. Thither throng human souls
As to a tidal river come the waves.
Vittoria. And never have I seen it, street nor church
Nor crowding people. Why, along the sea
Have we stayed hidden? Will you tell me now?
Father. Dear, you have asked so often! not to-day.
Some day you shall be told.
Vittoria. Oh, I shall be
So wise, my father, when you tell me all
That you have promised—some day!
Father. Little one,
Of all the wisdom of my sixty years
The best is shared with you. Be happy, dear,
And let the silences be silence: better thus
Than turn them into pain.
Vittoria. I am content
With speech or silence, *padre mio*. Both
From you are as the voice of God to me.
This warm sun makes me sleepy. Will you sit
And let me find a pillow on your knee
Until they come?
[*They sit down on the rocks by the roadside. Vittoria puts her head against her father's knee, and presently falls asleep. He sits, now looking down at her, now off in the distance toward the city of his birth.*
Father. Strange that upon one road
Sunshine should fall on her face, and from mine
The shadow not be lifted!

SCENE II.—*There is a footstep on the road. Luigi Montara approaches, his head bent, a book under his arm. He stops, then uncovers his head and advances.*

Luigi. If some misfortune has befallen you
Pray let me be of service.
Father. Nay, we rest;
Our horses are behind. We journey on
After an hour toward the city gates.
Luigi. Surely not now!
Father. And wherefore?
Luigi. Know you not
All leave the city and none enter now?
Within is horror, for the plague is there.
Each day the river carries toward the sea
Scores of dead bodies.
Father. Hush! Oh, hush!——
Luigi. You cannot bear to hear it, yet would go?
Father. Go on I must.
Luigi. Some weighty matter then
Of life and death——
Father (*in sudden anger*). Cease your vain talk of death,

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For she may wake. My daughter never yet
Has heard the word "death" spoken. You stand dumb,
Uncomprehending. Yet, for nineteen years
She has been happy, and she does not dream
That death is lord of life. See, her cheeks glow,
And her eyes, opened, shine. To womanhood
One child has grown untouched by the great fear.
Luigi (*slowly*). She is most beautiful.
Father. Sir, sit you down
And help me plan for this day and the next,
For I am old, and helpless as a child,
And great is my perplexity. Fear not!
She will not waken if we whisper.
Luigi. You
Are of the city?
Father. Twenty years ago
I was a ruler of my city there:
My name is Pontarini.
Luigi. A great name!
Great and unstained.
Father. Your eyes are kind and grave
For one so young. They question me, and I,
Because I feel that you will understand,
Will tell you what no living man has heard.
Yonder in that white city, years ago,
I lived with wife and child, absorbed, content
In that great happiness that tempts the gods.
For paradise I would not have exchanged
The room wherein my lady sat, the path
Along the garden where she made the air
Holy by her mere passing. When the child,
A year old, could say "*madre*," as she played
With the bright tresses of her mother's hair,
One day my life was ended. By the pall
Over my lady's dust, I made a vow
And I have kept it. There should be on earth
One life, I swore, all joy. One soul should go
By the great fear unshadowed. We have lived
Yonder in a walled villa by the sea.
Beyond the falling of the leaves, my child
Knows naught of the great change. Most carefully
Has she been shielded, and she has not seen
The death of any living thing. The birds
Have ever sung to her: they come and go,
Leaving no trace of death. Search through the wood
And you will never find a tiny bone
That crumbles, showing life for them as aught
But an eternal song upon the air.
She has been happy. Now, upon my heart
The hand of death has fallen. Few the days
And few the hours left, above the grass
And in the sun, for me. I travel on
To bear one message I am bound to give
My city ere I die.
Vittoria (*half wakens, nestles her cheek against her father's hand, and murmurs:*)
I am so happy here with you.
[*The two men breathe lightly until she sleeps again.*
Father (*piteously*). My son,
I know not how to act. I have delayed,
Have waited, knowing any day might bring
The awful knowledge to her, through the touch
Of my dead hand. Often upon my lips
The words have trembled, but I cannot speak.
A coward am I, and I cannot shut
The sunshine from her, cannot take away
The fragrance from the flowers. That the thought
Which blackens all the sky above our heads,
And makes the green grass wither, must be hers,
Is more than I can bear. For all these years
While I have walked with death, she has not seen
The shadow at my side.
Luigi. Sir, just below
The crest of yonder hill, a convent stands
Where I have taken refuge. Will you come
And bring your daughter to the safety there?
In its great quiet you can form some plan.
Father. Monks always prattle of the grave and death—
How could I shield my daughter?
Luigi. These are they
Vowed unto silence, and they may not speak,
In fear of penance. Prithee, let me go
To tell them that you come. You trust me, sir?
See, I walk lightly, lest the sleeper wake.
Father (*watching him as he goes*). The fate was kind that sent him to our aid.
Luigi (*to himself*). What will the eyes be when the lashes lift,
The eyes that know not death?

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The convent garden. Monks in white Carmelite robes pace up and down the cloister, praying. The father sits at the refectory door, reading. Vittoria stands by the garden wall.*

Luigi. You look away from all the flowers here,
Roses and Easter lilies, daffodils,
As if you did not even hear the bees
Humming about them. Will you tell at what
You gaze so steadfastly?
Vittoria. That great white cliff
Yonder, with the blue water at its edge,
And the sky's blue above. It is too steep
For any orange-tree or cypresses
To grow along its side. Look, can you see?
Luigi (*gazing only at her*). I see!
Vittoria. It haunts me, and the long, white, even road
Lies like an invitation to pursue
And find what there is hidden, for it seems
That something terrible or splendid waits
Within its shadow. I am but a child
Longing to see beyond the farthest hill.
Never till yesterday did I set foot
Upon the highway, and I do not know
This world that lies beyond our villa wall.
Doubtless I seek for much that is not there.
Luigi. And you are sad?
Vittoria. My father does not see:
Pray, may I not be sad alone with you?
Luigi. You may be what you will. I only ask
That I may understand: you puzzle me.
Vittoria. My father always longed to have me gay,
For therein was his happiness. I smile
Ever for him, and I have laughed when sobs
Caught in my throat. Women must learn to be
That which men wish, Teresa says, and hide
All pain and hunger far down in their hearts.
Making me happy was my father's life:
To him, I have been happy.

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Luigi. Of yourself
And all you did in the long summer days
Will you not tell me? Paint for me the place
That I may see it.
Vittoria. There are no steep rocks
As here, where the convent walls make one
With the great piles of stone that meet the sea;
Only a long green slope and a gray wall,
And, by the water, a small crescent beach,
Shaped like a waxing moon. Two poplar trees,
Close to it, cut the blue; and, higher up,
Ilex and cypresses, and yellow walls
Where the house stands. There are white marble busts
Of kings and poets in the ilex shade,
Green moss on chin and forehead. All day long
On the gray dial in the grass the sun
Counts off the hours.
Luigi. Meanwhile—you?
Vittoria. I sit
Embroidering at the window, and I hear
The fountain trickling in the inner court.
When the brief shadow of the orange-tree
Is just beneath it, saying it is noon,
I go to sit, in the hall paved with stone,
At our great table. There I serve the bread,
The cheese, the salad, and the purple grapes,
And for my father pour red wine or white,
As he may choose. So all the days. No one
Goes ever from us, no one ever comes.
Luigi. And are you happy?
Vittoria. I have been, and yet
Forever waiting, waiting with a sense
Of mystery, for it has always seemed
That some new footfall on the floor might bring
The tidings that would make me understand.
Life is so shut away!
Luigi. It is for all!
All share the shadow where we grope our way.
We study deeply and we think; we watch,
Wandering freely on the open ways,
But no one of us knows.
Vittoria (*shaking her head*). Nay, you are wise;
It is not hidden from you as from me.
Your eyes are those of one who understands.
Luigi (*looking always at her*). I too have waited, but more easily
Than you can find shall I find what I seek.
For finer souls like yours the search is long.
Vittoria. But I forget my father! There he sits,
His eyes fixed on the distant city: so
He watches all the time, and counts the spires,
Almost invisible, then looks at me,
Saying, "Within an hour I must start."
And yet he does not, neither will he tell
What is his message, nor the reason why
I may not go with him. I long to share
His glorious mission, and I fain would hear
The beat of footsteps in that narrow street.
Only a maiden am I, yet may serve!
And I am young and strong, while he is old;
Why must I linger here and let him go?
Luigi. Nay, I will go for him! Old and infirm
He must not travel all that way alone.
If he will trust his message, I with pride
Will carry it.
Vittoria. You are most courteous
To aid an old man and a helpless girl.
How can we thank you?
Luigi. For my great reward
I claim the service only.

[*There is a sound of a bell. The monks go shuffling two by two along the cloister, and enter the chapel door. Then comes a sudden burst of organ music, and many voices, chanting. Vittoria listens, and her cheeks are wet with tears.*

Vittoria. Oh, tell me what it is! The sweetness hurts.
Who has the power to touch our ears like this?
Luigi. It is the mid-day prayer. What troubles you?
Is it the music?
Vittoria (*reddening*). I know not the word,
And never yet have heard this pleading sound,
Being most ignorant.
Luigi (*looking at the father*). I understand!
Listen! They pray.
Vittoria. Of praying I know naught.

[*The music begins again.*

Oh, more than anything I ever heard
It seems that this might be the voice to speak
The words for which I waited, tell me all
The secret meaning I have missed before.
And yet it makes me sad, as in the spring
The new leaves sadden me.

[*Luigi watches her as she listens, forgetting him.*

Luigi. Men's purposes
Are ever their defeat! He who would keep
Her childhood in her, has prevailed to make
Thinker and poet, with soft-shadowed eyes,
Wiser than other maidens', yet with mouth
More smiling. Tall and very fair she moves
Among the garden lilies, with white brows
And fine-wrought cheek and nostril, her brown hair
Smooth in the noon-day sunshine. Would her face
Have been all gladness at my going hence
If she had understood?

SCENE II.—*Several days later. Murmur of the service, as always. The father watches his daughter and the scholar who pace the garden paths between red roses growing over graves.*

Father. How her eyes follow him! When he is near
She blossoms like a flower in the sun.
Wistful and tender all her face has grown,
As it has never been. She knows it not,
And yet she loves him.

[*From the chapel comes the sound of the creed:* *Credo in spiritum sanctum, . . . sanctorum communionem, carnis resurrectionem, vitam æternam.*

Father. It is very strange
That my last moments should be sweet like this.
Yonder the monks are praying, but their prayers
Mean naught to me. Here, in the sun, my child
Learns love for this young stranger. Prayer nor love
Is mine, yet I am glad for both, and warm
I go between them. Still I linger here
For joy to see, my great task unfulfilled.
They love as we loved in the garden there
Where fountains played, and where the roses stood,

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Thus, slim and single. So, but more golden-haired.
Her mother walked among them. Even so
Our faces quivered, and our lips were still.
She loves. When will she know? She does not dream
In this great happiness, how terrible
The guest who comes unbidden, evermore
To hold the secret chambers of her heart.
Nor can she see how close death stands behind,
Waiting to cast his shadow on her face.
I would have spared her—I was merciful!
I would have spared her love and death!

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The garden. Late afternoon.*

Father. You would go down for me
To the plague-stricken city, there to do
The service that compels me?
Luigi. Sir, at once,
And gladly.
Father. You say you love my daughter.
How can you then so lightly turn your face
From love and joy, and, for her father's sake,
Venture to certain death?
Luigi. Did I not say
I love her?
Father. In your youth and strength you dare
Face the great fear unflinching?
Luigi. Torture me
No longer! Let me go at once! No saint
Am I, and in this battle I must fight
I can acquit myself more valiantly
With horse beneath me and the road ahead.
Maybe I shall return; and death itself
For me is terrorless. It does not mean
Your final shutting of an iron door;
I am of those who hold its endless hope.
[*The father points to Vittoria, who sits at her window embroidering.*
Luigi (*his hands clenched, and the sound of a sob in his throat*). I who would die to serve her cannot let
Her father perish, as flies perish.
Father. Go,
Go then and save me.
Luigi (*walking swiftly away*). I return to hear,
Before I start, the message I must bear.
Father. Knowledge of death is in his eyes, and love
Is written on his mouth, and yet he goes.
(*Calls.*) Come back! Come back!
[*The scholar returns slowly, not once lifting his eyes to Vittoria's window.*
You are pure gold, my son.
I did but try you. All I hold most dear
Is yours. I longed, upon my dying bed,
To say, "He is found worthy, and will keep
The secret for her." Surely you forgive!
Go, and drink deep of joy. What I must do
No man can do for me. Long years ago,
In a quick tumult of the city street,
I saw one strike, and saw another fall.
Suspicion rested on the innocent,
Yet no man touched him, and I held my peace,
Letting my silence punish other sins
Of him, most guilty. He who struck that blow
Was my one friend. Now I am near to death
And know that I was wrong. I go to swear
The oath that clears my enemy, and that
My tongue alone can fashion. You must live
If you would serve me truly. Does my child
Know of your love?
Luigi She knows!
[*There is a loud knock at the convent gate. When it is opened, a horseman, dusty, dishevelled, leans from his horse to say hurried words to the brother who has gone to receive him. Frate Giacomo crosses himself at the news.*
Father (*looking toward the window and smiling*). She does not tremble! Nineteen years of age,
Yet not afraid to hear a sudden knock
Upon the gate! Through all these years my heart
With each new sound of knocking at the door
Has answered to old sorrow, with a thought
Of coming pain.
Frate Giacomo (*muttering to himself as he hurries from the gate*). Four hundred stricken dead
Within the city yesterday, to-day!
Four hundred dead! Their bodies in the streets
Unburied and unshriven! For our souls
Ora, Maria! Ave Maria! Pray——
Father (*starting*). Oh, I must go, or I shall come too late!
Why have I lingered here day after day
When precious was each hour? Now it grows late;
In early morning will I journey on.
No second sunset finds me lingering here.
Luigi. Your strength is spent, and you are old: once more
I pray you, let me go.
Father. The seal of death
Is on me. If the plague seize me or no,
My days are few. To her I say farewell
As one who journeys only for a day.
Perhaps I steal away without a word,
For she is wilful, as all maidens are,
And eager to go with me. When a thought
Seizes upon her, all her life is set
In that one way. She is too quick in act
As in resolve. My son, when I am gone
Guard well her happiness! You both are young,
And is not youth immortal? Live for her,
Standing 'twixt her and fear. Give me your oath
That you will guard her, far as in you lies,
From knowing aught of death.
Luigi. So help me God!
Father. Then I go on content; but ere I start
I fain would see you in the chapel there
Wedded before the altar. [*Luigi bares his head.*

SCENE II.—*The garden, a little later. Vespers in the chapel. The sound of the litany mingles with the sound of the sea.*

Vittoria. Teresa waits for me; I must go in.
See, all along the west the sky has turned
The color of these saffron roses here,
Yellow, with crimson at the heart. How pale
The one star shines above the cypress-trees!
Luigi. One moment only while we hear them sing!
(*To himself.*) Ah, they are praying for the newly dead. [*The monks chant:*
Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine.

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Vittoria. I do not understand, but it is sweet—
Part of the undreamed beauty that I find
Filling a world where all is strange to me:
In new hill slopes, new pathways, and in you.
Luigi. Belovèd, do not leave me! Tell me why
You tremble when I speak.
Vittoria. It is not you,
But through you something great and terrible
Speaks to me, and I bow my head in fear.
Luigi. Are you content? Always your mouth smiles, yet
Sometimes I find your brown eyes hungry still,
And then I am afraid that my great love
Is not the message that you longed to hear.
And yet, if aught can ever lead your feet
Whither they wish to come, it must be love.
Vittoria. It is a message that I wonder at!
My lord and lover, if my eyes ask aught,
It is more love, and more, and more. I know
But one need now.
[*Again comes the chant of the monks:*
Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Luigi. For me it is no longer my life blood
Beating within my pulses; it is you.
The very green and gold threads of your gown
Have woven finest meshes in my brain.
Oh, tell me once again before you go
That you do love me, and I will believe!
Vittoria. You ask me that? But fourteen days ago
I had not seen you. Now, in all the world
Is naught but you. The sunshine on the grass,
The long, green hillside slopes where peach-trees bloom,
The music that finds out I know not what
Unknown recesses of my soul, and hurts—
All, all is you! I cannot grasp my joy,
So great it is, as it comes beating in
Upon my heart, like tide-beats in the sea.
Luigi (*bending to kiss the hem of her dress*). I am unworthy—I!
Vittoria Nay, nay, not you!
An ignorant and uninstructed girl,
Lo, what am I, that a great heart like yours
Should come to rest on mine? But take me, all,
You who are strong and wise, for utterly
I give myself, and there is nothing left.
Make of me what you will.
[*Again come the requiem, dying in:*
Requiescat in pace. Amen. Amen.
[*Luigi shivers.*
Vittoria. And you, too, are afraid?
Luigi. Through love comes fear.
Yet what is there in all the world to dread
When you and I love thus?
Vittoria. One thing alone
In this great safety of your presence I
Think of with fear: that you should go away,
That any time I might not see your face.
Dear one, you will not, even for a day,
Let life be as it was before?
Luigi. I swear
No sun by day nor thousand stars by night
Shall find me anywhere but at your side.
My love shall be the shade that every day
Keeps the heat from you; it shall be each night
A cover from the cold. So, hand in hand,
We shall go on forever, with our feet
Keeping one time along the selfsame road.
[*A voice comes from the chapel:*
Memento mei, Domine, quia ventus est vita mea. . . .
Homo natus de muliere, brevi vivens tempore, repletur multis miseriis. Qui quasi flos egreditur, et conteritur, et fugit velut umbra, et nunquam in eodem statu permanet.
Vittoria. Tell me, what does it mean?
Luigi (*passionately, his voice rising to a cry*). It means that love,
Love only, lasts forever, eternal,
Unchangeable, triumphant over chance.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Frate Giacomo walks in the cloister before the open chapel door. He forgets his prayers, but goes on counting his beads.*

Frate Giacomo. They kneel before the altar, their heads bowed—
I see them where the holy candles make
A little light in the surrounding gloom.
Our Father Ambrose, clad in robe and stole,
Reads over them the marriage service. Here
It never yet has sounded. Hark, they speak!
"Volo" the young man says, and "Volo" comes
The woman's softer voice. Who, what are they
That they should utter in these sacred walls
The unknown word "desire"?
[*The sound of chanted prayer and response comes to him. He strains his ears.*
Oh, what a change
Is wrought here! Great the shock that has been given!
Just as before a storm the air is full
Of dull foreboding, my soul waits in fear
Of what may come, for they are living still
Where things may happen, and they have no right
In this our foretaste of eternal life
Whose peace they have disturbed.
[*There is a sudden burst of music, then, in the full triumph of many voices:*
Kyrie Eleison! Christe Eleison! Kyrie Eleison.
Frate Giacomo. God pity those
Who have no walls to shut temptation out.
[*The music of the processional begins.*
Ah, here they come, the lovers hand in hand,
One flush upon both faces; after them
The white-haired father, aged, but with eyes
Still fierce with love and pain. I go to pray.
Pater noster, ne nos inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo. Amen. Amen.

SCENE II.—*Outside the chapel.*

Vittoria. Only a little way, dear father, then
Like two good children we will turn again
Without a word toward home. May we not come?
Father. Your marriage garment, daughter, is too white
For the long dusty way.
Vittoria. That can be changed!
One moment only and I come in blue
Already dusty from the blessed road
That led us here.

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Father. Few minutes have I left
To linger, dear one. My command is stern——
Vittoria. We will not trouble you along the way
Nor ask you why you go, nor beg to come
Unto the city, since you tell us nay.
Let us go with you to the great white cliff—
Only so far!
Father (*smiling*). Then you will wish to see
The next cliff and the next!
Vittoria. I promise, no!
For all my wandering shall I find an end
At the white cliff.
[*She puts her arms around her father's neck and whispers:*
Such utter happiness
Is mine I cannot bear it! Let me share,
If but an hour, my great joy with you.
It is for this, this only I would go.
A single shadow dims the sun for me—
This undreamed gladness is not wholly yours
As it is mine. Dear, did you ever know
Content like this?
Father (*putting his finger on her lip*).
Hush! hush! If you must go
Make ready in all haste.
(*To himself.*) She springs away
Loosening her golden girdle as she moves.
Oh, may the radiance upon her face
Shine throughout life undimmed! My little one!
Alone, from you to the great mystery
I go, not to return. Never again
Shall I behold your face, above all else
Beloved, save only hers, the unforgotten,
Unforgettable!

SCENE III.—*The road toward the city. Vittoria rides between her father and her lover. The servants are behind.*

Vittoria (*gayly*). The yellow butterflies show us the way!
So with you two I could ride endlessly,
The fresh wind in our faces, and ahead
This road between the green hills and the sea.
Father. When you are old, *bambina*, you will wish
Sometimes to stop and rest.
Vittoria. When we are old!
We shall be old together, old and glad—
Three white heads nodding early off to sleep!
When will the wrinkles come? "Too soon," you say,
"And youth is short?" Then age is very long,
But love is longest, surely. You must rest:
The sun is growing warm. At the last bend
I saw the great white cliff, straight as a line
Dropped from a blue sky to a bluer sea.
There we shall stop, and you shall go to sleep
In some deep shadow, while we sit near by
Making our plans for all the days to come.
Soon you return to us, and I shall hear
Some day a knocking at the convent gate.
How I shall listen for it! Then we go
Back to our villa. Till I see again
The old familiar things, I shall not know
My blessedness. The dial in the grass,
The cypress shade must measure it for me,
And all the waves must tell it. Dear, my lord,
[*She touches her lover's arm.*
I want old places round me once again.
Life is too sacred for the new.
Luigi (*looking at the father with eyes of pity*). We go,
Belovèd, to your villa. May our life
Beat on like music, pealing strong between
The murmur of the fountain and the sea.
Vittoria (*laughing*). We shall be blessèd. Now the footstep comes
For which I watched, not knowing, and shall fall
Upon our floor. Soon shall the wine be poured
In three slim glasses, not again in two;
For three the bread be broken; three carved chairs
Stand by the table. Wishing no least thing,
We shall go on forever. Now I wait
To ask Teresa of the tapestry
That shall be hung in your apartment, sir.
[*She turns back.*
Father. Your eyes still beg for sacrifice, my son.
It may not be! The bitterness of death
Already you have taken. When I see
Unshadowed in my daughter's eyes the love
That you have lighted, I go on content.
May I but stand at my cathedral gate,
And have, from out the numbered minutes left
Of this my life, but time enough to speak!
Luigi. My heart is full of sadness for you, sir,
And full of fear for her. We journey on
Toward a plague-stricken city. Death may pass
At any minute. Walking carelessly
Along the green grass here she may look up
To see some face borne past. How can I then
Fulfil my trust?
Father (*thinking*). It may come first to her:
Not knowing, she may meet the enemy
And greet him gladly, as one greets a friend.
Oh, they are happy who thus touch his hand
Ere it is laid on the belovèd!
Luigi. Yet
The risk?
Father. My son, I know not what to say.
In the great shadow of approaching change
This old world startles me as one new-made.
I doubt where I was sure, and what was doubt
Seems trembling into hope. Blindly, perhaps,
Have I done wrong? Had she a right to know
The secret?
Luigi. It may be.
Father. Your smile is sad.
If I should tell her now, before I go—?
Should make her understand, if one may know
Who has not seen——
Luigi (*hastily*). Tell her, but not to-day!
Her wedding-day must keep her as she was.
I could not have her change, not by one shade
Of color in her cheek or difference
Of thought in her dear eyes.
Father. No, not to-day!
It is enough, if, in the danger here
We meet the unknown thing, to tell her then.
At the first sight she has of death we speak—
All that we know.

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ACT V

SCENE I.—*The roadside, near the white cliff. The father, who has been sleeping in the deep shadow of the ilex-trees, wakens and rubs his eyes. Teresa sits near.*

Father. I have been long asleep?
Teresa. Sir, it was noon
When we dismounted. Now the sun is low.
Father. Then precious hours are wasted, when I had
No minute's time to lose! Where is my child?
Teresa, where my son?
Teresa. I cannot tell.
Some hours ago they went to climb the cliff
Where it is highest. Me they told to watch
Here by your side. Long has your slumber been
And they have not returned. But they are young,
And time goes swiftly on one's wedding-day.
Father. Why came they not to waken me? They knew,
They knew, and why did they forget? Too late
Will be my going hence, and I shall die
With my last message smouldering on my lips,
Like fire in burnt-out ashes. O my dear,
My little daughter! Give me yet one kiss,
One last good-night to sweeten my long sleep!
Thou who didst make one life so hard a thing
In the stern face of duty, grant me now,
Out of the endless nothingness to be,
One short half-hour of my daughter's face!

SCENE II.—*On the rocks, half way down the side of the cliff.*

Father. I clamber up and down the rocks, and yet
I find them not. Upon these jagged stones
Garments and hands are torn. No path is here
To guide my foot, and all my strength is spent.
Ah, do I see them? There my daughter kneels
Beside her lover, on a ledge of rock:
His face is toward the sky. Hasten, O foot,
And trembling, weak old hands! How her eyes shine
As with some new-found joy!
Vittoria. Hush, father, hush!
Do not disturb him! For an hour's time
He has not stirred.
[*The father throws himself upon his knees at his daughter's side.*
Father. Forehead and hands are cold,
And the heart beats not: O my God! my God!
Horror of death is here! Was it for this
The work of all my life was spent, that she
Should find this cruel message written first
Upon the face most loved? My life's great grief
But still more cruel have I wrought for her.
Oh, mine the sin! She hears and heeds me not.
Vittoria. Is he not wonderful? Look, *padre*, look!
For he is thinking. Always when he thinks
He is more beautiful. Now, I can see,
He meditates some thought profounder still.
I never yet have seen his face so fair.
Oh, he is wise, my scholar! Do you think,
When his eyes open and he tells me all,
Then I can understand?
Father. How came he here,
And you?
Vittoria. His foot slipped yonder at the top;
I searched a long time ere I found him here.
I called; he did not answer, but I know
This is so sweet and still a place to think,
He simply did not hear.
Father (*moaning*). All my life long
I have been building. Who, who has destroyed?
Only a moment, and a quick misstep!
O ye above, who play the game of chance
Wherein our lives are staked, win, win someone,
That we may know the end! Noble he was
And young:—was not that cause for death?
Because he was beloved he had to die!
How can I tell her now?
Vittoria. Dear father, say
What is this terrible new beauty? I
Dare not to touch his forehead with my lips
Till his eyes open or his fingers stir.
Father. O *poveretta!* The fingers will not stir;
The eyes will never open: this is death.
Vittoria. Death? Is he not my lover? What is death?
I must be stupid not to understand.
Is he not he, and can he cease to care?
Father. Sweet, my old heart breaks; can I make you know?
Bound hand and foot he lies. He cannot move;
He will not waken even to speak your name.
Waiting forever, you would never see
The eyelids quiver. All you know and loved
Stops, and exists no more. It comes to all:
We are but dust that crumbles in the way,
The clod from which the grass and violets grow.
Vittoria. How radiant his face is!—Comes to all?
We stop and crumble?—But I never knew.
Father. I tried to shield you, dear; and no one knows,
For all is mystery. We only see
The breath dies softly, like a little wind
That does not rise again. A swift disease,
A sudden fall into the water here,
And what was you or I is nothingness.
Vittoria. This is not dust, but glory! See, I bend
And kiss the face grown wonderful and strange,
But mine, mine, mine! My father, do not say
That he can cease to be. As a mere child,
Untouched and ignorant, I might have learned
Such words by rote. I am a woman now,
Who lives and loves, and some great certainty
Is mine, beyond all teaching. There is now
Nothing within me able to learn aught
Of that which you call death.
Father. *Bambina mia*,
Many there are, and he was of them, so
I tell you for his sake—many who hold
That death is not an end, but only birth
Into some life beyond, immortal, great,
And infinite in meaning; that this dust,
Sown in corruption, quickens into life
Somewhere beyond our ken. I—believe not!
They talk of an eternity of love,
But they know nothing. How her eyes are fixed
Upon his face!
Vittoria. That was the reason, then,
He bore the look of one who understands,
His eyes more wise than ours, full of love
Immortal, infinitely great. Father,

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You knew? And yet you shut away from me,
For all these many years, this greater hope?
Oh, till he came, the sky has seemed so near,
And life so little, with no farther reach
Than daily custom, endlessly the same!
How, having known this once, could you shrink back
To smaller measure? For to grasp one thought
So great is knowledge.

Father. How her eyes scorn me!

Vittoria. *Padre*, forgive, forgive! Of each white hair
I beg forgetfulness for my quick words.
Life has so suddenly grown great that I
Have lost my way therein. What I have learned
In the deep silence round him through this hour
Nothing can take away.

Father. Her body glows
As with some knowledge shining through, and she
Seems not to know the very use of tears.
When will she learn her loss? Child of my heart,
I too must leave you now, not to return:
Great service draws me, and my death is near:
I may not stay to share this bitter grief.
Most cruel has this hour been to you,
But, living in the villa by the sea,
May the years teach you that the hand that struck
Wounded in vain attempt to save. Farewell!
I would have spared you sorrow like my own!

Vittoria (*kissing his hand*). Father, you, too?
What is this secret, then,
That you, my best-beloved, share, while I
Am shut outside? Into the glory you
Follow his footsteps, leaving me behind.
Oh, it means change and splendor; and the thought
Of hidden beauty waiting to be won
Quickens my pulse. My heart has never stirred
So with a sense of great approach.

Father. Farewell!
Go to Teresa, dear, and you are safe.

[*He speaks to himself as he moves away.*

Even yet I fear she has no slightest sense
Of that which parting means. God, art thou there?
Watch over her when I may watch no more!

Vittoria (*watching, as he scales the cliff*). The poor frail hands can hardly keep their grasp
To aid the weary climbing, step by step.
When in that wrinkled face the great light breaks
That he calls death, I would that I might see!

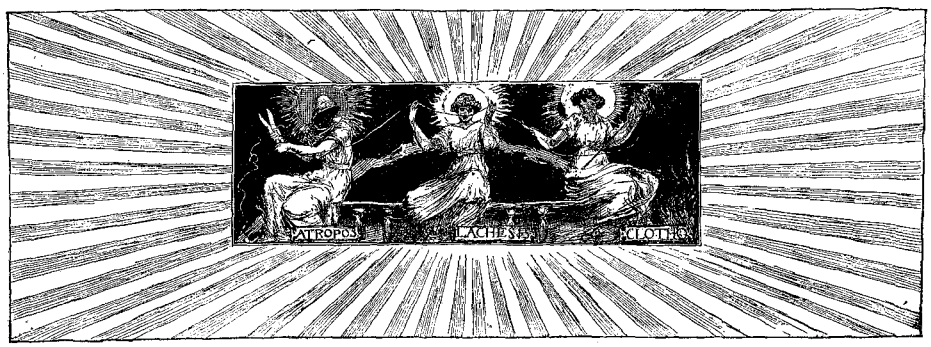
[*Her eyes follow him until he disappears; then she turns to her lover.*

Dearest, I take you in my arms again.
See, here I kiss your hair, and here your sleeve,
And then your eyelids. You would have it so
That my first kiss must fall upon your eyes:
So shall the last. Never were you my own
So much as now. I did not know you then!
This is a beauty that you did not have
Back in the garden, even the first time
You said you loved me. In the quiet here
There lingers something that I would not change
For all the sunshine and the words of love,
Thrilled through with scent of roses. Here I cross
Your hands upon your breast. I hunger, dear,
For this eternity enfolding you.
A fall from off the cliff, my father said,
Will fashion me like this. My life leaps up
Exultingly to meet this joy of death.
The silences shall not be silence now!

[*She bends once more over the dead face.*

I follow where you lead.

[*She springs from the cliff.*



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THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE is a wide diversity of view as to what is the essence of efficiency, if one may judge by current discussion in newspapers, magazines, and popular addresses. The debate itself is a revelation of the extent to which the subject is uppermost in the general mind.

These generalizations on the secret of efficiency are most interesting when least expected; as, for example, in a discussion of what is popularly known as "Wall Street manipulation," on the theory that "paper" is the basis of its vast transactions. In speaking of this exaggeration, if not misconception, Mr. James M. Beck, a corporation lawyer, confesses that Wall Street's "stupendous energy" impresses him as a convincing illustration of "work for work's sake," of the "joy of achievement"; a case of seeking more and more, not from avarice, but from a contempt for money expressed in "prodigality of expenditure." In a compelling desire to *have*, in order to waste what for another nation would suffice for its living—a desire of which Wall Street is the type—Mr. Beck finds when combined with great national resources the secret of "our amazing development as a nation." This is a theory not without academic authority. In noting the story of vital statistics that "the severest stress, the hardest work, and the shortest lives are not so much the lot of the poor as of the business and professional classes," Benjamin Kidd adds: "The appetite for success is really never satisfied, and a deeper insight into the conditions of the rivalry reveals that it is necessarily so; it grows with eating, but it remains insatiable."

The Secret of Efficiency.

At the farthest remove from the purely materialistic theory of national efficiency, the "insatiable appetite" idea, is the theory of Mr. Sidney Lee, elaborated in a recent paper, that "the more books of the right kind are read, the more efficient a nation becomes." This belief is based on the generalization that experience is "the force which makes life possible," and that books "alone give permanence to the facts of experience." In the library of national efficiency, books of technical knowledge have their place, but not the first place. That belongs to the "great books," those that "embody the best thought and emotion of which humanity is capable"—an obvious adaptation of Matthew Arnold's definition of culture. Here again one at once encounters the opposed theory of the representative practical Englishman, Mr. Mosely, whose study of a superior efficiency in the United States leads him to the conclusion that it is due to "practical, up-to-date, scientific knowledge," made possible alone through "an enlarged and enlightened system of education." The commission which came with Mr. Mosely to the United States to study and report upon our system of education did not, as a body, accept his conclusion. As a body, the commission rather inclined to the belief that American efficiency is due to American character; that American schools have not made the people what they are, but the people, being what they are, have made the schools—which leaves the secret of efficiency where it was found.

Such a conclusion gives significance to a comment in the London *Spectator* on the value, compared with England, which America has put upon education, as due to different social conditions. "The influence of realized wealth is becoming greater in the United States; and, as it does so, education will become less important as an instrument of success in life," the heir to "realized wealth" not needing it as did the heir to wealth regarded simply as a means to greater wealth. Academic as such a contention seems, it lies at the basis of those national differences which, in the case of Germany, for example, have led to the slow, but sure, scientific cultivation of foreign trade through the exact adaptation of exports to the requirements, even prejudices, of the foreign customer; a form of cultivation that has so evidently promoted national efficiency. *Per contra*, one

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must recognize the value of the old-fashioned training in the humanities, supplementing and broadening traditions of caste, which has given the English university man his pre-eminence as a wise ruler and developer of colonies. Still again this pre-eminence gives point to Dr. Alleyne Ireland's criticism of the American Philippine policy, that it is based on the mistake of making "education the first and most important step" in the development of national capacity; whereas such capacity can and does exist in the form of "a high state of industry," without "advanced political and educational conditions"—a contention to be granted, perhaps, if a "high state of industry" is the sole criterion by which to determine national efficiency, and if such a state will last, though unprotected by "advanced political and educational conditions."

If any inference is to be drawn from the confusing, and at times conflicting diversity of views of efficiency as disclosed in such discussion, it is the recognition of its secret as lying in national temperament, in the development of a national aptitude along the lines of its natural evolution. "While the earlier economists argued," says Professor Marshall, of Cambridge, "as though man's character and efficiency were to be regarded as a fixed quantity, modern economists keep carefully in mind the fact that he is a product of the circumstances under which he has lived." Which of these circumstances are the most determinative? Readers of Buckle will recall that he would say climate. Ancient civilization was a product, in his view, of the fertility of the soil; modern civilization of favoring climatic conditions. How far do such conditions, with their great variety extending over a vast territory, account for the energy and responsiveness of a population so rapidly growing homogeneous as the American people, and thus for their national efficiency? How far do similar conditions in Japan, whose territory stretches through nearly thirty degrees of latitude, account for Japan's national efficiency, the marvel of contemporaneous history?

THE "woman wage-earner" when she has risen above domestic service has always been a more or less difficult subject to treat intelligently, whether in fact or in fiction, her departures from the conventional having made more stir than the result has seemed to warrant. For years before and after Jane Eyre and her dynamic interviews with the impossible Rochester thrilled an uninitiated generation, the governess played a recognized and by no means unimportant part in English fiction, her only rival being the lady's companion. The woes of these unhappy individuals were doubtless not less real if sometimes less romantic than they were painted; but certain inflexible traditions of hardship and ill-usage grew up about them and threw them out of the true perspective of human misfortune. This Jean Ingelow brought charmingly to our notice in one of her suggestive "Studies for Stories," where the soft-hearted daughters of a good middle-class English family, nourished on the typical novel of their day, insist upon regarding the governess of their young sisters in the light of an ill-used goddess. They surround her with the halo of martyrdom, and waste their young sympathies in endless efforts to make her position less unbearable. One fine day they discover that she is the daughter of a small farmer, and that her rise to the title of governess is felt to reflect honor upon the entire family. They learn also that she herself shares in the general estimation of her good fortune, and declines to bewail hardships that exist only in the generously sentimental hearts of her young friends. The shock to them is severe but tonic.

The Business Woman in Fiction.

Since that time the note has changed. We are no longer asked to pity; we have the far more difficult task of lauding the self-supporting woman of the present. We have got past the day of celebrating her daring in entering the professions. Mr. Howells long ago turned his light arrows of satire against the woman doctor, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has more than once bent her serious gaze in the same direction. The literary woman has played the part of heroine from time to time for half a century and more, and now, just as the woman of business has ceased to feel herself an object of interest as such to her friends, she is taken up by the novelist as a new and welcome discovery. It would seem to the observer of things as they are that the so-called "psychological moment" for her appearance is past; and that, considering the multiplicity of her class, she might be taken frankly for granted. Yet it must be owned that she presents alluring opportunities for both the novelist of character

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and the novelist of society. The reconciliation between innate "ladyhood" and the occupations of business is frequently accomplished in life, and challenges the skill and delicacy of the most endowed historian of the twentieth century. A few serious minds, also, have set themselves to prove to a public that perhaps needs little proof, how enlivening to women of receptive intelligence is the contact with large interests and complicated business problems. Most of us are well aware that hope of opportunity for such free play of the mind has sent many an eager girl into the most disappointing and monotonous drudgery.

The author of "In the Cage" succeeded, through his peculiar sympathy with minds avid for the smallest morsel of life, in revealing the compensations to be found by a sufficiently soaring imagination in the seemingly dreary world of the telegrapher; but not all caged minds can make the most of their fragmentary opportunities, with the best will in the world to do so. That in all ordinary cases it is Dead Sea fruit upon which they have to sustain their attenuated existence, we know as though we ourselves had bitten it.

It is the virtue of imagination as of genius to transform life into a stimulating elixir; but can we do it by merely attaching to our heroine the tag of "governess," "companion," "doctor," or "stenographer"? Doubtless to Adam the word "woman" expressed all the romance of paradise, and it is still the feminine individuality acted upon by one environment or another that claims our interest. The accessories of position and occupation are of course interesting in their relation to character, but seldom in themselves. The mistake is constantly made of regarding them as the essential factors in the story of men and women; but the great novelist of the future, like those of the past, will use them only as life itself does, to develop the souls of his people.

How Much Per Annum?

WE cherish the belief that as a people we have grown too well bred to ask direct personal questions, and that the interrogative Yankee, if not altogether extinct, is not so numerous as the travelling Briton of fifty years ago represented him. We disguise such curiosity as we still impertinently have, sometimes quite successfully concealing it even from ourselves. We believe that we have cut entirely free from the extreme vulgarity of social inquisitiveness. But in open confession we are obliged to acknowledge that there is one topic which challenges the interest of the most incurious—that of income and outgo. We instinctively put together such sticks and straws of information as float our way, and of them build in the backs of our minds something that represents to us the "circumstances" of the people we know. Not that we care for exact figures or to turn an intrusive gaze upon private balance-sheets. It is in no spirit of criticism as to the wisdom or unwisdom of our neighbor's expenditures that we speculate; but approximately to know the means of the men and women we meet is almost a necessity of comfortable progress toward a just estimate of their point of view. It is enlightening to know on which side of a fixed standard of possibilities they belong, and this standard is usually our own income. We must manage to orient our acquaintances even in a country where Burke's "Peerage" is useless and no "Book of Landed Gentry" avails. We may apply to Bradstreet, but as a source of information in regard to agreeable people, this also is sadly deficient.

The novelists are kind to us in the matter. Apparently they recognize that we shall not be able to settle down to a satisfactory understanding of our hero and heroine until we know how securely the "iron hand of poverty" has held them down, or else how much of the "enervating influence of luxury" they have had to overcome. In fairy book days we had charmingly concrete measurements. When five cents represented to us easy means and twenty-five cents wealth, what did we care for thousands or millions of dollars? That the princess came down to breakfast in cloth of gold embroidered in pearls, and the prince wore armor of the precious metal and carried a sword whose hilt was encrusted with diamonds the size of chestnuts was easily to be comprehended and very pleasant to hear.

And many writers of immense popularity still employ these indirect methods. They are not all so candidly on our side as clever Jane Austen, who tells us quite squarely that the father of Elizabeth Bennett had two thousand pounds a year and that out of it they saved nothing. We see at once that Jane Bennett with only the distant prospect of one thousand pounds in the four per cents. has

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no right to aspire to Bingley, whose fortune mounts to a level of one hundred thousand pounds.

Thackeray also chose to be specific, and had the sympathetic fancy that could make poverty on eight hundred pounds a year real, and respectability attainable for a widow on fifty pounds, at a period when we know from his letters how many times the larger sum he was making and spending. With Trollope we calculate resources with the precision of a book-keeper, and know in detail how the wife's little interest money will just pay the life insurance, leaving the young family with a good house and nine hundred per annum fairly comfortable till some better preferment offers itself. When it comes to great possessions, however, even Trollope realizes the value of mystery. We need no figures to realize that with Lady Glencora's "vast wealth" and Mr. Palliser "so rich that he could throw away thousands if he wished it" the Pallisers are in something more than moderate circumstances, even though Mr. Palliser does fix a greedy eye upon the time when a colossal inheritance shall necessitate "expansive expenditure."

Our own Mrs. Whitney, who robs of no shade of realism the plain people and ways of New England and yet manages to make it in some sort a land of enchantment, is minute though not meticulous. Her heroines are the very flower of maidenhood, and her little seamstress on a dollar and a quarter a day performs miracles of which we are entirely credulous. We meet with her and happily solve with her the huge difficulties of infinitesimal outlay; and when as the proper princess she follows the prompt, inevitable prince, we sigh with relief that her day of exacting economies is over.

Mr. Howells, with a masculine authority, possesses us easily of all needed information in regard to the financial standing of his people. When we know about a family that they are not rich, but are "certainly richer than their neighbors" in a prosperous community, we infer a measurable affluence. When he sends them to New York for the winter and engages for them an apartment of six rooms in a good hotel, finally starting them for Europe for an unpremeditated, indefinite stay, we take no farther thought for their bank account. They are rich, indeed, according to poor Ralph Touchett's classification—they are "able to gratify their imagination." Our only regret is that the Kentons have so little to gratify. Lack of imagination is not, at all events, the defect of Mr. James's Ralph, whose endowment of that quality prompted him to urge the bestowal upon his young cousin of half his expected inheritance, partly in generosity, partly "to see what she would do with it." Mr. James is very definite that a young girl "ought to get a good many opportunities for sixty thousand pounds," and on the whole we agree with him. Upon other occasions he is less explicit, and while making us feel unmistakably the delicious tyranny of "things" he allows our imagination and his own to float vaguely amid the outlines of great fortunes. In spite of Adam Verver's "millions" and Milly Theale's "opulence" these are characters greater than their fortunes; their imagination is, after all, their most enviable possession. This, really, is the key. All competent artists in life are bound to follow the ancient preliminary to satisfactory wealth. They call about the personages they evoke the powers of the under world, to pronounce the efficacious charm above their cradles:

> Eyes to pierce the darkness through,
> Wit to find the hidden clew,
> Heart to feel and hands to do,
> These, the gnomes have given you.

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THE FIELD OF ART

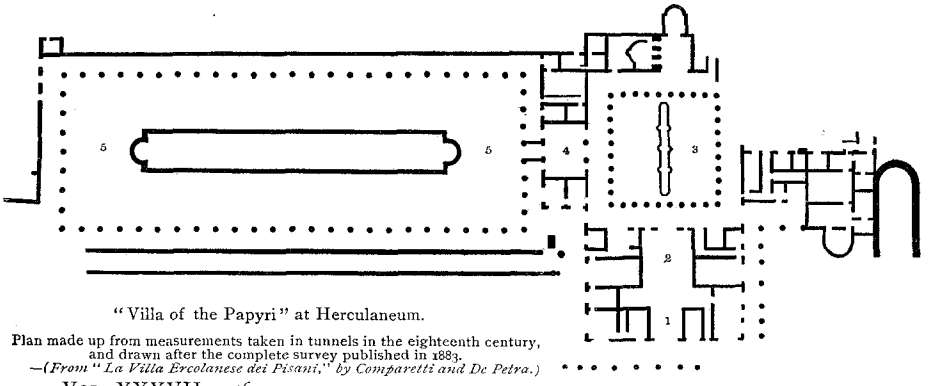
HERCULANEUM AND ITS TREASURES OF ART

IT is interesting to see the question brought up again of excavating at Herculaneum and seeking to bring to light the art treasures concealed there. Dr. Waldstein deserves and will receive the gratitude of every lover of noble art; for no one can possibly over-estimate the importance of what may be expected to come to light from even a reasonably thorough exploration at that point.

I have said in print on more than one occasion that the possible discoveries there might be thought to approach in value all that is now above ground, in the way of ancient sculpture. That, of course, is a statement of the happiest possibility: there is a much less cheerful possibility of which more in the next paragraph; but on the whole this is a good chance for the optimist. Herculaneum was a pleasant place; the dignitaries of the Republic and of the early Empire had their villas there—their summer residences, their places of elegant ease which the equable climate of the Bay of Naples rendered habitable for much more than the summer season. Also it is known of what quality and condition was that one great villa which stood west of the heart of the town and across a little ravine, in which flowed, perhaps, one of the two water-courses named by ancient writers. From the basilica were brought up the two marble equestrian statues of the Balbi, father and son, and some draped female statues as well; and there was a little temple with valuable paintings, and another and larger temple, all of which might easily be made accessible again by opening up, once more, the tunnels deep down in the soft rock, bringing the dug-out material to the surface. We can judge of the comparative size and importance of the town itself by these remains; and we may infer that from the basilica and the theatre and the forum between them and the colonnaded streets near, many other portable works of art may yet be brought to the surface.

Still, for these "museum pieces" we have to expect more from the private residences than from the town; for the *municipium* itself must have been small and, if we may judge from the villa we have found, the private houses of the neighborhood were, some of them, of a dignity and splendor only second to the imperial villas. That little inference is what I think Dr. Waldstein has drawn, and that is the one which I wish to insist upon here. The opposite possibility is, of course, that the owners of neighboring villas were less devoted to noble works of art than the owner of the mansion above cited. There is no certainty that any one of his neighbors was as enlightened an amateur and as splendid a collector as he.

Let us consider his house. The plan on the first page of this article has been drawn by Edward B. Sturgis from the elaborate survey left by the Spanish and Italian excavators of the eighteenth century and reproduced in the folio volume by Comparetti and De Petra. The walls and columns became known to the explorer only as he burrowed along their bases in his slowly lengthening



"Villa of the Papyri" at Herculaneum.

Plan made up from measurements taken in tunnels in the eighteenth century, and drawn after the complete survey published in 1883.
—(*From "La Villa Ercolanese dei Pisani," by Comparetti and De Petra.*)

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I

tunnels, and of course there is much assumption. Where three columns are found at equal spaces, and a tenth or fifteenth is found so many metres further on, there is a conclusion naturally drawn that the columns between are there, imbedded in the tufa.

II

That premised, we may go on to say that the vestibule (1) is turned toward the sea-beach, that the peristylar garden (5) was indeed a museum out-of-doors, 311 feet long and 105 feet wide within the continuous walls which enclose it, and had in the middle a long, narrow cistern or pool of still water 200 feet long. Under the roof of the colonnade on every side, and out in the open under the sky, there stood statues and busts, bronze and marble.

Leaving the garden for a moment, (1) in the plan is the vestibule of entrance, which leads directly into the first atrium (2) which has two *alæ* or branching wings. This atrium, too, had many exquisite sculptures arranged against its walls or standing around the fountain in the middle, the smaller pieces, the little bronzes at the fountain, the life-size busts backed by the wall, and including some of the most important pieces of classical sculpture known. Leaving this and going northward, (3) is the greater atrium, a Corinthian atrium if we follow the nomenclature of Vitruvius, for it has a very large compluvium, or unroofed space open to the sky. Here again some of the very noblest busts known to us stood between the columns about the cistern in the middle and along the walls. Passing westward from this large atrium, (4) is the tablinum, more open than usual. Passing through the tablinum we enter the great peristylar garden, having everywhere about us as we move the admirable works of art with which the villa was filled—paintings on the walls, descriptive and decorative mosaics under foot, busts on high pedestals and terminal figures along the walls, and statues of first-rate quality interspersed with these.

As for the architecture of the Roman Imperial days, taken in undress—the stuccoed colonnades of these courtyards and gardens—a great, a revolutionary lesson is to be learned. The capitals of the columns and the architraves above them are still imbedded in the soft rock. We only know from the examples of the small uncovered area near the present sea-coast that great possibilities of future study are there. The Roman architecture adapted to the dwelling-house, its principles, its tendencies, the characteristics which it had to separate it from the architecture of the huge city buildings, thermæ, temples, palaces and imperial fora, is all there, buried in soft stone. A new form of neo-classic architecture may result from the studies of these monuments when they are uncovered. For

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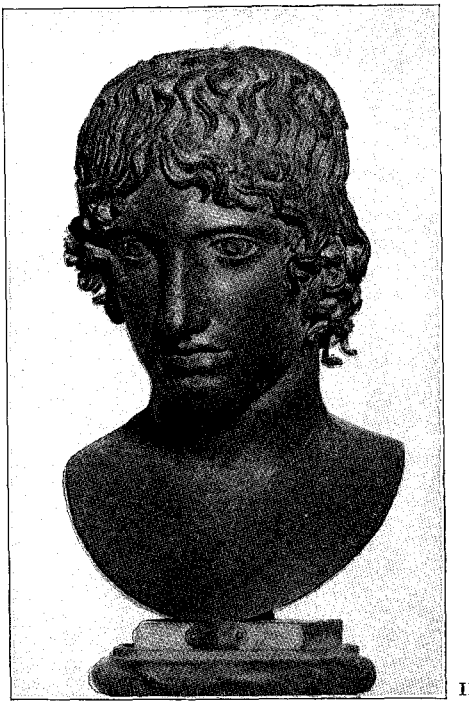
the present we are thinking more of the portable works of art which may be found, and this is the thing to observe—that from this single house and garden have been brought up more numerous and finer works of antique bronze than all the rest of Europe can show as yet. There were marble statues there—six excellent ones—among which is the admirable draped orator or scholar called commonly Aeschines or, as formerly, Aristides, a piece worthy to rank with the "Sophocles" of the Lateran; the "Homer" leaning on a staff; a singularly effective archaistic Pallas Athene or Minerva; and especially a draped female statue with a veil drawn over its head, called "Pudicizia" (Modesty). There are marble busts, some in the form of double terminal figures, the two heads of which form a problem and a puzzle, for these are not imaginary or idealized personages, but portrait heads if ever there were any—and are they father and son? I count eight life-size marble busts and double busts, all of great interest. Then of small bronzes there were an uncounted number, Cupids with dolphins, Cupids carrying water-jars, a famous little male worshipper of Bacchus with his beribboned pine-staff, the Silenus with the panther and the famous Silenus astride of a wine-skin, which was on a fountain in the larger atrium; with these, small figures of deer, of hogs, and purely decorative pieces serving as weights for the steelyards, lion-headed water-spouts and the like. But the greater bronzes excel everything known to the modern world—in fact, there is no comparison. The single "Hall of the Greater Bronzes" in the Naples Museum is supplied mainly from this single villa. Counting the six statues of draped, decoratively arranged danseuses, there are, in the large bronze room, twenty statues of life-size and above, eleven of which came from the villa, and about as many life-size busts. Among the statues are the two ball-players, sometimes called Divers, because they were, indeed, found facing one of the decorative cisterns of the villa, and looking to a hasty observer very much as if about to make a running plunge of it. Among the bronze statues, also, is the noble seated Hermes or Mercury, which was found at the western end of the garden: of which some critics think that it belongs to the Praxitelean epoch of Grecian art; and those two famous fauns, one of whom sits nearly erect with his right arm thrown up and behind his head, while



III

the other reels backward on the rock which supports him in a spasm of joyous drunkenness. Twenty-two life-size bronze busts were found in the villa. There is the so-called Dionysos, formerly known as Plato, that exquisite and gentle head which Lenormant

IV

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V

thinks a part of that renowned statue of Poseidon holding his son Taras, and long existing at Tarentum; and indeed, it is not technically *a bust*, but has been cut from a more complete figure. There is, as the boldest of all contrasts to the Plato, the strange, realistic and savagely expressive head absurdly called Seneca; this also is well known and yet a reproduction of it is in order; see Fig. I. Comparetti, when he worked out his theory of the identity of the villa as that of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, called Cæsoninus, took it to be Piso's own portrait. There are the two heads of slightly archaic type, as if Greek of the fifth century, B. C., each having a coronal of corkscrew ringlets; these ringlets having a flat section like ribbons in the one case, and a round section like hand-made wire roughly shaped, in the other case. These ringlets, it is evident, have been made separately, rivetted to the head at the point whence they seem to spring, and then covered and adorned by a *bandeau*, perhaps once covered with silver. One of these is given in Fig. II. There is still another bust with strange, detached ringlets, the so-called Apollo, and this one, as attracting less attention generally than the two cited above, is given here; see Fig. III. In this piece there is but one casting, the disordered and tumbled curls helping to give to the physiognomy the most un-godlike character possible. There is the so-called Heraclitus with his masses of hair and beard treated in a fashion almost unique in ancient art; and not wholly unlike it are the so-called Democritus and the so-called Archytas, the last-named of which is given in Fig. IV. There are lovely heads, both male and female, to which the far more intelligent appellative "unknown" is given by the cataloguist, and of these there are reproduced here the exquisite female head given in Fig. V, while a less beautiful but very characteristic portrait bust is that shown in Fig. VI. This last-named bust has been called sometimes Berenice—just as the male heads include supposed portraits of five succeeding Ptolomies.

VI

What is there in the way of bronze sculptures in all the museum world of Europe to set against these of Herculaneum? Of life-size busts and statues, there is not enough outside of the Naples collection to fill a small room, and the Naples collection is from Herculaneum, and mainly from the villa. The reason for this is not far to seek. Bronze was a costly metal, and, moreover, it was all ready to be recast and struck as coins. The plunderers of the empire could not lose that capital chance to fill their treasure chests. RUSSELL STURGIS.

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Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

"FILLING THE PIT WITH BOOMING, ECHOING THUNDER AND FLYING ROCK."
—Page 516.

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